

DOCTOR WHO

THE COMPLETE
**EIGHTH
DOCTOR**
COMIC STRIPS

VOLUME THREE



OBLIVION

A **panini BOOKS** GRAPHIC NOVEL

OBLIVION

COLLECTED COMIC STRIPS
FROM THE PAGES OF

**DOCTOR
WHO**

M A G A Z I N E

panini BOOKS

DOCTOR WHO

OBLIVION

A **panini BOOKS** GRAPHIC NOVEL

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OPHIDIUS

6

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Beautiful Freak

34

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THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

42

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CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION

70

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ME AND MY SHADOW

114

Story **SCOTT GRAY** Art **JOHN ROSS**
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Uroboros

122

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OBLIVION

151

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CHARACTER ASSASSIN

194

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COMMENTARY

202

WHERE DOES HE GET ALL THIS STUFF...?

SO! YOU IVORY POACHER? YOU KILL MY ELEPHANT! BAD MAN!



ME IZZY, QUEEN OF JUNGLE! ME SWING FROM VINE AND JUMP ON YOUR HEAD!

HOOTS, MON! WARM UP YON HAGGIS, I GOT A LICENSE TO KILT!

JUST CALL ME PVC GIRL. KIN-KEE!

HMMM...

WORKS FOR ME!



MORNING, IZZY. TRYING OUT A NEW LOOK?

UH-HUH. I JUST FELT LIKE WEARING SOMETHING MORE COLOURFUL FOR A CHANGE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

ADMIRING THE VIEW. WE'RE IN THE HEART OF THE ANDRALLIS NEBULA. NOTHING BUT COSMIC GAS FOR HALF-A-DOZEN LIGHT-YEARS...

BUT QUITE BEAUTIFUL, DON'T YOU THINK?

LOVELY! IT'S KIND OF LIKE THE OPENING CREDITS TO *BATTLESTAR GALACTICA*...

SURE, BUT IT'S...

THIS ISN'T A MOVIE, IZZY. THAT'S THE REAL DEAL OUT THERE...

I WAS HOPING YOUR FRAMES OF REFERENCE MIGHT HAVE EXPANDED A LITTLE DURING YOUR TIME IN THE TARDIS...

BUT YOU'RE STILL COMPARING EVERYTHING TO SIMPLISTIC FANTASIES! COULDN'T YOU...

IZZY...?



OPHIDIUS

part one

SCOTT GRAY - WRITER MARTIN GRASHTY - PENCILLER ROBIN SMITH - INKER/COLORIST
ROGER LANGRIDGE - LETTERER ALAN BARNES - EDITOR

I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE ALONE OUT HERE?!

IT - IT DIDN'T REGISTER ON THE SENSORS! BRACE YOURSELF, IZZY...

...IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR US!

YIIIKES!

ZWAP!

WE'RE INSIDE THAT THING!

HOLD ON! HAVE TO STABILISE THE INTERIOR DIMENSIONS...

WHY DIDN'T YOU GET US OUT OF THE WAY?!

NO TIME TO JUMP INTO THE VORTEX...

AND YOU TRY DODGING A JAW THE SIZE OF REGENT'S PARK!

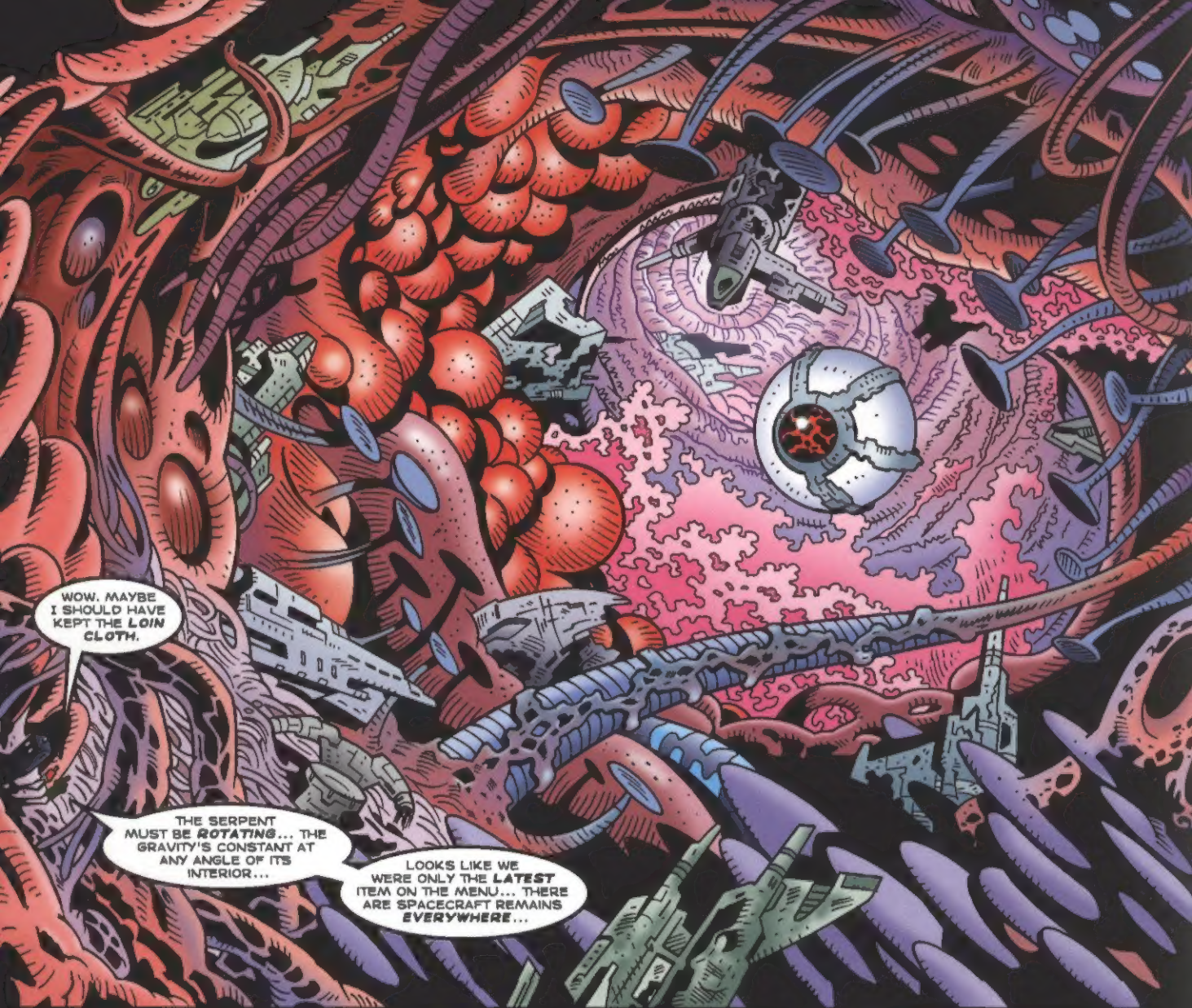
THERE. WE'VE STOPPED...

BLAZES. SOME KIND OF **POWER-DAMPENING FIELD** IS IN OPERATION - WE COULDN'T DEMATERIALISE NOW IF WE WANTED TO.

EVEN THE SCANNER CEILING'S DOWN...

SO... HOW DO WE FIND OUT WHERE WE ARE?

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY...



WOW. MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE KEPT THE LOIN CLOTH.

THE SERPENT MUST BE *ROTATING*... THE GRAVITY'S CONSTANT AT ANY ANGLE OF ITS INTERIOR...

LOOKS LIKE WE WERE ONLY THE *LATEST* ITEM ON THE MENU... THERE ARE SPACECRAFT REMAINS EVERYWHERE...



WHAT'S THAT?

SOMEONE KEEPING AN EYE ON US? COME ON, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND...



I DON'T RECOGNISE THIS SHIP'S DESIGN... BUT THE HULL'S BEEN *DISINTEGRATED*, NOT BLASTED OPEN...



...IN FACT, IT ALMOST LOOKS *EATEN*.

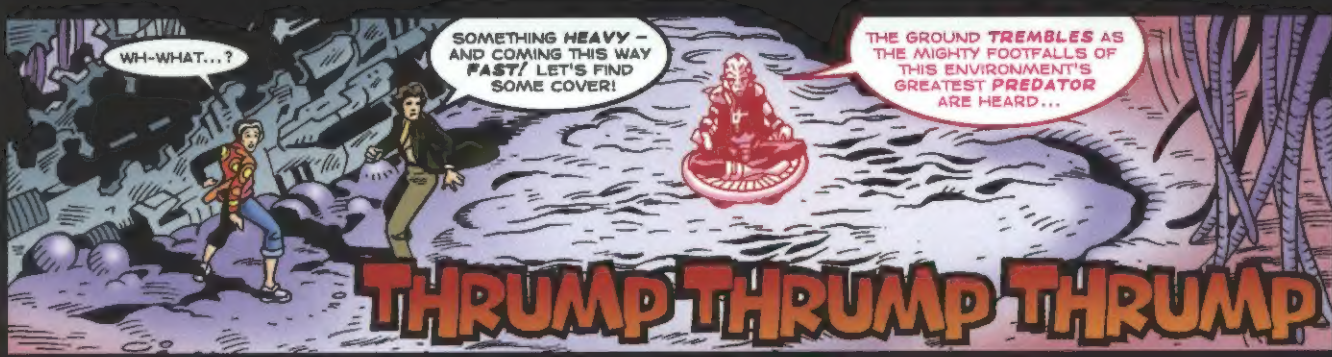
BEHOLDER PANOQUAI BEGINS HIS NARRATIVE FOR TIME-CYCLE 8356D-L. THE TWO LATEST ARRIVALS BEGIN TO EXPLORE THEIR STRANGE NEW ENVIRONMENT...



...LITTLE REALISING HOW *TREACHEROUS* IT CAN BECOME.

DO YOU THINK THE CREW SURVIVED THE CRASH?

NO-ONE AROUND - AND COMMON SENSE WOULD HAVE DICTATED THAT THEY STAY CLOSE TO THEIR SHIP...



WH-WHAT...?

SOMETHING HEAVY -
AND COMING THIS WAY
FAST! LET'S FIND
SOME COVER!

THE GROUND TREMBLES AS
THE MIGHTY FOOTFALLS OF
THIS ENVIRONMENT'S
GREATEST PREDATOR
ARE HEARD...

THRUMP THRUMP THRUMP

THE SOUTHERN
HERD OF MOBOX
HAVE RETURNED TO
THEIR FEEDING GROUND
FOR THE SEVENTH
CONSECUTIVE DAY...

KRRRROOR!

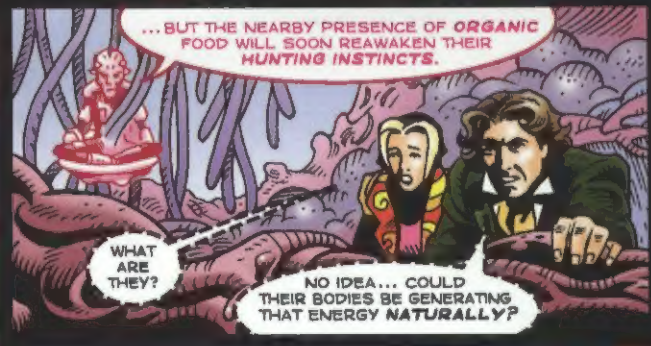
KRRRRR!



THE MASSIVE
CREATURES ONCE AGAIN
LET LOOSE WITH THEIR
ISOTETRIC ENERGY
STREAMS.

AT FIRST
THEY SEEM CONTENT
TO CONSUME THE
REMAINS OF THE
CRAFT...

WROOARR!
WROOARR!



... BUT THE NEARBY PRESENCE OF ORGANIC
FOOD WILL SOON REAWAKEN THEIR
HUNTING INSTINCTS.

WHAT
ARE
THEY?

NO IDEA... COULD
THEIR BODIES BE GENERATING
THAT ENERGY NATURALLY?



KRRR?

THE HERD
LEADER IS,
AS USUAL,
THE FIRST TO
DETECT THE
NEWCOMERS...



... MUCH TO THEIR DISMAY.

WE'VE BEEN RUMBLING - AND THEY'RE BETWEEN US AND THE TARDIS! IZZY -

WAY AHEAD OF YOU...

LEG IT!



DESPITE THEIR GREAT BULK, THE MOBOX MOVE SWIFTLY TOWARD THEIR PREY. THE SIGHT OF LIVING FLESH EXCITES THEM...

KKRRROAA!

THIS WAY!



OH, GREAT!

DEAD-END - WE'RE FINISHED, UNLESS -

SKREEEAKA!

THE MOBOX BELLOW AT THE SIGHT OF THE SEONKAAS, ONE OF THE FEW SPECIES WHICH CAN CHALLENGE THEIR MASTERY OF THIS HARSH DOMAIN. THEY WILL HAVE TO FIGHT FOR THIS MEAL...



KRRROARR!



SKREEEAKA!



ULTRASONIC SHRIEKS CLASH WITH DEVASTATING ENERGY STREAMS. THE TWO PACKS ATTACK WITH AN EAGER SAVAGERY...

VROARRR!

A-ARE WE BEING RESCUED?

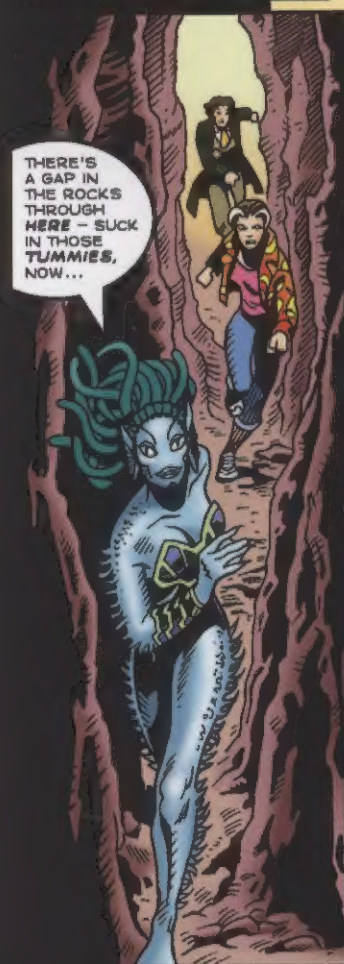
NO, JUST FOUGHT OVER! WHOEVER WINS, WE LOSE!

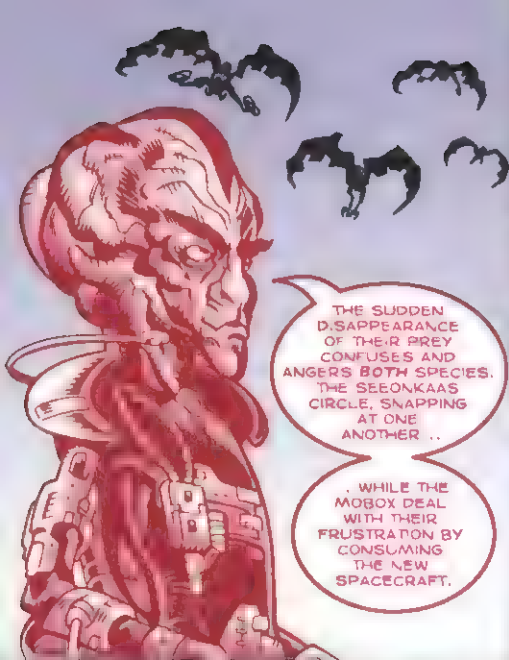
SHREEEE!



HEY, SWEETIE! TROUBLE AT TWO O'CLOCK!

HUH?





THE SUDDEN
DISAPPEARANCE
OF THEIR PREY
CONFUSES AND
ANGERS BOTH SPECIES.
THE SEONKAAS
CIRCLE, SNAPPING
AT ONE
ANOTHER ..

.. WHILE THE
MOBOX DEAL
WITH THEIR
FRUSTRATION BY
CONSUMING
THE NEW
SPACECRAFT.

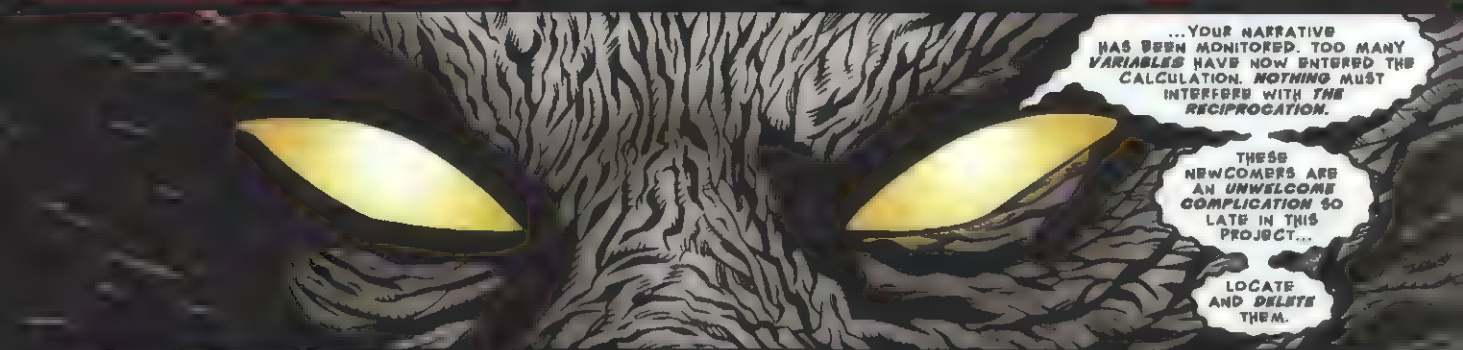


BUT..

IN AN
UNFORSEEN DEVELOPMENT,
THE VESSEL SOMEHOW
RESISTS THEIR
ENERGY STREAMS...

VROOAR!

BEHOLDER
PANOQUAI...



...YOUR NARRATIVE
HAS BEEN MONITORED. TOO MANY
VARIABLES HAVE NOW ENTERED THE
CALCULATION. NOTHING MUST
INTERFERE WITH THE
RECIPROGATION.

THESE
NEWCOMERS ARE
AN UNWELCOME
COMPLICATION SO
LATE IN THIS
PROJECT...

LOCATE
AND DELETE
THEM.



NOTHING LIKE A
REFRESHING DIP, HUM?
NO WILDLIFE AROUND,
EITHER. COOL.

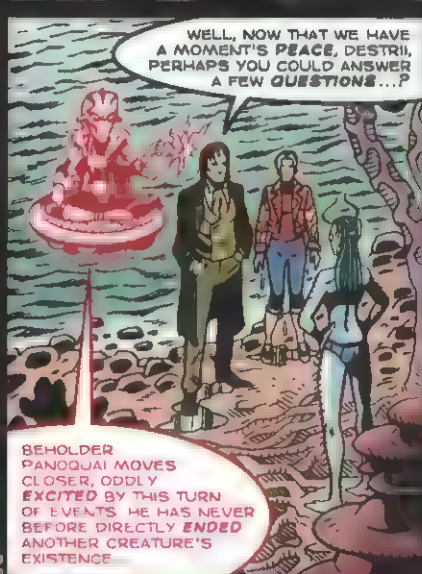
THANK
YOU
FOR YOUR
HELP,
MISS...?



THE NAME'S DESTRII,
SWEETIE. NO "MISS"
REQUIRED.

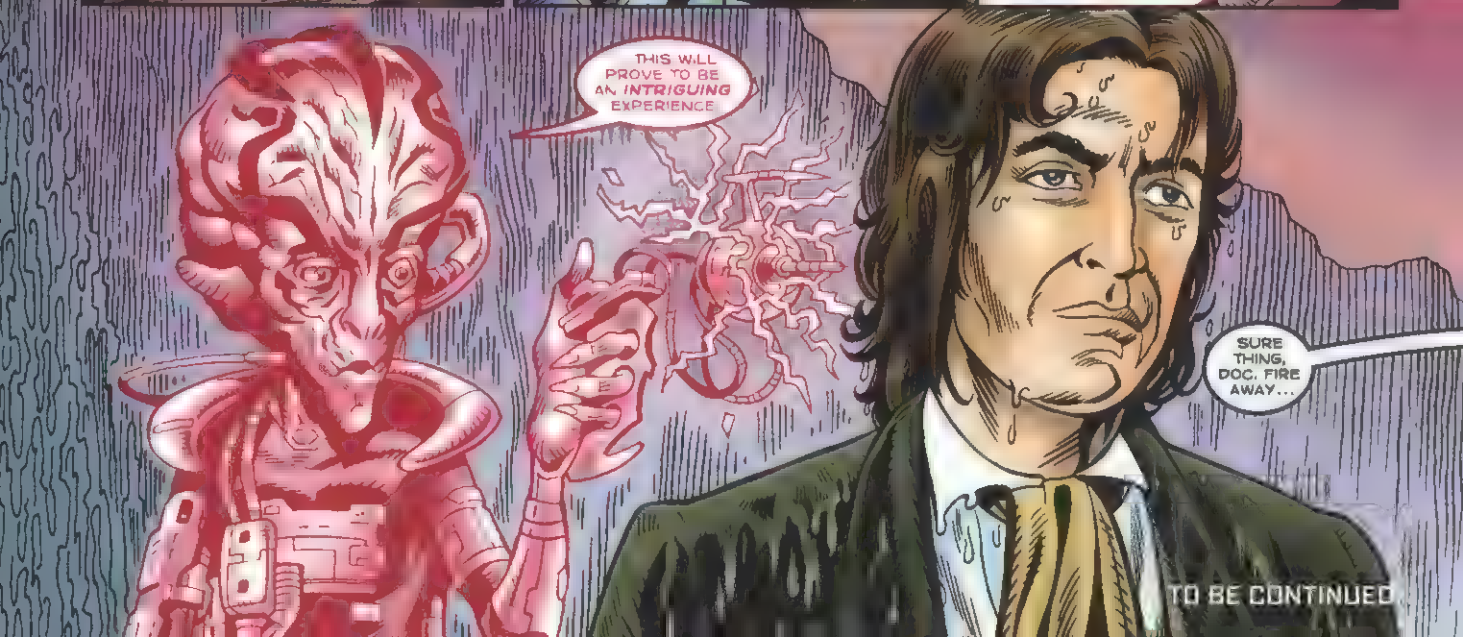
HOW DO
YOU DO? I'M
THE DOCTOR
AND THIS IS
IZZY.

YOW! WARM
HANDS! I LIKE IT!
CHARMED,
I'M SURE...



WELL, NOW THAT WE HAVE
A MOMENT'S PEACE, DESTRII,
PERHAPS YOU COULD ANSWER
A FEW QUESTIONS...?

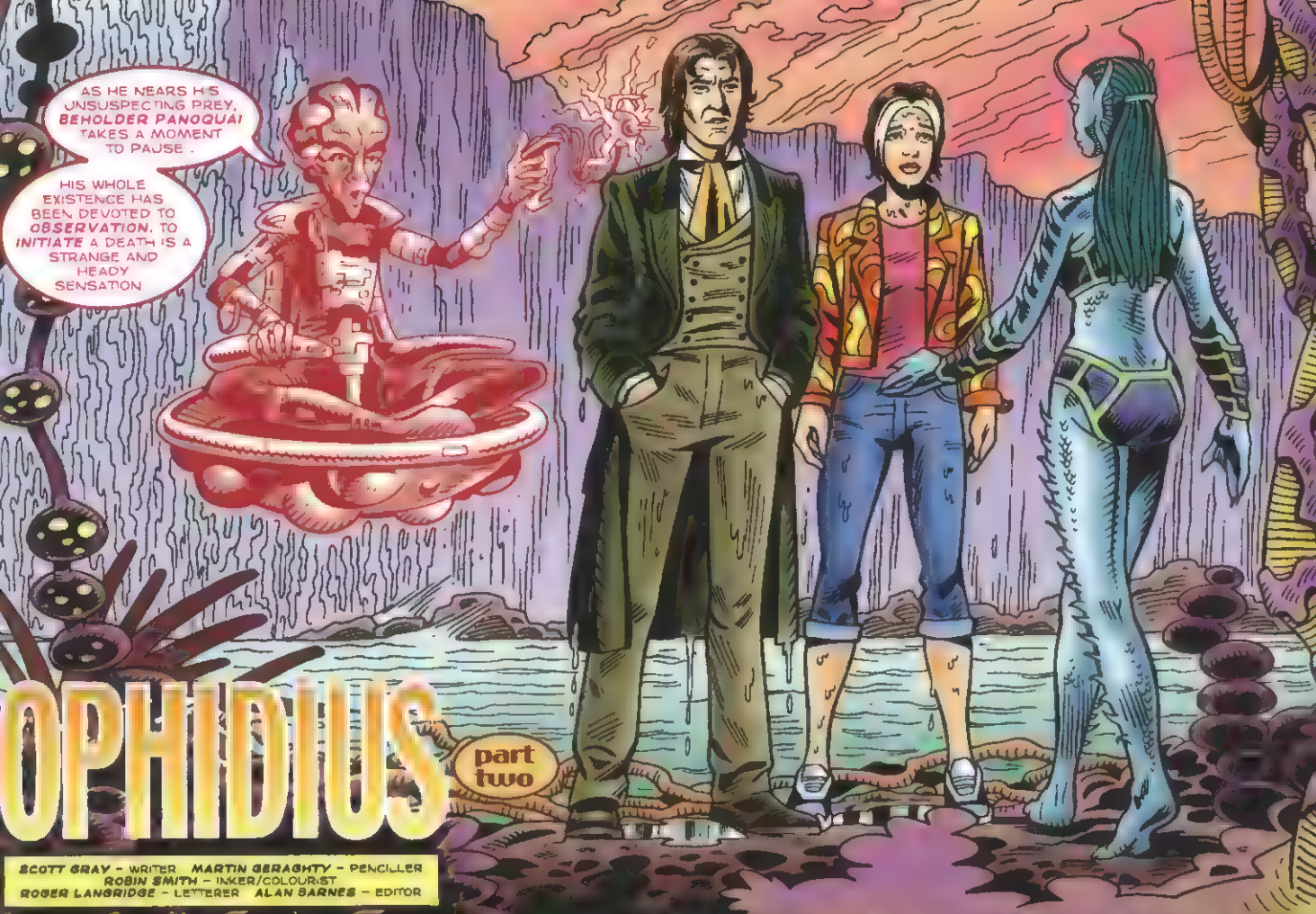
BEHOLDER
PANOQUAI MOVES
CLOSER, ODDLY
EXCITED BY THIS TURN
OF EVENTS. HE HAS NEVER
BEFORE DIRECTLY ENDED
ANOTHER CREATURE'S
EXISTENCE



THIS WILL
PROVE TO BE
AN INTRIGUING
EXPERIENCE

SURE
THING,
DOC. FIRE
AWAY...

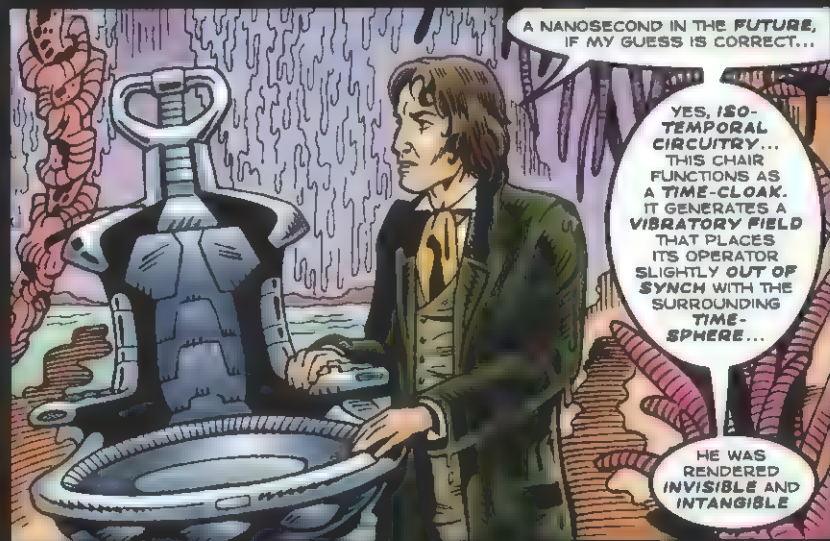
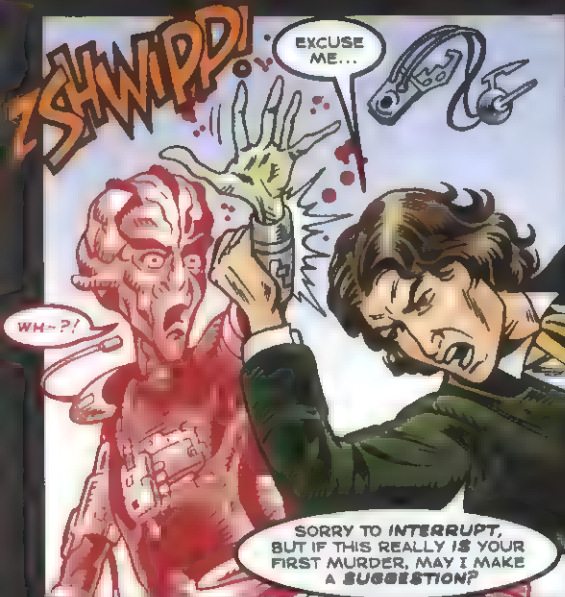
TO BE CONTINUED



OPHIDIUS

part two

SCOTT GRAY - WRITER MARTIN GERAGHTY - PENCILLER
ROBIN SMITH - INKER/COLOURIST
ROGER LANSDRIDGE - LETTERER ALAN BARNES - EDITOR





SO HOW'D YOU KNOW HE WAS THERE?

I'M SENSITIVE TO DISTURBANCES IN TIME-FIELDS, DESTRII. WHEN HE CAME CLOSE ENOUGH, I FELT HIS PRESENCE AND WAS ABLE TO DISRUPT HIS CLOAK...

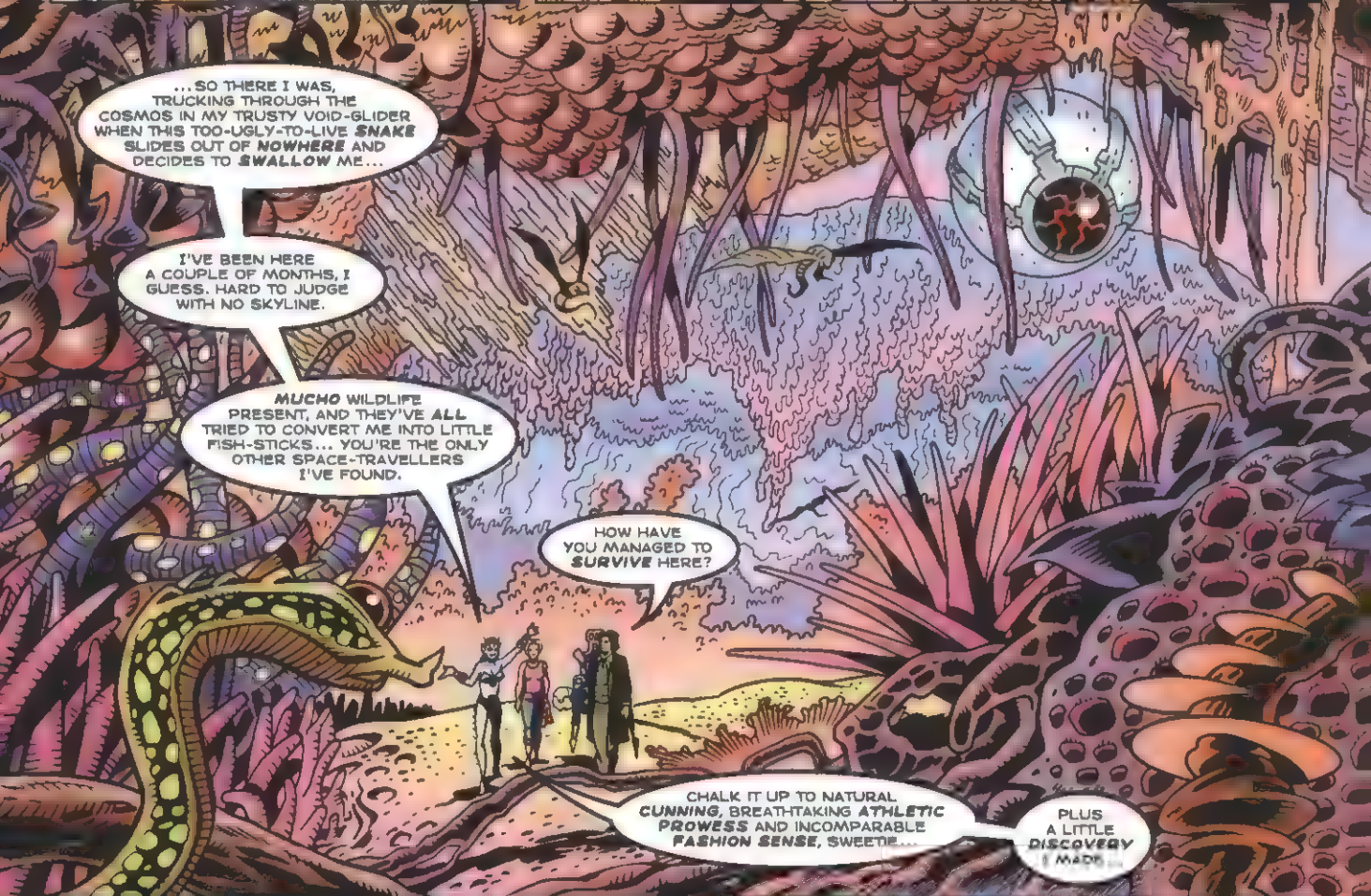
ACTUALLY, I USED TO BUILD GADGETS LIKE THIS IN SCHOOL.



I AM SO UTTERLY IMPRESSED!

SAVE THE APPLAUSE FOR LATER. WE HAVE TO FIND SOME SHELTER BEFORE OUR SHY FRIEND'S PEOPLE COME CALLING.

I THINK WE'LL TAKE HIM ALONG...



... SO THERE I WAS, TRUCKING THROUGH THE COSMOS IN MY TRUSTY VOID-GLIDER WHEN THIS TOO-UGLY-TO-LIVE SNAKE SLIDES OUT OF NOWHERE AND DECIDES TO SWALLOW ME...

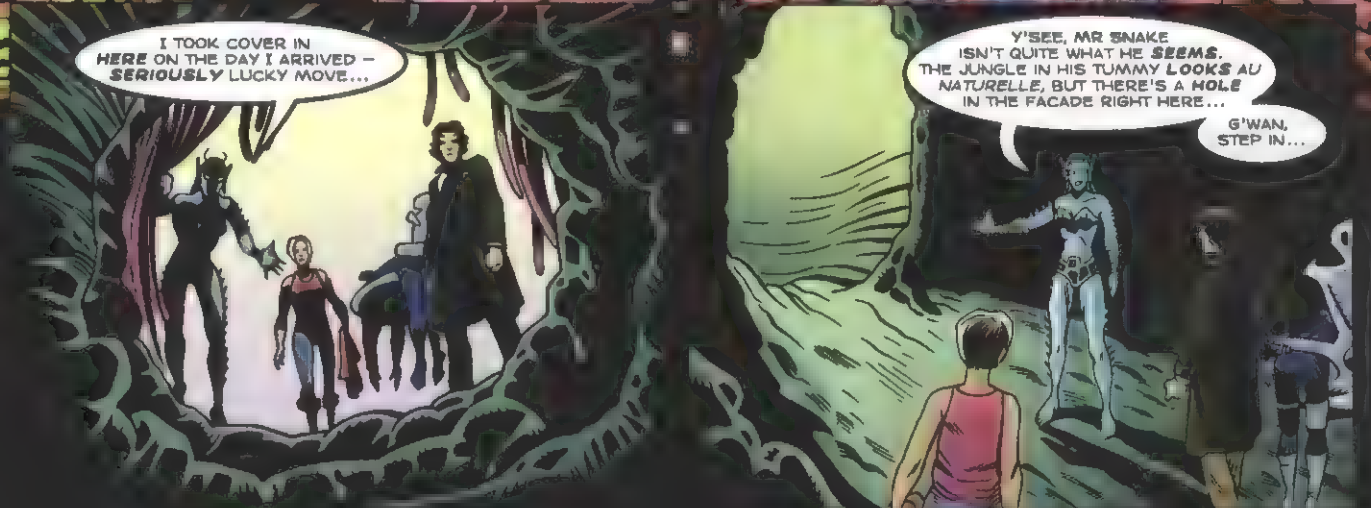
I'VE BEEN HERE A COUPLE OF MONTHS, I GUESS. HARD TO JUDGE WITH NO SKYLINE.

MUCHO WILDLIFE PRESENT, AND THEY'VE ALL TRIED TO CONVERT ME INTO LITTLE FISH-STICKS... YOU'RE THE ONLY OTHER SPACE-TRAVELLERS I'VE FOUND.

HOW HAVE YOU MANAGED TO SURVIVE HERE?

CHALK IT UP TO NATURAL CUNNING, BREATHTAKING ATHLETIC PROWESS AND INCOMPARABLE FASHION SENSE, SWEETIE...

PLUS A LITTLE DISCOVERY I MADE...



I TOOK COVER IN HERE ON THE DAY I ARRIVED - SERIOUSLY LUCKY MOVE...

Y'SEE, MR SNAKE ISN'T QUITE WHAT HE SEEMS. THE JUNGLE IN HIS TUMMY LOOKS AU NATURELLE, BUT THERE'S A HOLE IN THE FACADE RIGHT HERE...

G'WAN, STEP IN...



SEE? MILES OF TUNNELS - IT'S LIKE THEY'RE THE SNAKE'S VEINS. I'VE GONE EXPLORING, BUT I HAVEN'T FOUND ANYTHING MEMORABLE YET...

ANYWAY, THIS IS WHERE I'VE BEEN SPENDING MOST OF MY TIME.

VERY WISE. THAT JUNGLE'S A DEATH-TRAP.

YEAH, BUT THAT'S ONLY PART OF IT. IT'S WEIRD - MY HEAD STARTS TO POUND LIKE A BASS DRUM IF I STAY OUT THERE TOO LONG...



UUGH! WHAT ARE THOSE?

SERVICER DRONES, PROGRAMMED TO REPAIR DAMAGE... LIKE THE SERPENT, THEY'RE BIO-MECHANICAL IN STRUCTURE - HALF-BUILT, HALF-GROWN.

BUT THESE ONES MUST BE MALFUNCTIONING IF THEY HAVEN'T FIXED THAT RIFT IN THE WALL...



AH, HOVEL, SWEET HOVEL!

I'VE BEEN SNOOZING HERE - I SALVAGED SOME STUFF FROM MY GLIDER BEFORE THOSE ROCK-CRITTERS ZAPPED IT INTO DUST, BUT NOTHING TECHNOLOGICAL WORKED ANYMORE...

WE HAD MUCH THE SAME PROBLEM...

FIND SOMETHING TO RESTRAIN OUR GUEST WITH, IZZY. I WANT TO TRY OUT HIS CHAIR...



WELL, THE CONTROLS SEEM SIMPLE ENOUGH...

ALRIGHT, I'M GOING OUTSIDE FOR A QUICK TEST-FLIGHT. BOTH OF YOU SIT TIGHT UNTIL I GET BACK. THAT MEANS YOU, IZZY...

NOW YOU SEE ME...



...NOW YOU DON'T!

WHAT...?

HUH?!

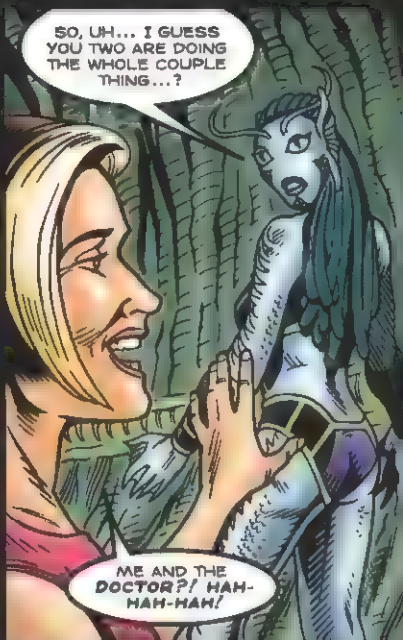


HEH JUST LIKE FLOATING THROUGH CUSTARD



Y'KNOW, THAT MAN IS QUITE THE PACKAGE. BRAINS, BUNS AND BARREL-LOADS OF BRAVADO...

NICE SMILE, TOO...



SO, UH... I GUESS YOU TWO ARE DOING THE WHOLE COUPLE THING...?

ME AND THE DOCTOR?! HAH-HAH-HAH!

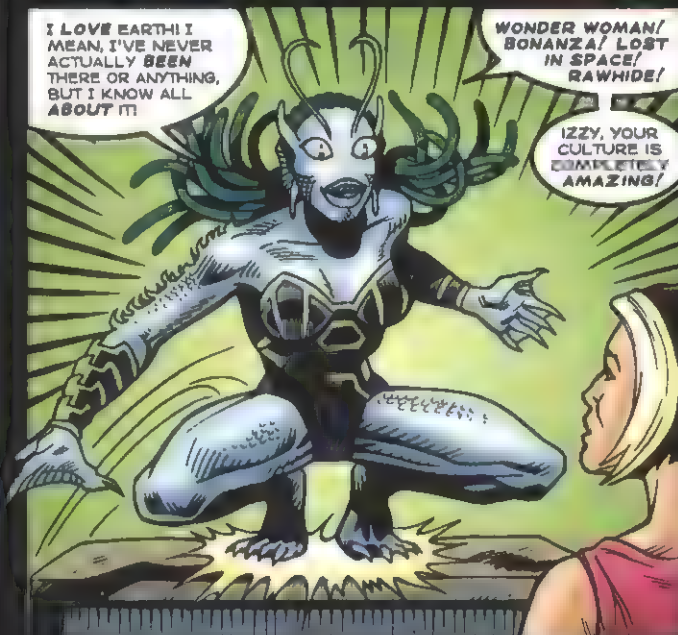


UM, SORRY, DESTRII...

NO, WE'RE JUST FRIENDS. THE DOCTOR HAS A GIRLFRIEND BACK ON EARTH.

YEAH, THE GOOD ONES ARE ALWAYS TAKEN. BUT --

WHOA, REWIND! DID YOU SAY EARTH?!!



I LOVE EARTH! I MEAN, I'VE NEVER ACTUALLY BEEN THERE OR ANYTHING, BUT I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT!

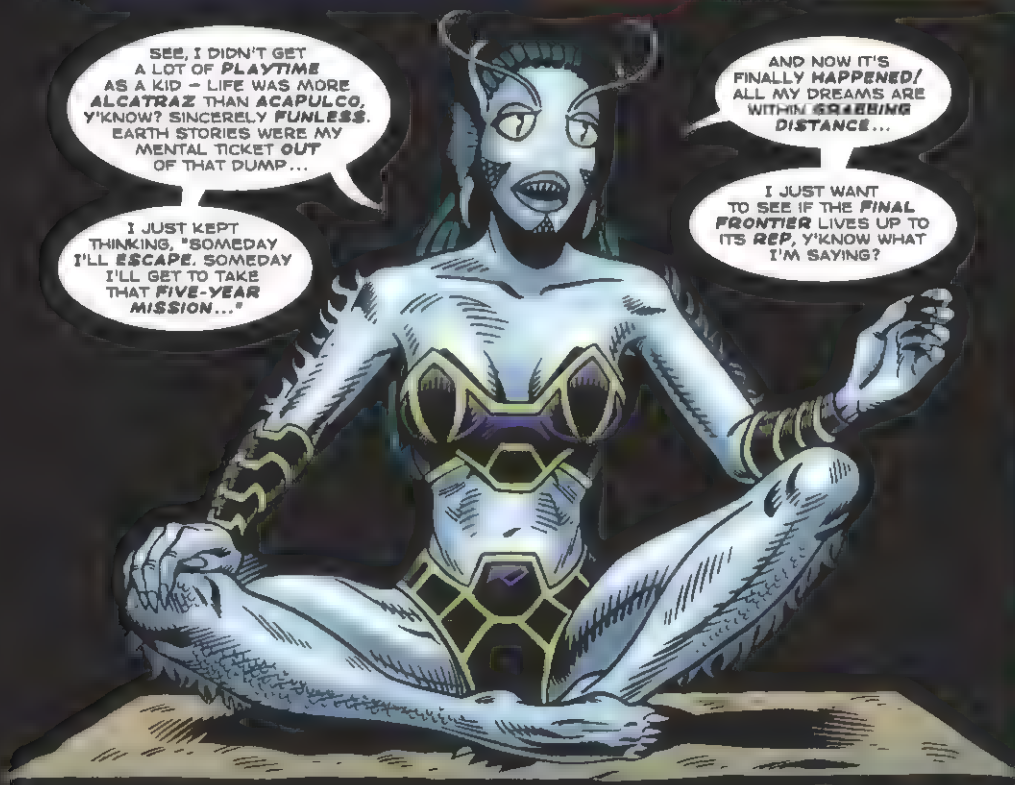
WONDER WOMAN/ BONANZA/ LOST IN SPACE/ RAWHIDE!

IZZY, YOUR CULTURE IS COMPLETELY AMAZING!



I - I HAD NO IDEA WE WERE SO FAMOUS! WOW! SO WHERE DO YOU COME FROM, DESTRII?

SUPREMELY FORGETTABLE PLACE, YOU'D NEVER HAVE HEARD OF IT. I COULDN'T WAIT TO DUCK OUT WHEN I GOT THE CHANCE...

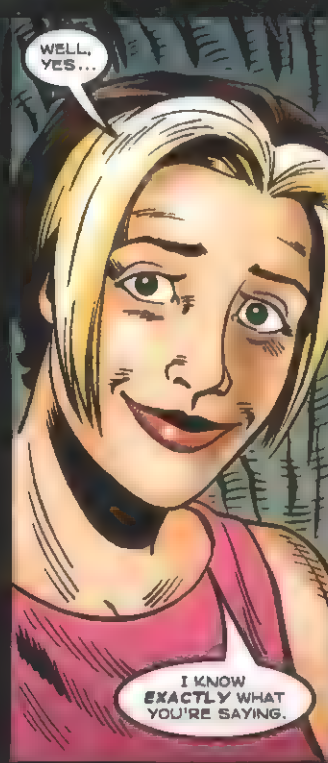


SEE, I DIDN'T GET A LOT OF PLAYTIME AS A KID - LIFE WAS MORE ALCATRAZ THAN ACAPULCO. Y'KNOW? SINCERELY FUNLESS. EARTH STORIES WERE MY MENTAL TICKET OUT OF THAT DUMP...

I JUST KEPT THINKING, "SOMEDAY I'LL ESCAPE. SOMEDAY I'LL GET TO TAKE THAT FIVE-YEAR MISSION..."

AND NOW IT'S FINALLY HAPPENED! ALL MY DREAMS ARE WITHIN GRABBING DISTANCE...

I JUST WANT TO SEE IF THE FINAL FRONTIER LIVES UP TO ITS REP, Y'KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?



WELL, YES...

I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.



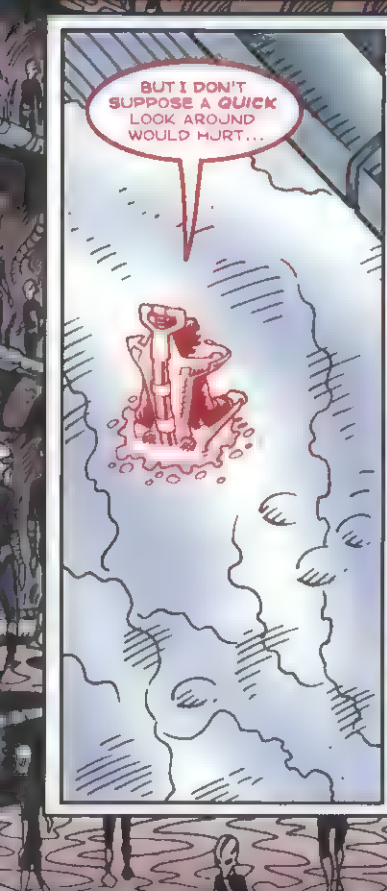
DESTRI WASN'T EXAGGERATING. I'VE COUNTED OVER A DOZEN DISTINCT ANIMAL SPECIES ALREADY.

SOMEONE'S GONE TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO CONSTRUCT AN ARTIFICIAL ECO-SYSTEM INSIDE THIS SERPENT-CRAFT - BUT WHY?

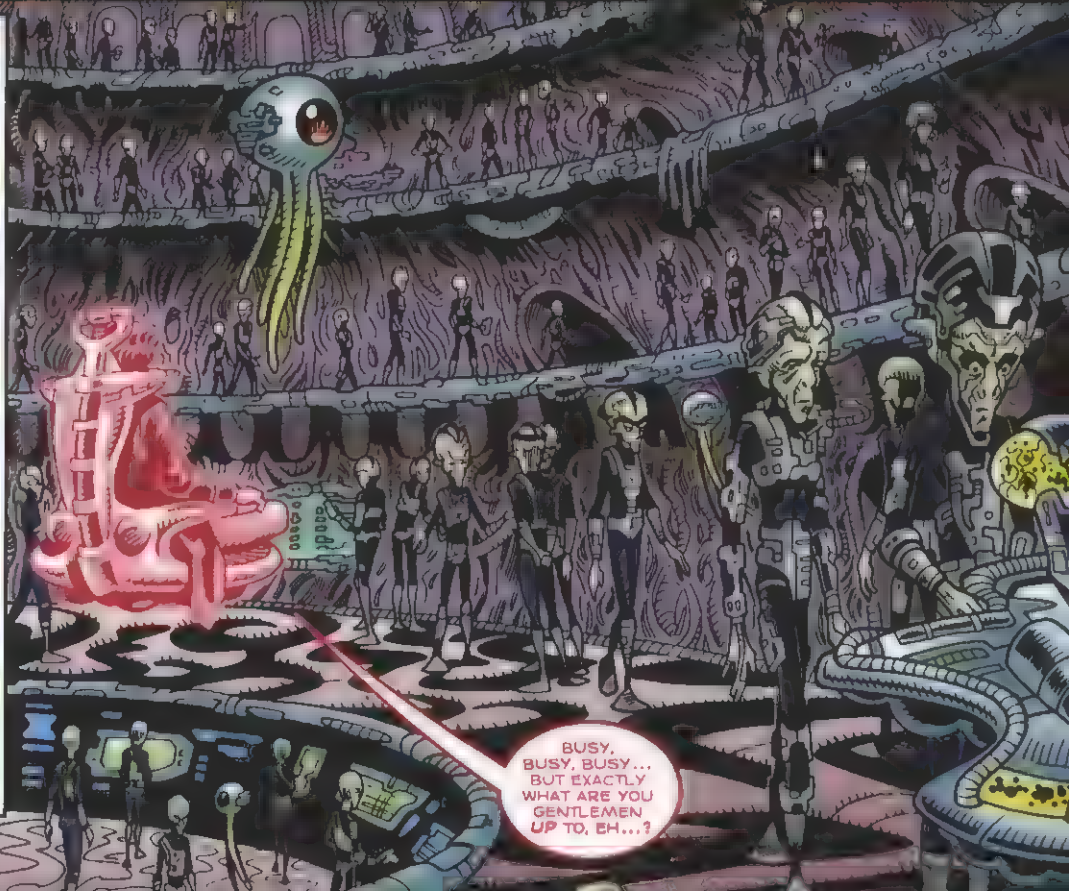


THE ANSWER'S GOING TO BE FOUND INSIDE THIS SPHERE. I'M CERTAIN OF IT.

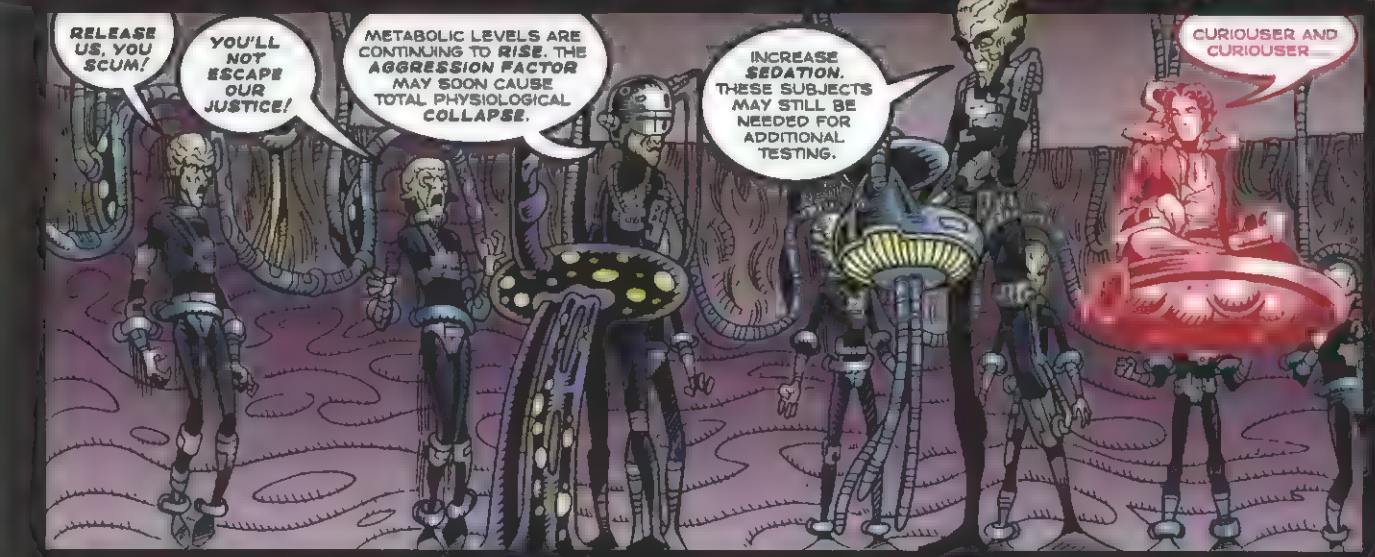
NOW, THE SENSIBLE APPROACH WOULD BE TO WAIT UNTIL OUR CAPTIVE REVIVES AND INTERROGATE HIM FIRST...



BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE A QUICK LOOK AROUND WOULD HURT...



BUSY, BUSY... BUT EXACTLY WHAT ARE YOU GENTLEMEN UP TO, EH...?



RELEASE US, YOU SCUM!

YOU'LL NOT ESCAPE OUR JUSTICE!

METABOLIC LEVELS ARE CONTINUING TO RISE. THE AGGRESSION FACTOR MAY SOON CAUSE TOTAL PHYSIOLOGICAL COLLAPSE.

INCREASE SEDATION. THESE SUBJECTS MAY STILL BE NEEDED FOR ADDITIONAL TESTING.

CURIUSER AND CURIUSER



...OH, SURE. "SPOCK'S BRAIN" IS MY FAVOURITE TOO! I LOVE THE BIT WHERE SULU HAS TO DO THE CAPTAIN'S LOG -

YES! YES! AND HE SAYS...

"CAPTAIN KIRK'S MUNCH THAT SPOCK'S BRAIN IS ON THIS PLANET APPEARS TO BE CORRECT!"

HAH-HAH-HAH!



HEY, I THINK MR POTATOHEAD'S WAKING UP

HMM. DESTRII, YOU LIKE EARTH TV --

HAVE YOU EVER WATCHED ANY COP SHOWS...?

OOOHHH...



B-BEHOLDER PANOQUAI... AWAKENS... HE IS... DISORIENTATED BY HIS ORDEAL. WH-WHERE -

RRRRRAARRR!!!



HELLO! I'M IZZY AND THIS IS MY FRIEND DESTRII. I HOPE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER NOW...

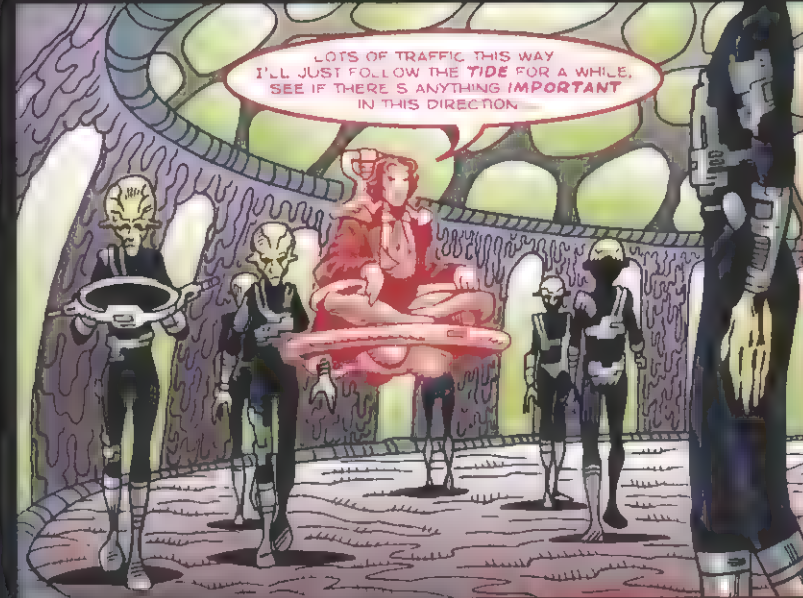
AND I REALLY HOPE YOU'RE GOING TO COOPERATE WITH US...

LET ME GO! I'M GONNA TEAR HIS LUNGS OUT!



...BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I CAN KEEP HER AWAY FROM YOU IF YOU DON'T.

I'LL RIP YOU INTO CONFETTI, YOU CREEPOID!

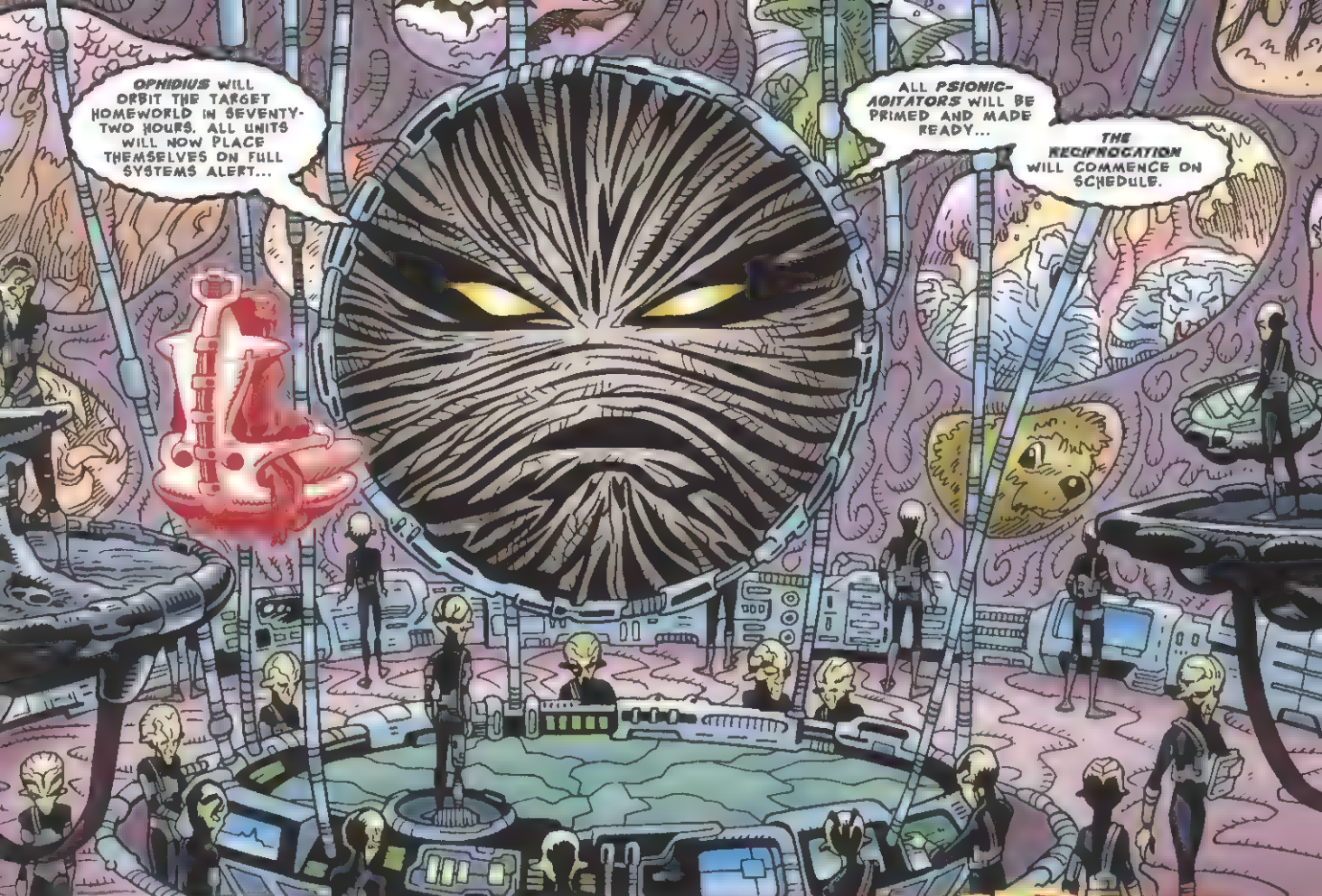


LOTS OF TRAFFIC THIS WAY I'LL JUST FOLLOW THE TIDE FOR A WHILE. SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING IMPORTANT IN THIS DIRECTION



WELL, NOW I THINK THIS QUALIFIES

REINTEGRATE SENSOR BLOCKS... MAINTAIN TRANS-HARMONIC INTEGRITY...



OPHIDIUS WILL ORBIT THE TARGET HOMEWORLD IN SEVENTY-TWO HOURS. ALL UNITS WILL NOW PLACE THEMSELVES ON FULL SYSTEMS ALERT...

ALL PSIONIC-AGITATORS WILL BE PRIMED AND MADE READY...

THE RECIPROGATION WILL COMMENCE ON SCHEDULE.

HONOURED GOROLITH, ONE OF THE BEHOLDER UNITS - PANOQUAI - HAS FAILED TO MAKE HIS NARRATIVE REPORT FOR THE SECOND QUARTER. HE IS NOT RESPONDING TO MY SIGNALS.

I DISPATCHED PANOQUAI TO DELETE THREE NEWCOMERS...

TRACE HIS LOCATION VIA HIS MONITOR CHAIR.

MONITOR CHAIR LOCATED...

HERE?!

AH... GOOD MORNING! CAN I INTEREST ANYONE IN A SET OF ENCYCLOPEDIAS?

ZSHWIP!

INTRUDER ALERT!



UUNGH!



W-WELL, HOW ABOUT SOME DOUBLE GLAZING, THEN...?

YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, HONOURED GOROLITH?

NO INTERFERENCE WILL BE TOLERATED...

DESTROY HIM!

TO BE CONTINUED



I AM THE GOROLITH, THE SUPREME CREATION OF THE OPHIDIANS. HAVE YOU A FINAL STATEMENT TO MAKE, ALIEN?

YES! I'M THE DOCTOR, THE SUPREME CREATION OF MY PARENTS, AND I'D APPRECIATE A FEW ANSWERS BEFORE YOU ATOMISE ME...

OPHIDIUS

part three

SCOTT GRAY - WRITER MARTIN GERAGHTY - PENCILLER ROBIN SMITH - INKER/COLOURIST
ROGER LANRIDGE - LETTERER ALAN BARNES - EDITOR

THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS TELL ME IF MY DEDUCTIONS ARE CORRECT...

I'VE HEARD THE WORD "RECIPROCATATION" MENTIONED - YOU'RE BODY-STEALERS, AREN'T YOU? THOSE BEINGS I SAW RESTRAINED - SOMEHOW YOU'VE TRADED YOUR BODIES FOR THEIRS, YES?

CORRECT. WE NOW INHABIT THE FORMS OF THE MOBOX, A GROUP OF STAR-TRAVELLERS WE CAPTURED SEVERAL YEARS AGO...

BUT OUTSIDE, IN THAT "JUNGLE" YOU'VE CONSTRUCTED, THE MOBOX WERE ONLY ANIMALS...

A PSIONIC AGITATOR HAS BEEN USED TO REGRESS ALL OUR CAPTIVES' MINDS, REDUCING THEM TO CREATURES OF PURE INSTINCT. WE WISHED TO TEST THEIR PHYSICAL CAPABILITIES... PIT THEM AGAINST EACH OTHER...

THIS IS SOME SORT OF COMPETITION?

EXACTLY, DOCTOR - ONE WHICH THE MOBOX HAVE WON. THEY HAVE PROVEN TO BE THE MOST SUCCESSFUL SPECIES, FLOURISHING IN NUMBER AND DOMINATING THIS ENVIRONMENT...

THE OPHIDIANS ARE NEARING EXTINCTION. THEIR SEED IS DEPLETED, THEIR PHYSIQUES DISEASE-RIDDEN. A PLAN FOR SURVIVAL WAS REQUIRED - I WAS CONCEIVED TO PROVIDE IT.

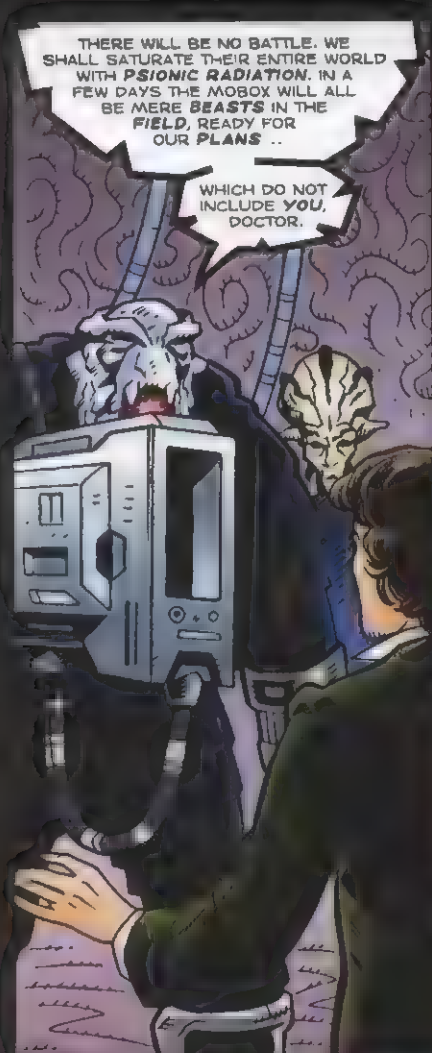
THE MOBOX'S BODIES WILL GIVE MY PEOPLE A NEW BEGINNING.

YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE ALL OF THEM?



OF COURSE, YOU STAND ABOARD OPHIDIUS, THE VANGUARD OF OUR ONCE-GREAT CULTURE. IT APPROACHES THE MOBOX HOMELAND EVEN NOW...

YOU KNOW, THE MOBOX ARE PROBABLY VERY ATTACHED TO THEIR BODIES. I DOUBT THEY'LL HAND THEM OVER WITHOUT A FIGHT...



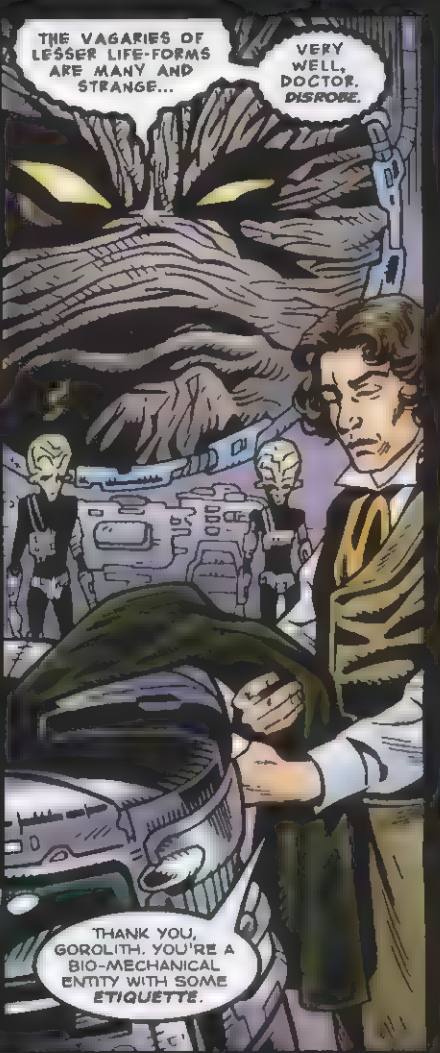
THERE WILL BE NO BATTLE. WE SHALL SATURATE THEIR ENTIRE WORLD WITH **PSIONIC RADIATION**. IN A FEW DAYS THE MOBOX WILL ALL BE MERE **BEASTS** IN THE FIELD, READY FOR OUR PLANS ...

WHICH DO NOT INCLUDE YOU, DOCTOR.



WAIT! YOU'D DARE EXECUTE ME WHILE I'M STILL FULLY CLOTHED?! WHY, NO GREATER **DISGRACE** EXISTS IN MY WORLD'S CULTURE! I WON'T **STAND** FOR IT, DO YOU HEAR?!

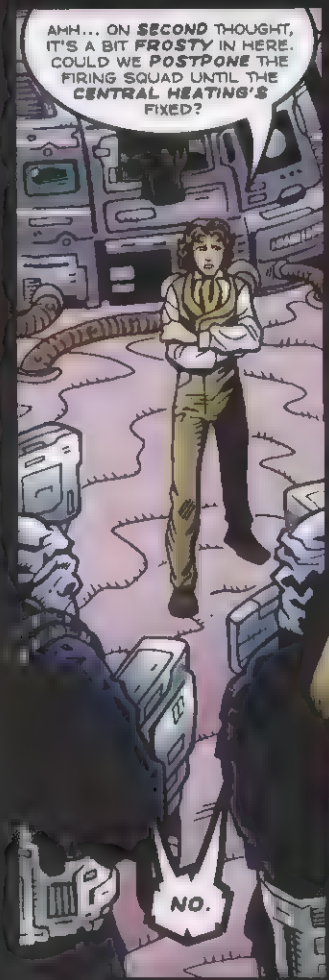
I DEMAND TO DIE NAKED!



THE VAGARIES OF LESSER LIFE-FORMS ARE MANY AND STRANGE...

VERY WELL, DOCTOR. **DISROBE.**

THANK YOU, GOROLITH. YOU'RE A BIO-MECHANICAL ENTITY WITH SOME ETIQUETTE.



AHH... ON **SECOND** THOUGHT, IT'S A BIT **FROSTY** IN HERE. COULD WE **POSTPONE** THE FIRING SQUAD UNTIL THE **CENTRAL HEATING'S** FIXED?

NO.



I'M SORRY, I HAVE TO **INSIST!**

FIRE!



NO!

YOU IDIOT, HE'S NEXT TO THE **PRIMARY ENERGY COUPLINGS!** WE CAN'T RISK DAMAGING THEM!



GET AFTER HIM!

Y'KNOW, IZZY, THE DOC DID SAY TO STAY IN MY SHELTER 'TILL HE GOT BACK...

HE ISN'T COMING BACK. HE'S GONE POKING AROUND IN THAT BIG FLOATING EYEBALL THINGIE AND LANDED HIMSELF IN A WORLD OF TROUBLE...

THE MAN'S AS RELIABLE AS THE SUNRISE, DESTRII, TRUST ME.

OKAY, PANOQUAI, YOU'D BETTER NOT BE LYING ABOUT THIS TRANSMAT PAD...

WARM IT UP, SWEETIE, AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING HILARIOUS.

B-BEHOLDER PANOQUAI ATTEMPTS T-TO OPERATE THE CONTROLS... BUT FEAR AFFECTS HIS CONCENTRATION...

BOY, YOU REALLY LIKE TALKING ABOUT YOURSELF, HUH?

BREED BREED BREED

NEXT STOP, EYEBALL CITY...

AND NO-ONE AROUND, EXCELLENT!

VWIPP!

THIS PLACE LOOKS MASSIVE. FINDING THE DOCTOR MAY NOT BE -

DESTRII...?

BLMMPH!

OH. WAS THAT YOUR FIRST TRANSMAT RIDE? SORRY, YOU SHOULD HAVE SAID...

DON'T WORRY, THEY GET A LOT SMOOTHER!

BLURCH!

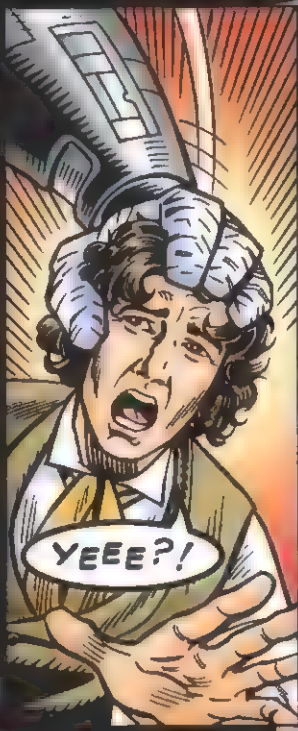
THIS WAY!

NO! HE'S GONE DOWN HERE!

FEEL FREE TO TAKE BOTH THE HIGH AND LOW ROADS, GENTLEMEN...



...I'LL
STILL
BE IN
SCOTLAND
AFORE -



YEEE?!



I COULD
BARELY WALK IN
MY ORIGINAL FORM,
DOCTOR - THE
STRENGTH OF THIS
BODY IS TRULY
MAGNIFICENT.

CRUSHING
YOUR SKULL WILL
BE A SIMPLE - AND
PLEASURABLE -
ACT.

FINE, GO
AHEAD! IT DOESN'T
MATTER, I'VE ALREADY
BEATEN YOU...

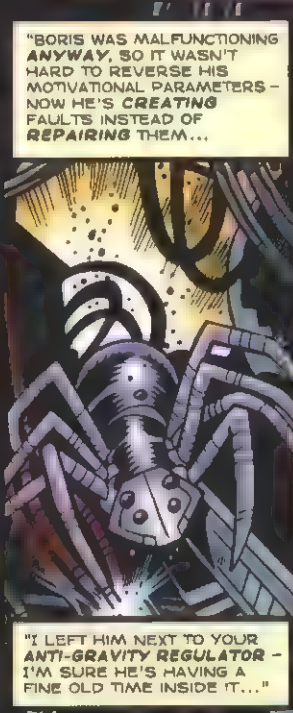
LIAR!



THINK
SO?

I WAS JUST
BUYING SOME TIME
FOR A LITTLE FRIEND
OF MINE TO DO
HIS JOB...

HIS NAME'S BORIS.
I PICKED HIM UP IN ONE
OF YOUR SERVICE TUNNELS
EARLIER AND DID SOME
TINKERING ON HIM...



"BORIS WAS MALFUNCTIONING
ANYWAY, SO IT WASN'T
HARD TO REVERSE HIS
MOTIVATIONAL PARAMETERS -
NOW HE'S CREATING
FAULTS INSTEAD OF
REPAIRING THEM..."

"I LEFT HIM NEXT TO YOUR
ANTI-GRAVITY REGULATOR -
I'M SURE HE'S HAVING A
FINE OLD TIME INSIDE IT..."



AAHHH!

NO!

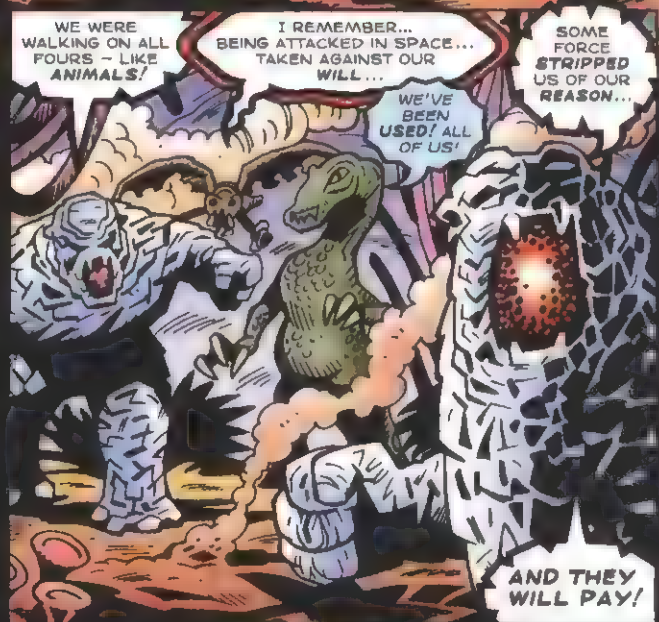
STABILISE!
STABILISE!



UNGNH!

WRA-SPOOM!

FASTEN YOUR
SAFETY BELTS...





HOLD THE PHONE... OH, THIS IS TOO PERFECT...

HEY, IZZY, I KNOW WHAT THIS GIZMO IS! I SAW SOMETHING JUST LIKE IT ONCE BACK HOME...

THE DEVICE IS -

SHUT YOUR MOUTH, BALDY. WHO ASKED YOU?



HEY, WHAT ARE YOU...?

IT'S A TELEPATHIC TRANSMITTER! JUST LIE BACK, CONCENTRATE ON THE DOC, AND YOU'LL MAKE CONTACT WITH HIM!



DESTRIL, ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING...?

FEAR NOT, KEMOSABE...



THE OUTER SKIN IS BREACHED! WH-WHAT DO WE DO?

VROOARR!

RETREAT, YOU CRETIN!



FORWARD! DON'T LET THE SCUM ESCAPE!

AAHIE!

STOP!



LISTEN TO ME!

THE DEVICE THAT REGRESSED YOUR MINDS WAS DESTROYED WHEN THIS SHIP CRASHED - THESE BEINGS CAN'T THREATEN YOU NOW!

I KNOW THEY'VE COMMITTED A TERRIBLE CRIME AGAINST YOU ALL, BUT YOU CAN STILL SHOW THEM SOME MERCY!

YOU'RE NO LONGER ANIMALS - PROVE IT!



JUSTICE!

AARRUGH!!



"JUSTICE"?
HARDLY...

BUT I
DON'T HAVE TIME
TO ARGUE WITH
YOU...



WH... WHAT
HAPPENED...

WHY WAS
I ASLEEP...?

DESTRIL...?



DESTRIL...
did it
work...?



OH, YOU
BET YOUR LIFE
IT WORKED,
SWEETIE...



...TAKE A BIG,
LONG LOOK
AT YOURSELF
AND SEE.

WH...?!

N-NO!
NO!



IT'S
INSANE!
TH-THIS
CAN'T BE
REAL!

OKAY, SO MAYBE I
MADE A TEENSY-WEENSY FIB,
IZZY... THIS MACHINE DOESN'T
TRANSMIT THOUGHTS - IT
EXCHANGES THEM. NOW MY
MIND'S IN YOUR BODY,
AND VICE-VERSA...

BUT HEY!
YOU KNOW
WHAT THEY
SAY...

FRIENDS
SHOULD SHARE
STUFF...



WHY, DESTRII?
WHY STEAL MY BODY?
AND WHY SHOVE MY
MIND INTO YOURS?

EXCUSE
ME? REALITY
CHECK, PLEASE,
WAITER...

YOU ACTUALLY THINK I
WANTED TO SWAP MY MAGICAL
CURVES FOR YOUR STICK-INSECT
BOD? DREAM ON, SWEETIE! I'LL BET
YOU NEVER SPENT A DAY AT
THE GYM IN YOUR LIFE!

GEEZ,
EVEN YOUR
EYESIGHT
SUCKS!

OPHIDIUS

part four

SCOTT GRAY - WRITER MARTIN GERAGHTY - PENCILLER
ROBIN SMITH - INKER/COLORIST
ROGER LANGRISH - LETTERER ALAN BARNES - EDITOR

WH-WHAT
HAPPENED TO...



... PANOQUAI?

OH, YEAH. PANOQUAI.
HE'S KIND OF DEAD
RIGHT NOW, COURTESY
OF THIS GROOVY
LITTLE SOLID-LIGHT
PROJECTOR
I FOUND.

THIS HAS TO BE A
WITNESS-FREE ZONE,
Y'SEE...

LOOK, THIS IS NOTHING PERSONAL,
OKAY? I'VE JUST TICKED OFF A FEW
AUTHORITY FIGURES AND I NEED
SOMEWHERE TO HIDE. SO WHEN I SAW
THAT RECIPROCATOR, I THOUGHT,
"HEY! WHY NOT TRY MY OL' PAL
IZZY'S BODY?"

SEE, THE
POSSE THAT'S
ON MY TRAIL WILL
CATCH ME SOONER
OR LATER. THEY
CAN'T EVEN
SPELL THE WORD
"FAILURE"...

BUT IF THEY
ONLY BELIEVE
THEY'VE FOUND
ME, THEN THE
CHASE IS OVER.
COMPREHEND...?



YOU THINK THEY WON'T REALISE
I'M NOT YOU? YOU'RE EVEN
STUPIDER THAN
YOU...

UH, I
MEAN...

YEAH,
THIS IS
CONFUSING
FOR ME, TOO...
BUT I'M AFRAID
YOU WON'T
BE MAKING
ANY DETAILED
EXPLANATIONS,
IZZY...



... THOSE BEAUTIFUL
LIPS ARE ABOUT TO BE
SEALED FOREVER.



WELL?
WHAT'S YOUR
PROBLEM?

JUST... JUST
SHUT UP, WILL YOU?
SHOOTING YOURSELF
ISN'T AS EASY AS IT
LOOKS, OKAY?

GOT IT!
OH, I AM A
GENIUS...

I CAN SET
THE RECIPROCATOR'S
POWER FEED TO OVERLOAD.
THERE'LL STILL BE PLENTY
OF PIECES OF YOU
LEFT OVER FOR A
POSITIVE ID...

DESTRIL, NO!
Y-YOU'LL REGRET
THIS!

NOT AS MUCH
AS YOU, KIDDO...

COME
BACK
HERE!

UH-UH, MUST'N'T
KEEP THE UNIVERSE WAITING!
I WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON
THIS TARDIS GIZMO YOU WERE
TELLING ME ABOUT... PLUS
ITS OH-SO GORGEOUS
CAPTAIN...

SO THIS IS
THE END, MY
HUCKLEBERRY
FRIEND...

HAPPY
TRAILS!

HAVE
TO TRY
SOMETHING
ELSE...



NO!

PANOQUAI?!

PANOQUAI ATTEMPTS...
TO RELEASE THE HYPER...
FEMALE BEFORE HIS LAST
BREATH IS FELT...

HIS... FINAL
DESIRE... IS
A... SIMPLE
ONE...

REVENGE...

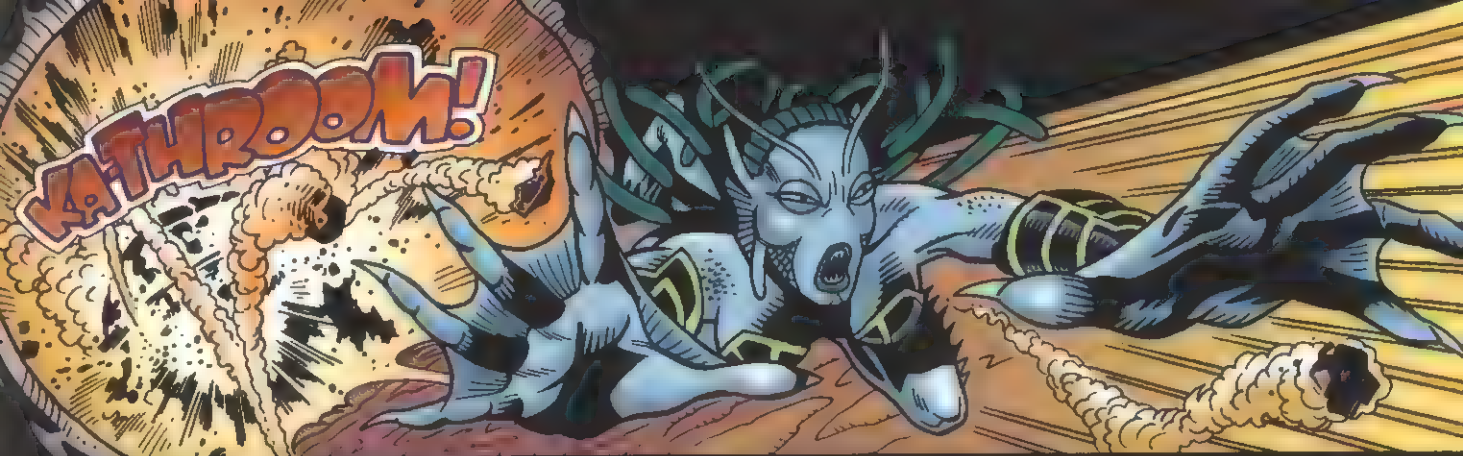
WH-WHY
ARE YOU
HELPING
ME?

I'M
STRONGER NOW -
I CAN FEEL IT. BUT
I STILL CAN'T BREAK
THESE STUPID
STRAPS...

SHE CAN'T WIN!
SHE CAN'T!

BEHOLDER PANOQUAI...
STRUGGLES TO RISE... THE
FEMALE'S ATTACK... WAS
SERIOUS... BUT
SOMEWHAT
MISPLACED...

THE HEART SHE AIMED
FOR... IS IN FACT... LOCATED...
IN HIS PELVIC REGION...



YOO-HOO!
DOCTOR? ARE
YOU THERE? IS
ANYONE?

WHO DO I HAVE
TO KILL TO GET SOME
SERVICE AROUND
HERE?

HALT!

IDENTIFY
YOURSELF!
ARE YOU ONE OF THE
CREATURES WHO
TRAPPED US IN THIS
OBSCURE PLACE?

HEY, IT
TALKS! NOPE,
I'M LIKE YOU,
GRANITE-HEAD -
ONE OF THE
KIDNAPPEES...

SHIFT
YOURSELF,
HUH? I'M ON A
SCHEDULE...

REMAIN WHERE
YOU ARE! YOU HAVE THE
SCENT OF CORRUPTION
ON YOU! I SAY AGAIN,
IDENTIFY
YOURSELF!

ARE... ARE YOU SAYING
I SMELL? HUH? IS THAT
WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?



OBNOXIOUS
PILE OF CRAZY
PAVING.

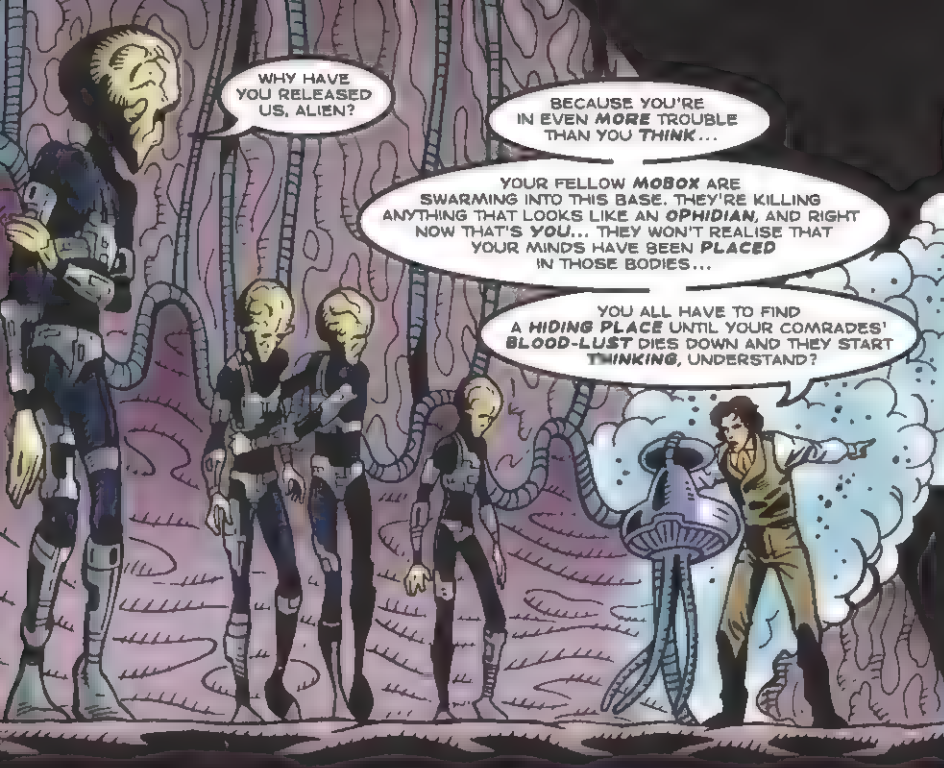
AAIEEEGH!

ZZZZZZZZ!

NO!!!

OH, K'YRUSS...
MY LIFE-BREATH...
MY SOUL-HEART...

NO...



WHY HAVE YOU RELEASED US, ALIEN?

BECAUSE YOU'RE IN EVEN MORE TROUBLE THAN YOU THINK...

YOUR FELLOW MOBOX ARE SWARMING INTO THIS BASE. THEY'RE KILLING ANYTHING THAT LOOKS LIKE AN OPHIDIAN, AND RIGHT NOW THAT'S YOU... THEY WON'T REALISE THAT YOUR MINDS HAVE BEEN PLACED IN THOSE BODIES...

YOU ALL HAVE TO FIND A HIDING PLACE UNTIL YOUR COMRADES' BLOOD-LUST DIES DOWN AND THEY START THINKING, UNDERSTAND?



HIYA, BOSS!

IZZY! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

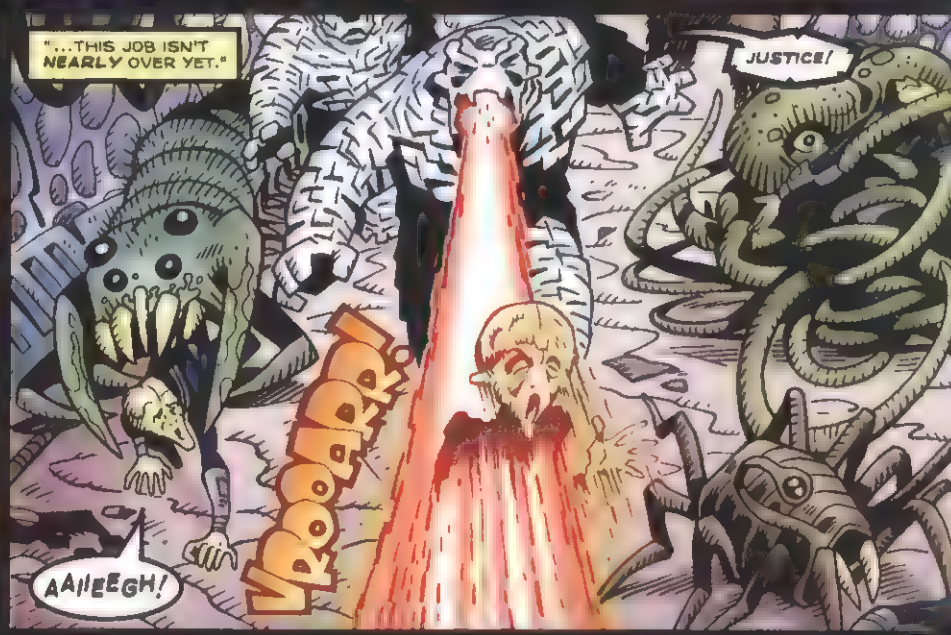
DOES IT MATTER? I'M LOCKED AND LOADED - WHOSE BUTT DO YOU WANT KICKED FIRST?



NOBODY'S. JUST HELP THESE PEOPLE FIND A SAFE HAVEN.

HUH? BUT I WANT TO HELP YOU...

YOU WILL BE, BELIEVE ME, IZZY...



"...THIS JOB ISN'T NEARLY OVER YET."

JUSTICE!

AAHHEGH!



THE PLAN WAS PERFECT... I AM IN... IN...CAPABLE OF ERROR... THERE IS...

MAL...FUNCTION...

GOROLITH! IT'S OVER! YOUR SENSOR BLOCKS HAVE COLLAPSED - THE MOBOX HOMEWORLD WILL BE AWARE OF THIS SHIP'S PRESENCE BY NOW!

THIS CHAMBER IS ABOUT TO BE OVERRUN BY SOME VERY ANGRY CREATURES - I'M GOING TO TRY TO CALM THEM DOWN BEFORE THEY TEAR YOU APART!



SPARE ME... YOUR "COMPASSION"...

WE WILL NOT BE TAKEN ALIVE... I CAN STILL... DESTROY OPHIDIUS... AND ALL WITHIN HER...

OH? LET'S SEE YOU TRY AFTER I'VE DISCONNECTED YOU FROM THE SHIP'S CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM!



YOU FAIL... TO GRASP THE TRUE POTENTIAL... OF BIO-MECHANICAL TECHNOLOGY, DOCTOR...

WH-?!

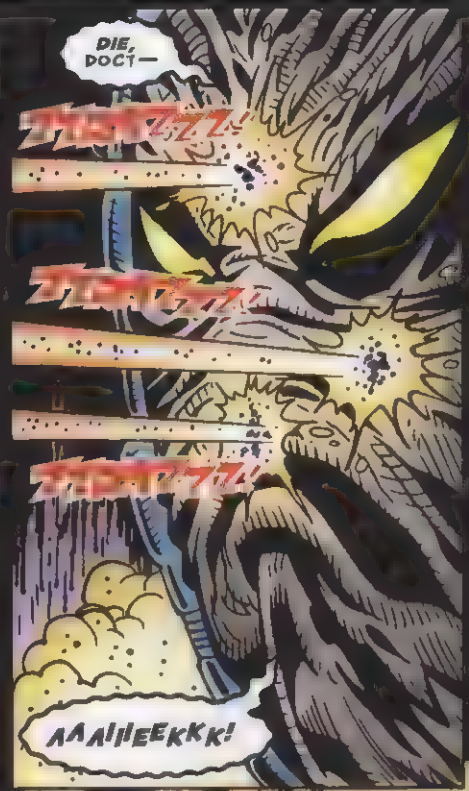
SPLAT!



IF I COMMAND... IT CAN DEFEND... ITSELF...

WITH... LETHAL FORCE...

UUNNGHH!



DIE, DOCT—

ZAP!

ZAP!

ZAP!

AAAH EKKK!



SMITHRACK!



WELL, SO MUCH FOR THE BIG GIANT HEAD...

HASTA LA VISTA, BABES!

I...

THANK YOU, IZZY.

NO SWEAT. THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR...



WHERE'S DESTRIIP?

OH. SHE... SHE DIED. ONE OF THOSE ROCKY GOONS ZAPPED HER. SHE'S JUST A PILE OF ATOMS NOW...

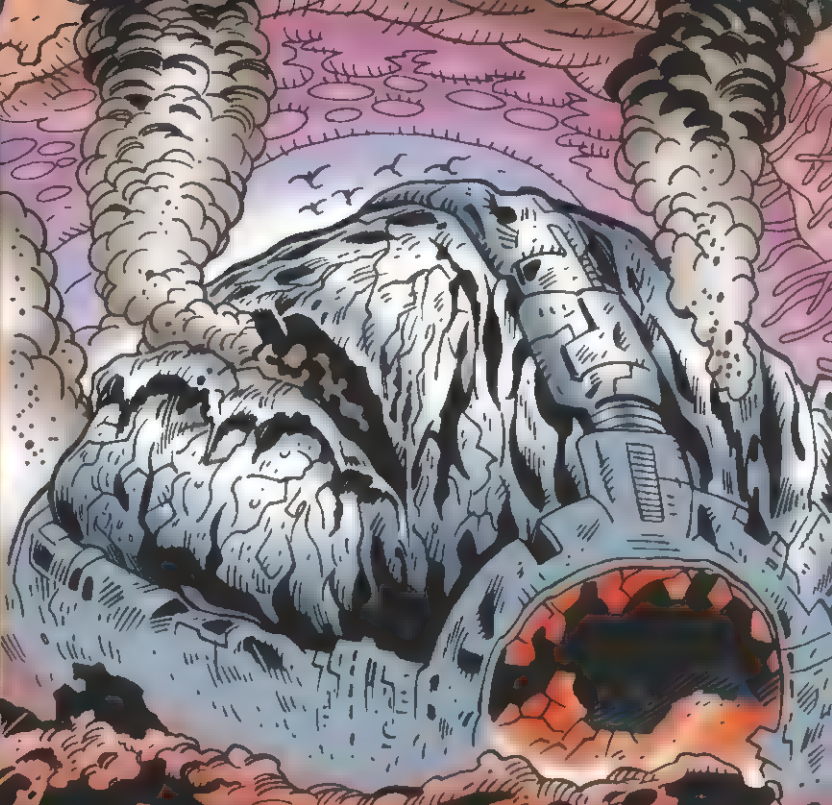
IT WAS REALLY SAD, Y'KNOW?

CAN WE JUST HEAD BACK TO THE TARDIS NOW, DOCTOR?

YES... IF YOU LIKE...

THE MOBOX SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE GETTING THEIR ORIGINAL BODIES BACK. THOSE RECIPROCATION MACHINES ARE ELEGANTLY SIMPLE TO OPERATE...

...I DARESAY A CHILD COULD USE ONE.



SO WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO NEXT?

EARTH! I REALLY WANT TO SEE EARTH... AGAIN, I MEAN. SEEMS LIKE FOREVER SINCE I WENT BACK HOME...

FINE.

AH, HERE'S THE RIVER AGAIN. SHALL WE SWIM ACROSS AND LOOK FOR A WAY UP?

YOU GOT IT! LAST ONE IN'S A ROTTEN EGOTIST!

IZZY NEVER LEARNED HOW TO SWIM.

YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE NOTICED THAT EARLIER, DESTRII.

UHH... HEM. ME NO UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR. WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE IZZY NEVER LEARNED HOW TO DO: KILL. YOU DESTROYED THE GOROLITH AS IF YOU WERE SWATTING A FLY...

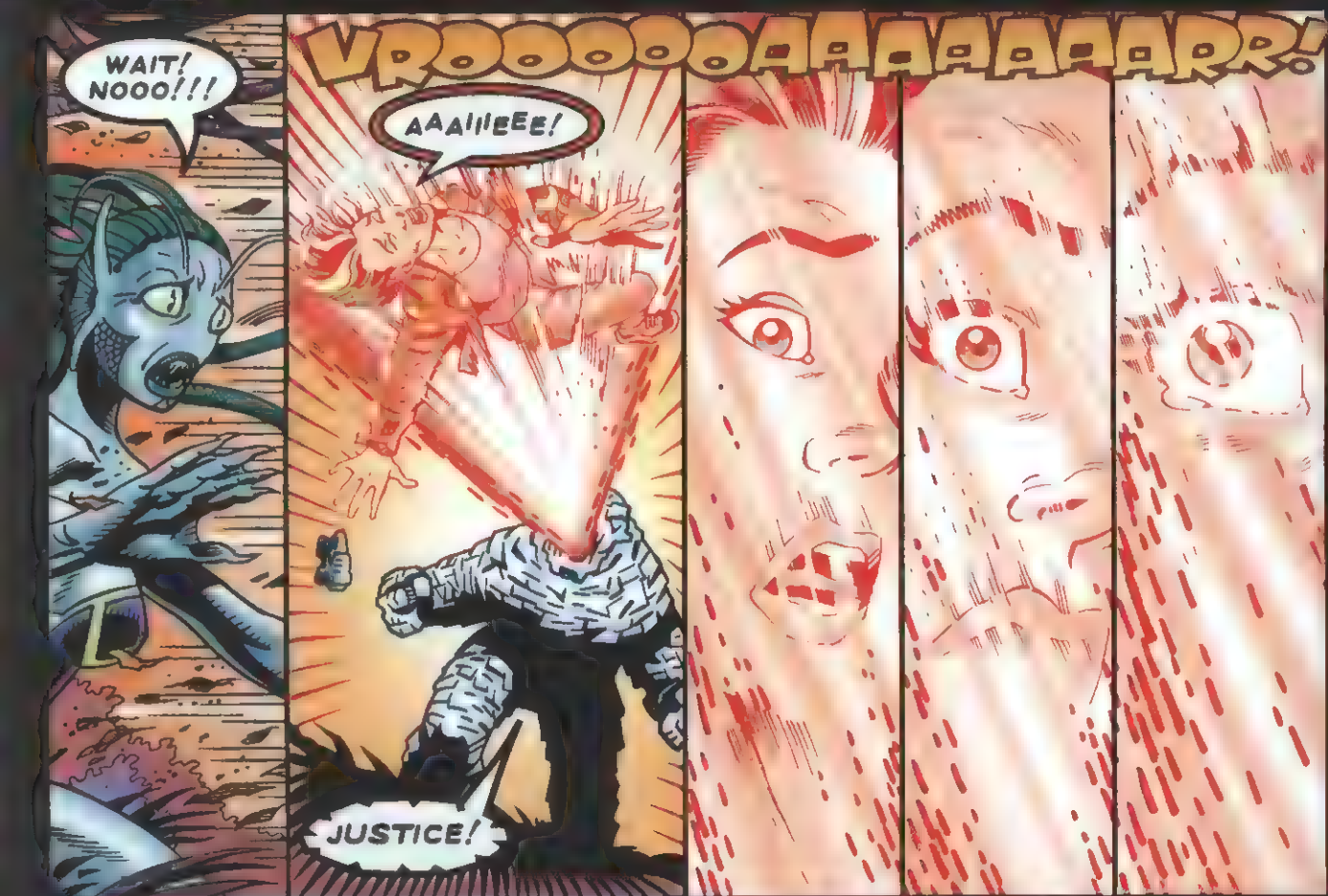
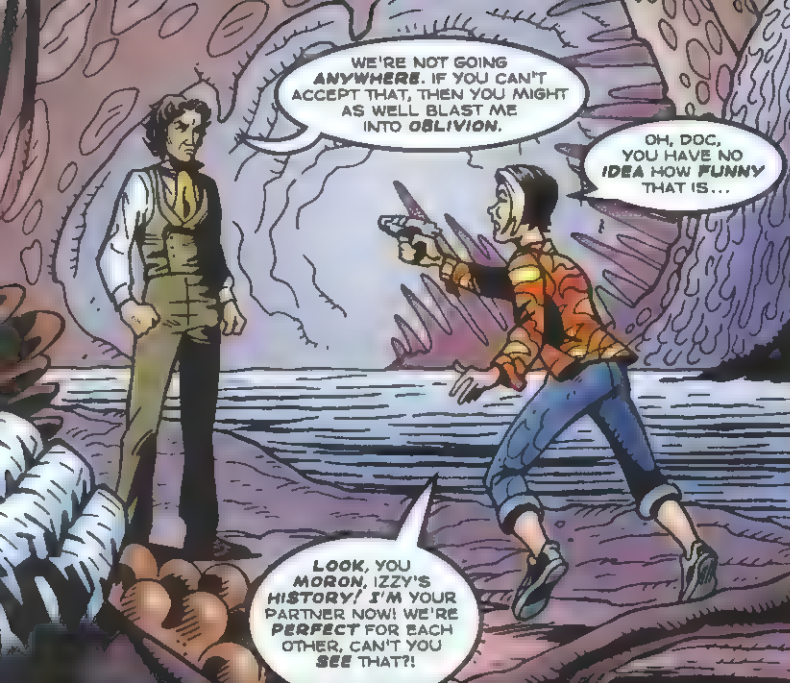
NO... NO, YOU'RE CRACKING UP... MAYBE YOU HIT YOUR H-

THE AUDITION'S OVER, DESTRII, YOU DON'T GET THE PART. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH IZZY?

IZZY, SHMIZZY! YOU DON'T NEED HER! YOU'VE GOT ME NOW!

I PROMISE YOU, DOC, I'LL MAKE YOU FORGET MISS BAINNY BOOKWORM FAN-GEKKOID EVER EXISTED!

NOW GET PADDLING, SWEETIE!

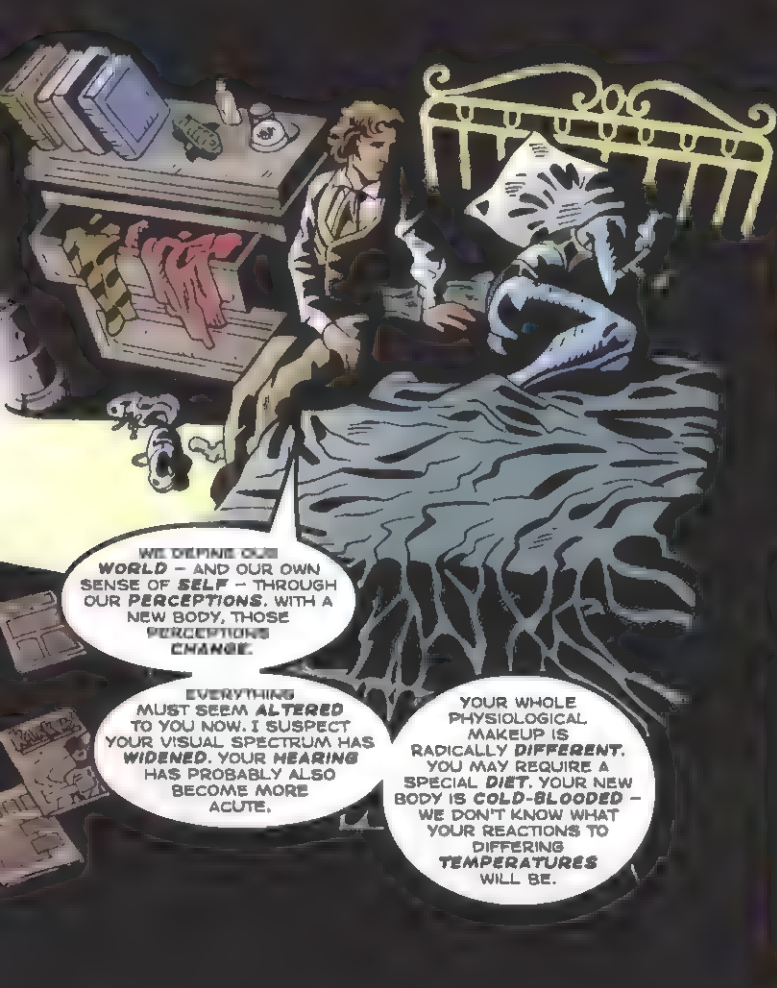




IZZY...
WE HAVE
TO TALK.

THIS HAS BEEN A
TERRIBLE **SHOCK** FOR
YOU... I UNDERSTAND
THAT. DON'T FORGET THAT
THIS IS SOMETHING I'VE
ALSO EXPERIENCED.
MANY TIMES.

I KNOW
WHAT IT'S LIKE
TO LOOK INTO A
MIRROR AND SEE
A **STRANGER**.



BUT IZZY... YOU
HAVE TO UNDERSTAND
ONE THING: YOU'RE
STILL YOU.

THE BODY IS ONLY
A **SHELL**. EVERYTHING THAT
MAKES YOU, EVERYTHING THAT
DEFINES YOU - YOUR
BELIEFS, YOUR MEMORIES,
YOUR CHARACTER - IT'S
ALL STILL THERE.

IN TIME YOU
MAY EVEN COME
TO SEE THIS AS AN
OPPORTUNITY --

SHUT
UP.

WE DEFINE OUR
WORLD - AND OUR OWN
SENSE OF **SELF** - THROUGH
OUR **PERCEPTIONS**. WITH A
NEW BODY, THOSE
PERCEPTIONS
CHANGE.

EVERYTHING
MUST SEEM **ALTERED**
TO YOU NOW. I SUSPECT
YOUR VISUAL SPECTRUM HAS
WIDENED. YOUR **HEARING**
HAS PROBABLY ALSO
BECOME MORE
ACUTE.

YOUR WHOLE
PHYSIOLOGICAL
MAKEUP IS
RADICALLY **DIFFERENT**.
YOU MAY REQUIRE A
SPECIAL **DIET**. YOUR NEW
BODY IS **COLD-BLOODED** -
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOUR REACTIONS TO
DIFFERING
TEMPERATURES
WILL BE.

I KNOW YOU'RE
FRIGHTENED AND
DISTURBED... BUT
THAT WILL PASS.



Beautiful Freak

SCOTT GRAY: STORY MARTIN GERAGHTY: PENCIL ART ROBIN SMITH: INKING/COLOR
ROGER LANBRIDGE: LETTERING ALAN BARNES: EDITOR



I ONLY WANT TO
HELP YOU,
IZZY.

GOOD. THEN PUT
YOUR MONEY WHERE
YOUR MOUTH IS...

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

**TAKE US
BACK!**

THIS IS A **TIME
MACHINE**, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
WE CAN GO BACK TO **OPHIDIUS**.
I CAN WARN MYSELF
ABOUT **DESTRII**, CHANGE
EVERYTHING!

NONE OF
THIS HAS TO
HAPPEN!

BUT IT HAS
HAPPENED, IZZY.
IT HAS.

DESTRII PLACED
YOUR **CONSCIOUSNESS**
IN HER **BODY**, AND SHE
WAS **KILLED** WHILE HER
MIND WAS STILL INHABITING
YOURS. YOUR ORIGINAL
FORM IS **GONE**
NOW.

I WISH I COULD
JUST HIT A "REWIND" BUTTON
AND MAKE EVERYTHING
ALRIGHT. YOU CAN'T IMAGINE
HOW MANY TIMES I'VE YEARNED
FOR THAT KIND OF POWER...

BUT INTERFERING WITH OUR OWN
PERSONAL HISTORY IS **FORBIDDEN**.
IT'S THE ONE RULE EVEN
I CAN'T BREAK.

WE MOVE THROUGH
TIME, BUT TIME ALSO MOVES
THROUGH US. WE HAVE TO
ACCEPT ITS **IMPACT**
ON OUR LIVES.

YOU PICKED
A GREAT TIME TO GET
PHILOSOPHICAL.

THANKS
SO
MUCH.

I'M
SORRY.

YOU'D **BETTER**
BE! IF YOU HADN'T
LEFT ME **ALONE** WITH
DESTRII I WOULDN'T
BE LIKE THIS!

ALL I WANT NOW IS
TO GO HOME, BACK TO
STOCKBRIDGE, BACK TO MUM
AND DAD AND MAX - BUT I CAN'T.
CAN I? NOT **EVER!** I'D END UP
DISSECTED IN SOME
GOVERNMENT LABORATORY,
OR SOLD TO A
FREAK SHOW!

**STEP RIGHT
UP!** DON'T BE AFRAID!
EVERYONE LOOK AT **IZZY**
THE **AMAZING**
FISH-GIRL!

I - I WISH
I'D NEVER
MET YOU!

IZZY,
WAIT!

LEAVE
ME
ALONE!

DON'T RUN AWAY!
YOU'VE COPED WITH SO
MUCH ON OUR TRAVELS,
SURVIVED SO MANY
CHALLENGES! YOU CAN
DEAL WITH THIS TOO, I
KNOW YOU CAN!

IZZY, YOU'RE
ONE OF THE
STRONGEST
PEOPLE I'VE
EVER MET!

I D-DON'T
WANT TO
BE STRONG...
I W-WANT
TO BE ME...

GGACCHH!!

IZZY!

C-CANT...
BR-BRE...

RASSILON'S
BEARD, I'M AN IDIOT!
YOUR BODY'S AMPHIBIOUS -
AND YOU'VE BEEN OVER A
DAY WITHOUT ANY MOISTURE!
YOUR TRAUMA MUST HAVE
ACCELERATED THE
DEHYDRATION!

HOLD
ON!

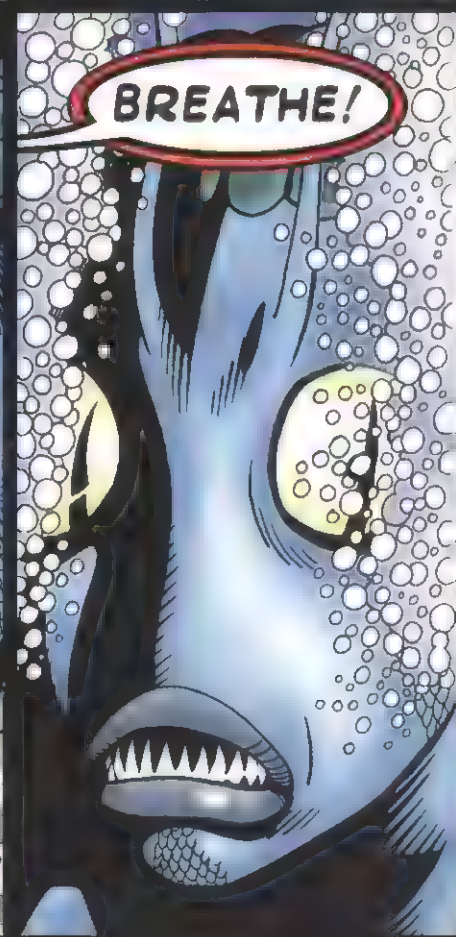
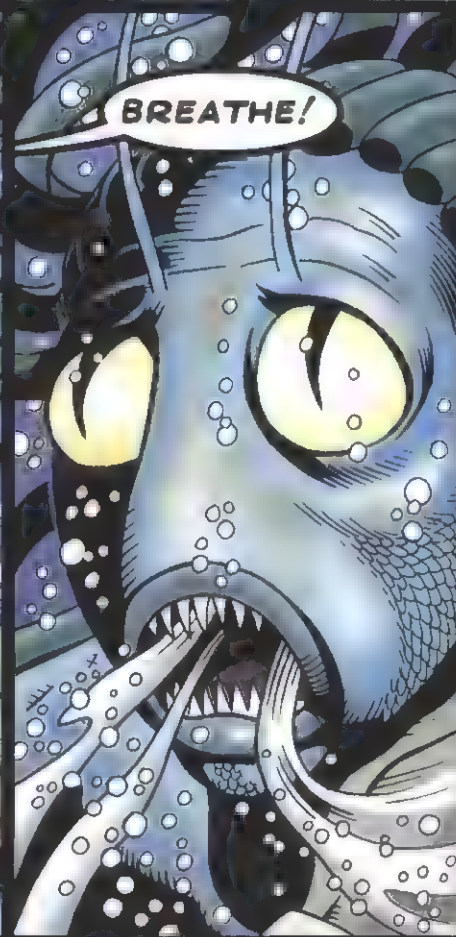
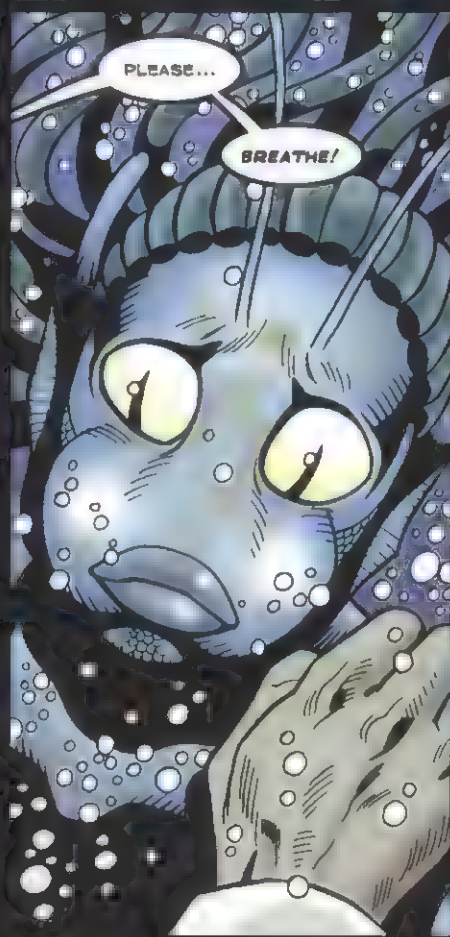
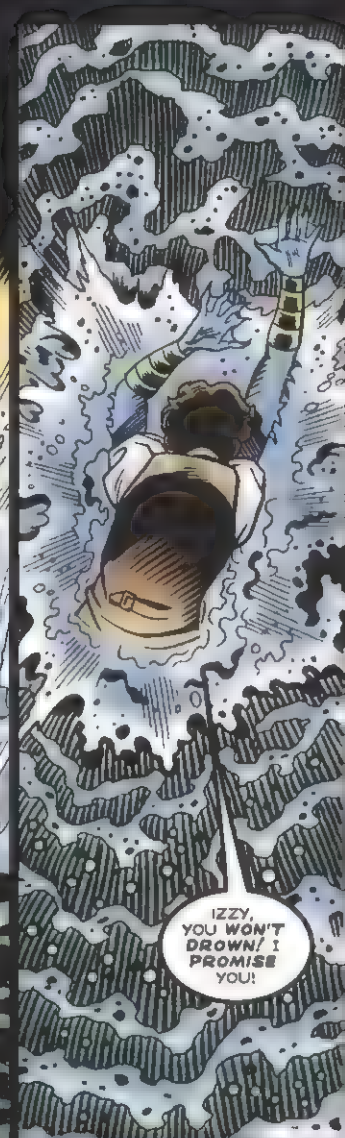
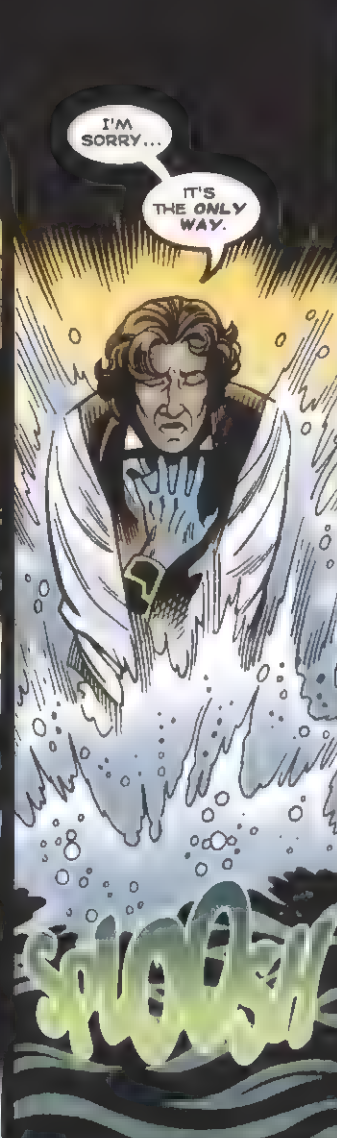
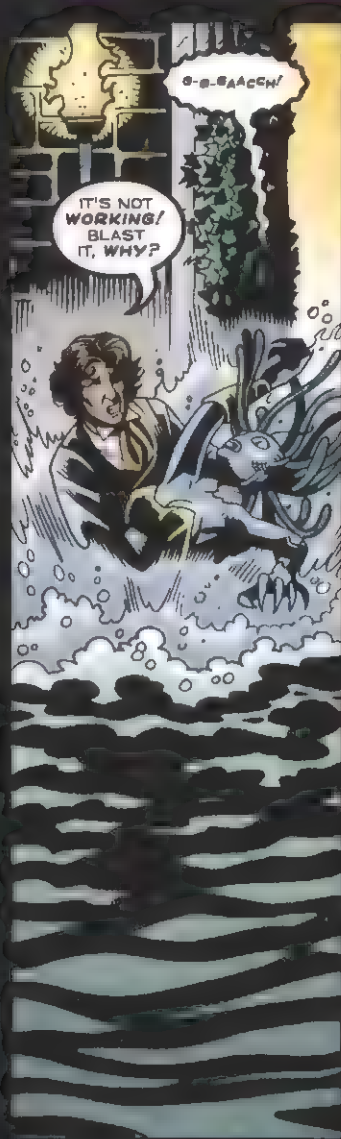
BLAZES,
WHERE DID
I PUT THAT
ROOM?

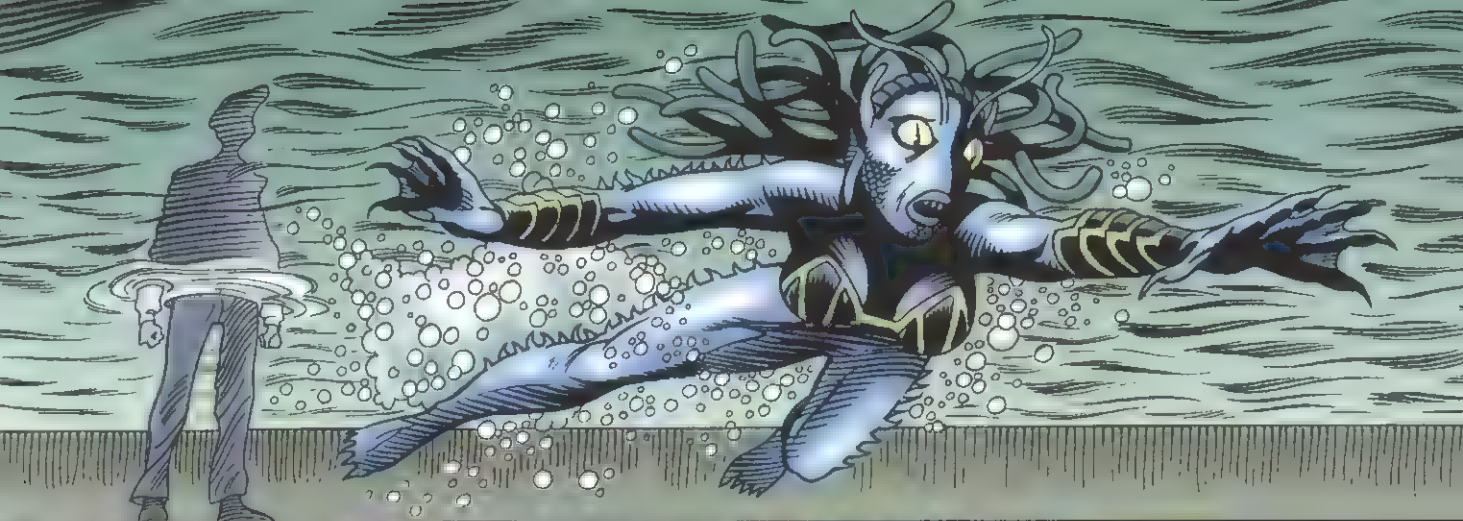
COME ON,
OLD GIRL, HELP
ME! I NEED THE
POOL TO BE AT
THE END OF THIS
HALLWAY!

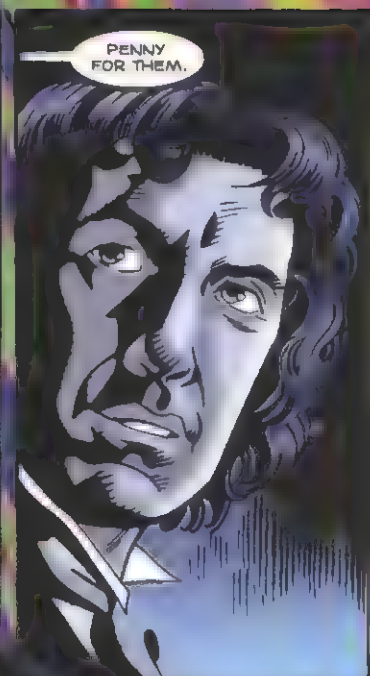
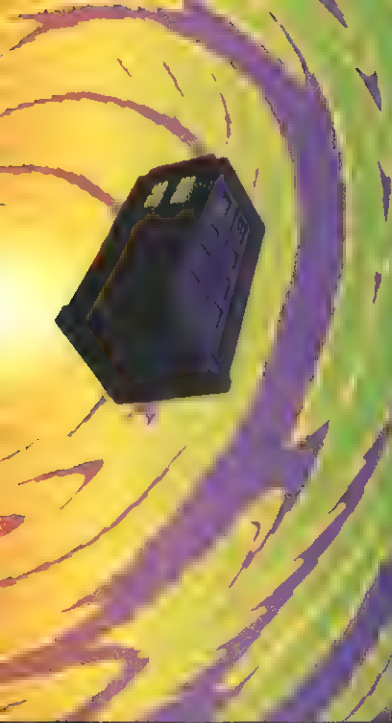
FOR
IZZY'S
SAKE -
PLEASE!

THANK
YOU!

HANG ON,
IZZY - YOU
JUST NEED A
QUICK SOAK
AND YOU'LL
BE FINE...







PENNY
FOR THEM.



TRAINERS
DON'T FIT ANYMORE,
BUT THE REST OF THE
GEAR'S OKAY...

THE JACKET
CLASHES WITH THE SKIN A BIT,
BUT THAT'S THE
LEAST OF MY PROBLEMS.

YOU LOOK
KIND OF
SURPRISED. DID
YOU THINK I WAS GOING
TO KEEP WEARING
THAT STUPID
BIKINI?

I HADN'T THOUGHT ABOUT IT. BUT AS I'VE BEEN
SAYING, IT'S NOT WHAT YOU WEAR THAT
COUNTS...

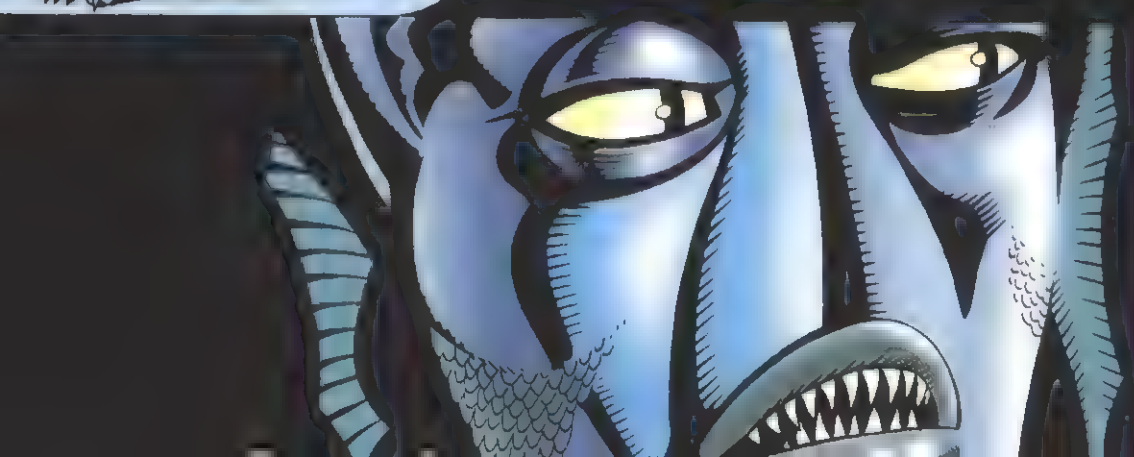
SURE.

DOCTOR... JUST SO
YOU KNOW... I DON'T
BLAME YOU FOR
THIS. NOT
REALLY.

I'M LIKE YOU,
I SUPPOSE -
JUST TOO QUICK TO
TRUST PEOPLE.

THAT'S
NOT A
FAULT,
YOU
KNOW.

MAYBE...
BUT IN OUR LINE
OF WORK IT IS A
MISTAKE...



... ONE
I'M NOT
GOING TO
REPEAT.

Next:
THE WAY OF ALL FLESH



HE'S ONLY BEEN GONE A FEW MONTHS...

... BUT IT FEELS LIKE A DECADE ALREADY.

I HAD A LOT OF RESPECT FOR YOUR OLD MAN...

I REMEMBER WHAT GUILLERMO SAID WHEN I TOLD HIM I WANTED TO MARRY YOU...

"SEÑOR RIVERA, YOU KNOW MY LITTLE FRIDA IS A DEMONIO, DON'T YOU?"

HAM. SUCH A WISE MAN...

DIEGO, WHEN WE GET TO CARLOS' PARTY, PROMISE ME YOU WON'T FIRE YOUR PISTOL AT HIS CHANDELIER LIKE LAST YEAR...

MY DOVE, OF COURSE NOT! A GOOD MAGICIAN NEVER REPEATS A TRICK!

THEY ARE ONE AND THE SAME, FRIDA! WE ARE BLESSED, YOU AND I... WE PLUCK SUBSTANCE FROM THE ETHER, CRAFTING WHOLE WORLDS FROM OUR BOUNDLESS IMAGINATIONS!

AND HERE I WAS THINKING WE WERE JUST SLAPPING SOME PAINT AROUND A CANVAS.

HEY, IT'S COLD OUT TONIGHT. THAT'S STRANGE...

YOU'RE AN ARTIST, NOT A MAGICIAN, YOU DAF!

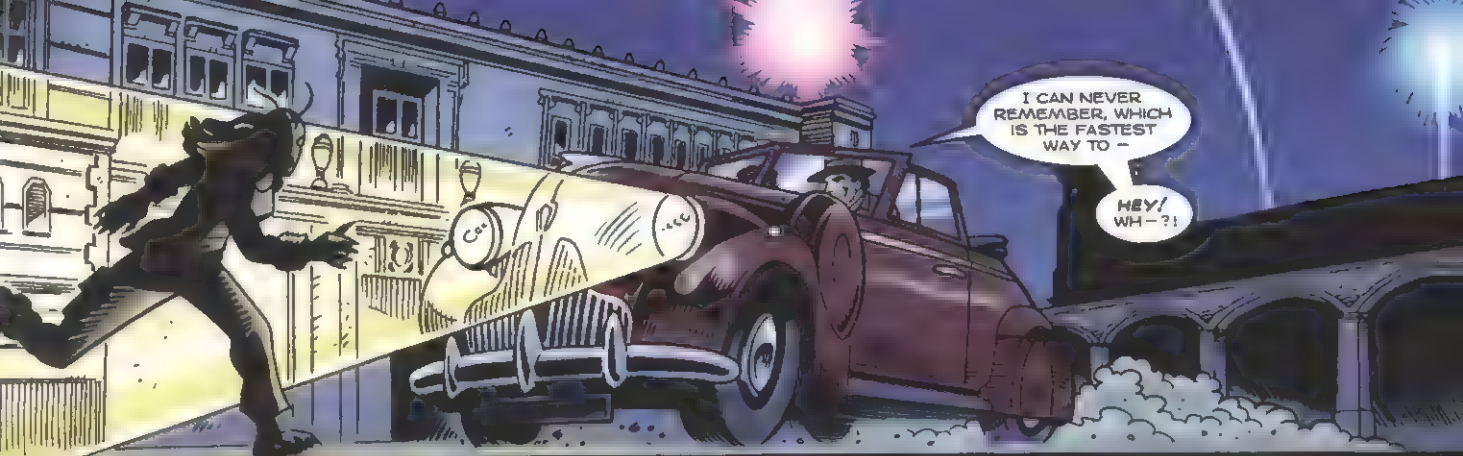
AH, LOOK AROUND YOU, MY DOVE! DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU PROUD TO BE MEXICAN? LET THE REST OF THE WORLD HIDE AWAY FROM THIS NIGHT IN FEAR...

WE KNOW HOW TO CELEBRATE LIFE!

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

PART ONE

SCOTT GRAY - WRITER MARTIN GERAGHTY - ARTIST ROBIN SMITH - INKER/COLOURIST
ROGER LANGRIDGE - LETTERER ALAN BARNES & CLAYTON HICKMAN - EDITORS



I CAN NEVER REMEMBER, WHICH IS THE FASTEST WAY TO -

HEY! WH-?!



DIEGO, LOOK OUT!

MADRE DE DIOS! SHE CAME OUT OF NOWHERE... I-I SWERVED, BUT...



NEVER MIND THAT! SHE NEEDS HELP!



JODER, THAT'S SOME MASK SHE'S WEARING...

TAKE A CLOSER LOOK...

THAT'S NO MASK



BUT... HOW? WHAT IS IT?

A GIRL. A VERY SPECIAL GIRL...

I THINK SHE'S JUST STUNNED... NO BONES SEEM TO BE BROKEN...

BONES... NOTHING... BUT BONES



WE SHOULD GET HER TO THE HOSPITAL...

AND HAVE SOME BOBO DOCTOR CUT HER OPEN TO SEE WHAT MAKES HER TICK? NO! WE'RE TAKING HER HOME...



EASY NOW, LITTLE ONE... YOU'LL BE OKAY...

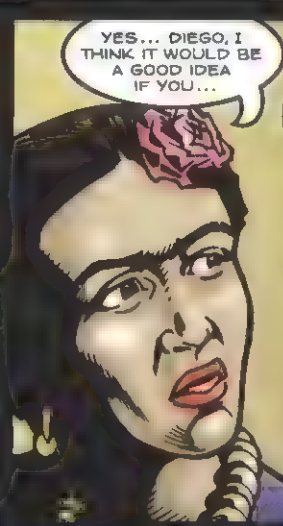
WHAT KIND OF A LIFE MUST YOU HAVE HAD GROWING UP LOOKING LIKE THIS...?



DOCTOR... STILL OUT THERE... ALONE

HAVE TO... HELP HIM...

SOUNDS LIKE SHE HAS A FRIEND.



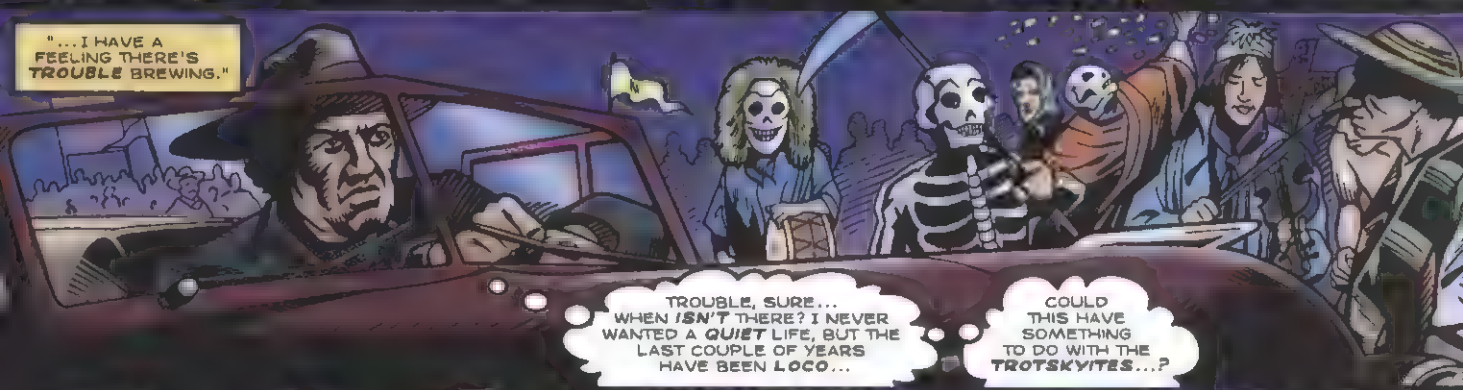
YES... DIEGO, I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU...



WENT BACK OUT AND LOOKED FOR HIM? I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO LEAVE YOU ALONE WITH THIS CREATURE...

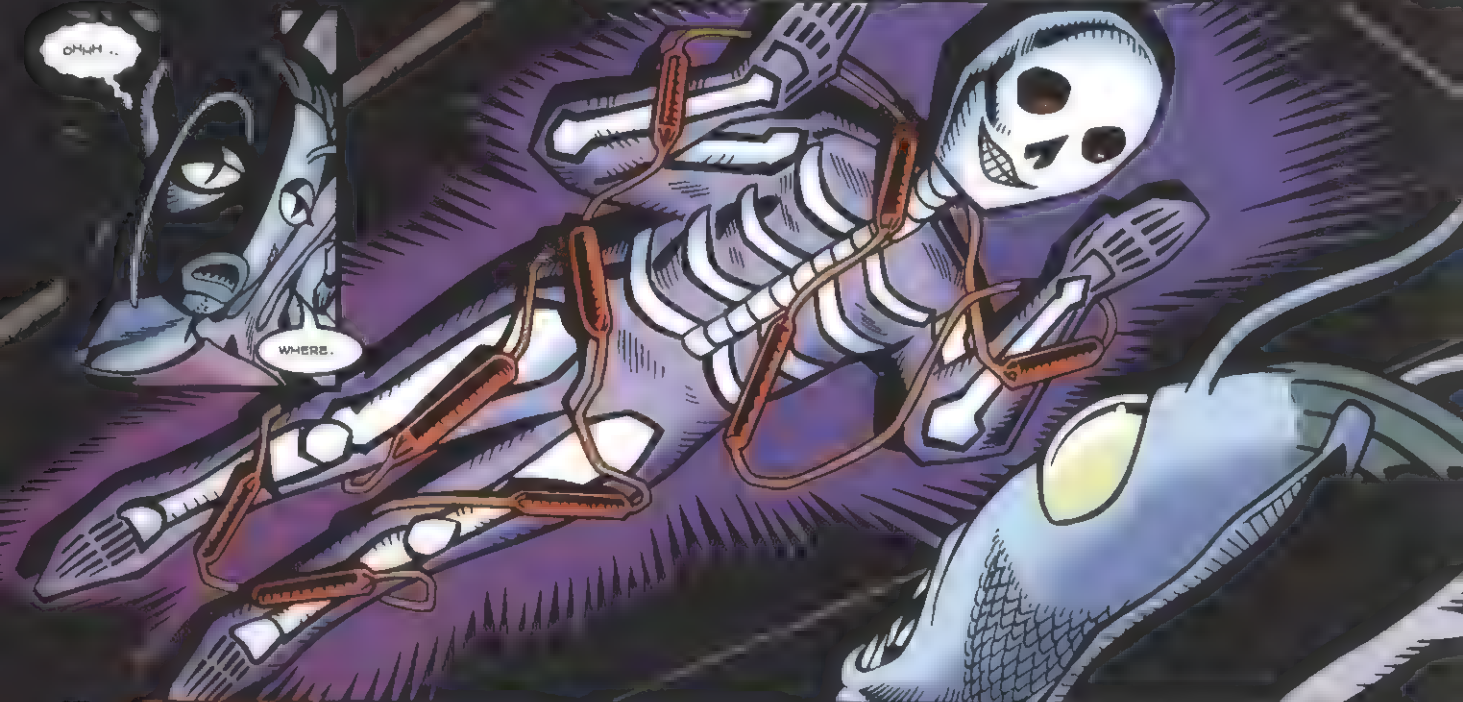
SHE'S NO THREAT, I'M SURE OF THAT. PLEASE, MY LOVE...

"...I HAVE A FEELING THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING."



TROUBLE, SURE... WHEN *ISN'T* THERE? I NEVER WANTED A *QUIET* LIFE, BUT THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS HAVE BEEN LOCO...

COULD THIS HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE TROTSKYITES...?



OH...H...

WHERE.



AAAAHHH!



PLEASE, D-DON'T BE AFRAID! I ONLY WANT TO -

STAY BACK! Y-YOU'RE PART OF IT! YOU CAN'T TRICK ME!



DOCTOR!
WHERE
ARE YOU?

DOCTOR!

MY NAME IS
FRIDA KAHLO...
YOU'RE IN MY HOME...
TH-THERE WAS
AN ACCIDENT...

DOCTOR!



PLEASE COME
BACK INSIDE. I
WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP!
THIS ISN'T WISE, YOU MAY
BE INJURED!

YOU
SHOULDN'T
BE...

FRIDA...



YOU SEEM
SURPRISED,
MY SWEET
LITTLE ANGEL...

SURELY
YOU WERE
EXPECTING
ME?

HOW COULD
I STAY AWAY,
TONIGHT OF ALL
NIGHTS?

POPPA?

OH,
POPPA...
I NEVER
DARED
DREAM...

I... I'VE
M-MISSED
YOU SO

I KNOW,
CHILD, I KNOW.
NOW WIPE AWAY
YOUR TEARS...

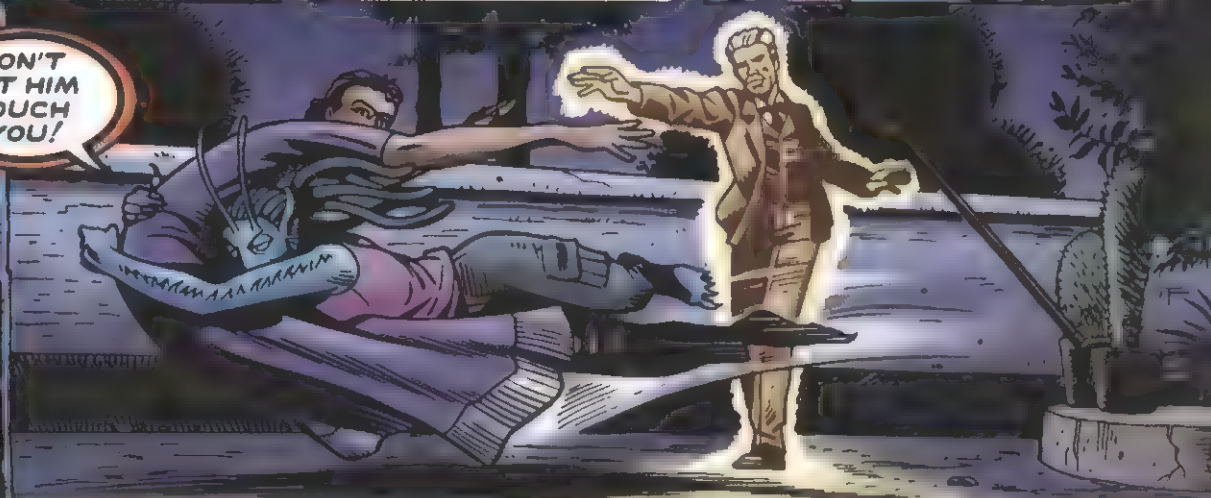


... AND TAKE MY HAND.



NOOOO!

DON'T LET HIM TOUCH YOU!



LET ME GO! POPPA, HELP!

DON'T STRUGGLE! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, W-WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!

WHAT A MONSTER YOU MUST BE, TO KEEP A FATHER FROM HIS DAUGHTER...



NNNGH!

YOU SHOULD CHOOSE YOUR FRIENDS MORE CAREFULLY, FRIDA...

WELL, NO-ONE AROUND WHERE WE FOUND THE GIRL...

MIERDA! I'M DRIVING AROUND COYOACAN LOOKING FOR A MAN WITH NO DESCRIPTION! HOW DOES FRIDA TALK ME INTO THESE THINGS?!

HEY, THERE'S A LIGHT COMING FROM COSTILLO PARK...



WHO'S THERE...?

COME ON, I KNOW I SAW SOMEONE...

YOU DON'T WANT TO MESS WITH ME, FRIEND... SHOW YOUR FACE BEFORE I GET -

ROOAAHH?!



SORRY ABOUT THAT, BUT I WOULDN'T RECOMMEND BEING OUT IN THE OPEN RIGHT NOW...

ARE -- ARE YOU TIRED OF LIVING, YOU CRAZY GRINGO?! I'VE GOT A GUN, COMPRENDE?!

AND VERY NICE IT IS TOO. WOULD YOU MIND KEEPING QUIET FOR A MOMENT? TRUST ME, IT'S IN BOTH OF OUR INTERESTS...



WHY? WHO ARE YOU? WHY ARE YOU HIDING HERE?

WHAT'S THAT MACHINE?

SIGH...

THIS IS AN ENDO-DIMENSIONAL TRACER. I'M USING IT TO STUDY AN OBJECT IN THE PARK...

YOU ARE CRAZY. THE PARK'S EMPTY...

I ONLY WISH IT WAS. TAKE A LOOK THROUGH THE LENS.

AND PLEASE START WHISPERING.

ESTUPENDO!

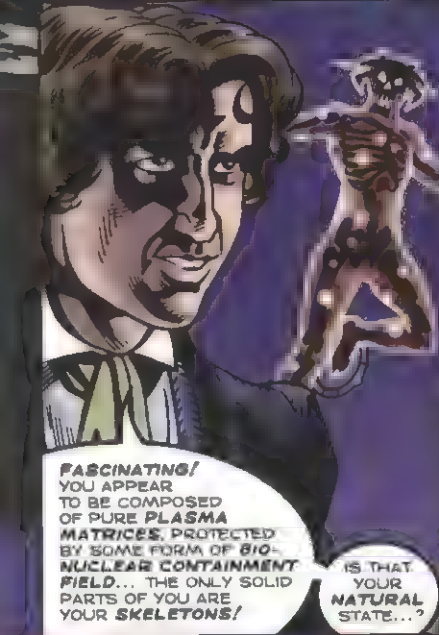
IT'S -- IT'S LIKE SOMETHING BOCCIONI MIGHT HAVE CARVED! WHERE DID IT COME FROM?!

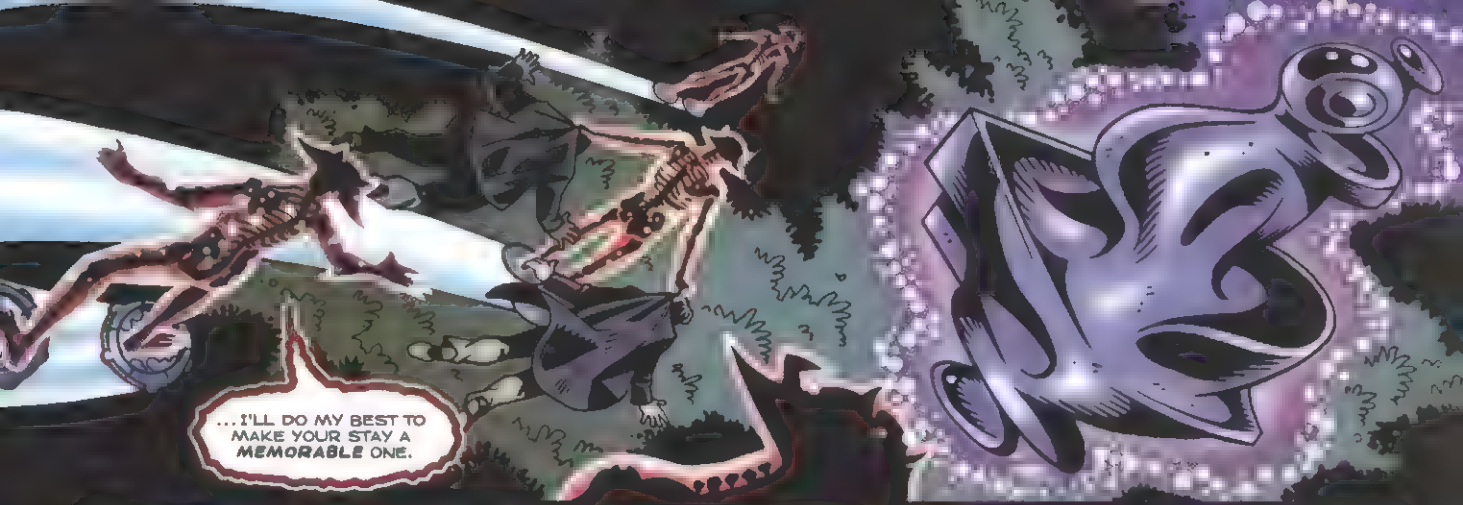
A LONG, LONG WAY FROM HERE. IT'S BEEN SHIELDED FROM PRYING EYES BY A SOPHISTICATED SPECTRAL REFRACTION SCREEN...

I HAVE TO CONFESS, I'VE NEVER SEEN A SPACECRAFT QUITE LIKE IT...



TO BE CONTINUED





...I'LL DO MY BEST TO
MAKE YOUR STAY A
MEMORABLE ONE.

ELSEWHERE

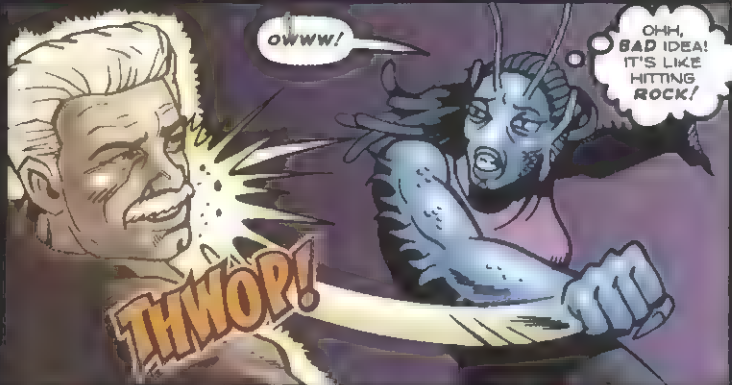
POPPA, STOP! WHY ARE
YOU DOING THIS?!

YOU WERE
ALWAYS AN
UNRULY CHILD,
FRIDA. ALWAYS
RUNNING WITH
THE WRONG
CROWD...

YOUR FRIEND
DOESN'T SEEM TO
UNDERSTAND...

A FATHER
DESERVES
RESPECT.

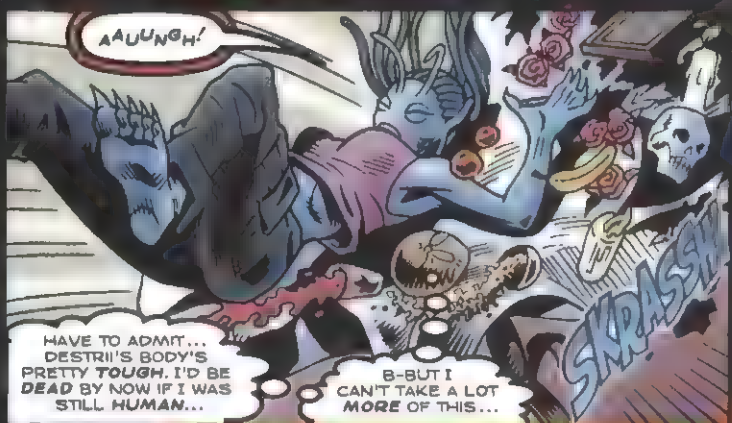
SHOCK!



OWWWW!

OH-H,
BAD IDEA!
IT'S LIKE
HITTING
ROCK!

THWOP!



AAUUNGH!

HAVE TO ADMIT...
DESTRII'S BODY'S
PRETTY TOUGH. I'D BE
DEAD BY NOW IF I WAS
STILL HUMAN...

B-BUT I
CAN'T TAKE A LOT
MORE OF THIS...

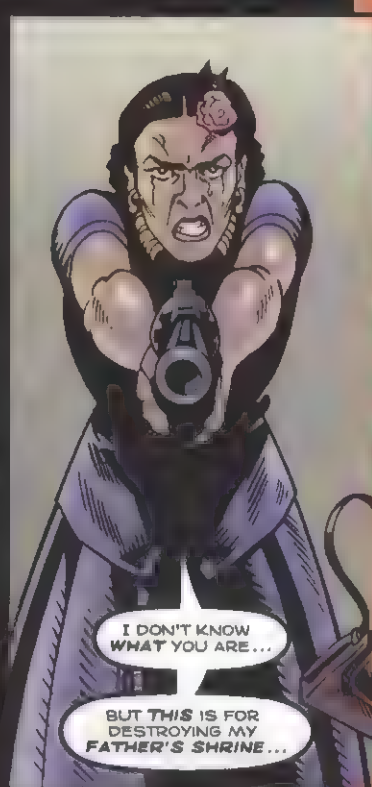
SKRASH!



STOP IT.
NOW.

COME HERE,
FRIDA. TAKE
MY HAND... IT'S
IMPORTANT. COME
TO ME AND WE'LL BE
TOGETHER...

AT THE
PLACE WHERE
ALL ROADS
LEAD.



I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU ARE...

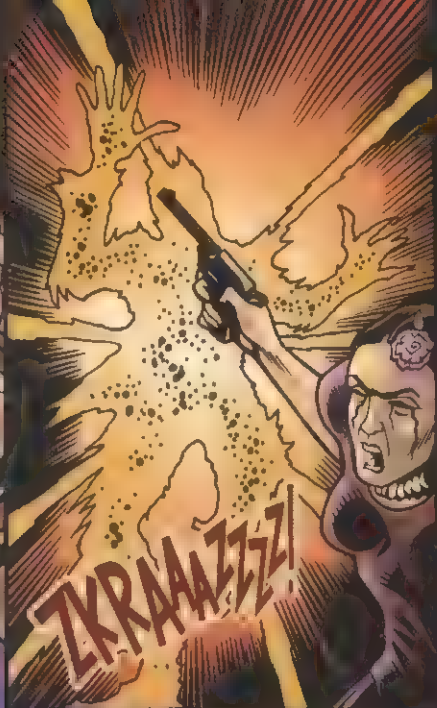
BUT THIS IS FOR
DESTROYING MY
FATHER'S SHRINE...



... AND FOR
TRAMPLING ON
HIS MEMORY,
YOU STINKING
CABRONE!

**BLAM
BLAM
BLAM**

AAEENGH!



INTERESTING SHIP
YOU HAVE HERE, VORESETH.
VERY DECORATIVE.

PLEASE WAIT INSIDE,
I'LL RETURN **SHORTLY**.
I DO HOPE YOU'LL BE
COOPERATIVE...

I NEVER
SAID IT WAS
MY SHIP,
DOCTOR...

YOU MAY WISH TO CONSIDER
THE CONDITION OF THIS ROOM'S
OTHER OCCUPANTS BEFORE
PLANNING ANY **HEROIC** GESTURES.

GOOD GRIEF.
THIS IS
OBSCENE.

DO YOU THINK OUR
HOSTS ARE TRYING TO
INTIMIDATE US
BY ANY CHANCE...?

THESE CORPSES
BELONG TO SPECIES
SPREAD OUT ACROSS
THE GALAXY. THIS
SPACECRAFT'S OWNER IS
WELL-TRAVELLED...

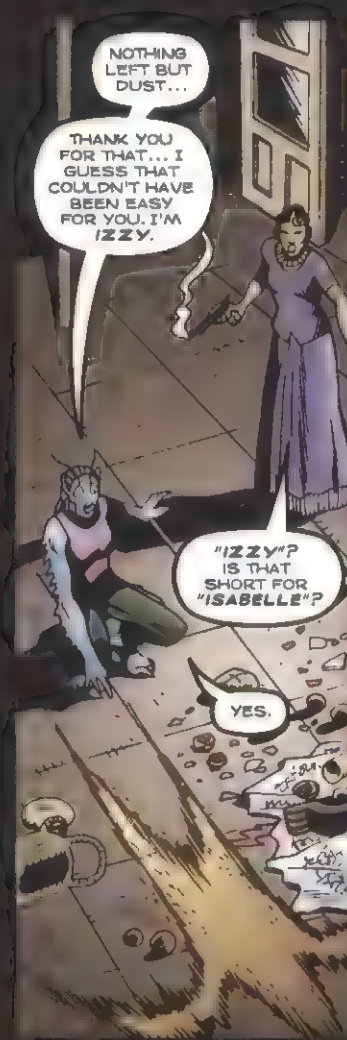
I...
I'VE SEEN
SOME EVIL IN
MY TIME...
BUT THIS...

THIS IS A
TORTURE
CHAMBER!

IS IT? I'M NOT
SO SURE. THIS ROOM
REMINDS ME OF
SOMETHING ELSE...

I JUST
WISH I COULD
REMEMBER
WHAT.





"... BUT AS IT TURNED OUT, NO-ONE EVEN GAVE ME A **SIDWAYS** GLANCE. I GUESSED IT WAS **HALLOWEEN**. LUCKY BREAK...



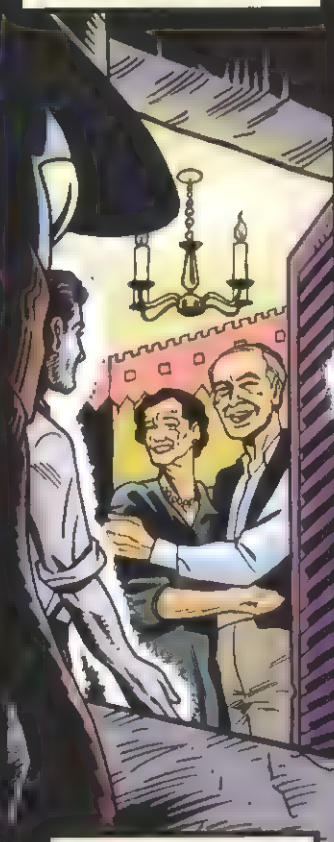
"BUT THE DOCTOR HAD GOTTEN A FIVE-MINUTE **HEAD-START**, AND I'D LOST HIS TRAIL COMPLETELY.

"THEN I SPOTTED THIS FUNNY **GLOW** COMING FROM 'INSIDE A HOUSE. AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS THE LIGHT FROM AN OLD **BLACK-AND-WHITE TV**...



"BUT IT'S A LITTLE **EARLY** FOR THAT, RIGHT?

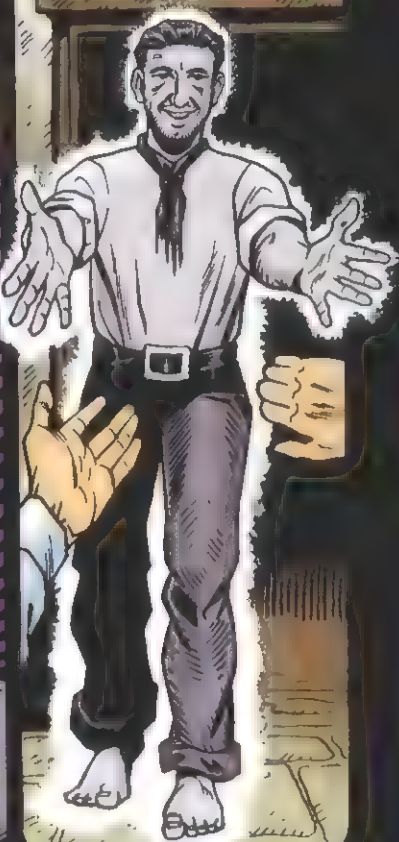
"THERE WAS THIS **ELDERLY COUPLE**... I HAD NEVER SEEN TWO PEOPLE LOOK SO **HAPPY**



"THEY WERE TALKING TO A **YOUNG MAN**. THE **GLOW** WAS COMING FROM HIM.

"HE WAS SAYING SOMETHING I **COULDN'T** MAKE OUT.

"THEY REACHED OUT AND **TOOK HIS HANDS**...



"AND THEN...



"AND THEN HE...

"HE... **KILLED THEM**.



"HE **DRANK THEM**...



"**DRANK THEM DRY**.



"AND THEN HE... HE TURNED AND **SMILED** AT ME, LIKE HE HAD KNOWN I WAS THERE ALL ALONG...



"AND I HAD TO LOSE THE HAT AND THE SCARF, BECAUSE I NEEDED TO **BREATHE**, AND I NEEDED TO **SCREAM**, AND I NEEDED TO **RUN**. OH GOD, HOW I NEEDED TO **RUN**...



"I JUST LEGGED IT FOR I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG..."

"UNTIL, BAM! THE LIGHTS WENT OUT..."

... AND I WOKE UP IN YOUR BED WITH A BIG PAPER **SKELETON** STARING DOWN AT ME.

AH, FORGIVE ME. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN FOND OF **DEATH SYMBOLS**. IT'S A NATIONAL TRAIT...



THIS IS A SPECIAL NIGHT, ISABELLE. NOVEMBER 2ND IS **LOS MUERTE DOS DIOS** - THE DAY OF THE DEAD. ALL OVER MEXICO, **SHRINES** ARE BUILT FOR THE **SPIRITS** OF OUR **LOVED ONES**. WE LAY OUT THEIR **FAVOURITE FOOD** AND **CLOTHING** AND INVITE THEM BACK TO THEIR HOMES...

THE TRADITION REACHES BACK TO THE TIME OF THE **AZTECS**

"THE DAY OF THE DEAD"? YOU'VE GOT A NATIONAL HOLIDAY THAT SOUNDS LIKE A **ZOMBIE MOVIE**? THAT'S JUST **TWISTED**...

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. MEXICANS STARE DEATH IN THE EYE. WE RESPECT **LA PELONA** - THE **BALD WOMAN** - BUT WE DON'T **FEAR** HER.



YEAH... ME.



ISN'T THERE SOMEONE YOU WOULD LIKE TO **REMEMBER** TONIGHT? SOMEONE CLOSE TO YOU WHO HAS **DIED**?

I'M SORRY YOU'VE BECOME INVOLVED IN THIS, SEÑOR...

MAY I ASK WHY YOU CAME TO THAT PARK **ARMED** AND **DANGEROUS**?

HEH. EVER SINCE OLD **LEON TROTSKY** CAUGHT AN **ICE PICK** IN HIS THICK SKULL LAST YEAR, MY WIFE AND I HAVE HAD TO KEEP SOME **FIREPOWER** CLOSE AT HAND... I SHOULD **NEVER** HAVE INVITED THAT FOOL TO MEXICO...

I'VE MADE MANY ENEMIES IN MY TIME. **COMMUNISTS, FASCISTS, ANARCHISTS, FRENCH SURREALISTS**... THEY'D ALL LIKE TO SEE MY HEAD HANGING FROM A **LAMPOST**...

BUT I DON'T SCARE **EASILY**, MY FRIEND, AS OUR CAPTORS WILL SOON **LEON**.

TROTSKY...?

OF COURSE, YOU'RE **DIEGO RIVERA**! I REMEMBER SEEING ONE OF YOUR **MURALS** AT THE **PALACIO NACIONAL**, IT WAS **SUPERB**!



GRACIAS, DOCTOR! HONESTY DEMANDS THAT I AGREE WITH YOU...

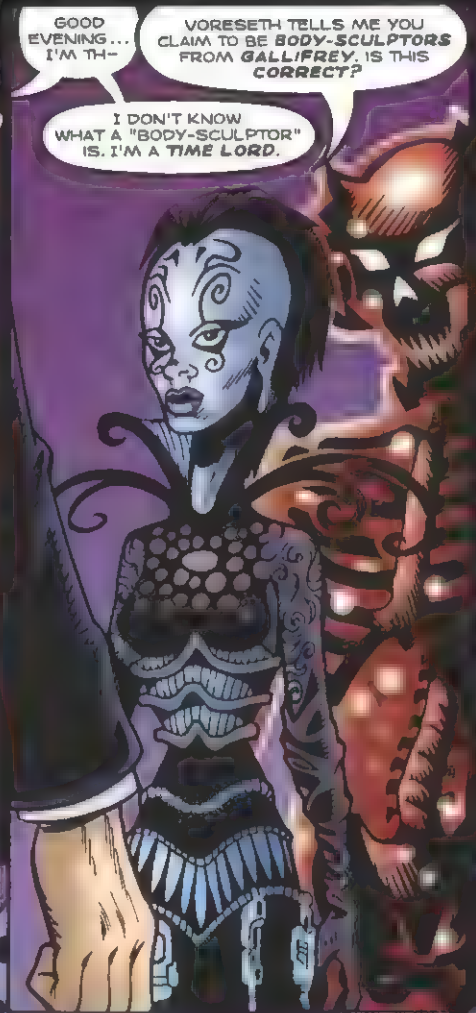


WAIT A
MINUTE...
ART...

...THEY'RE MUCH,
MUCH WORSE.

YES,
THAT'S
IT...

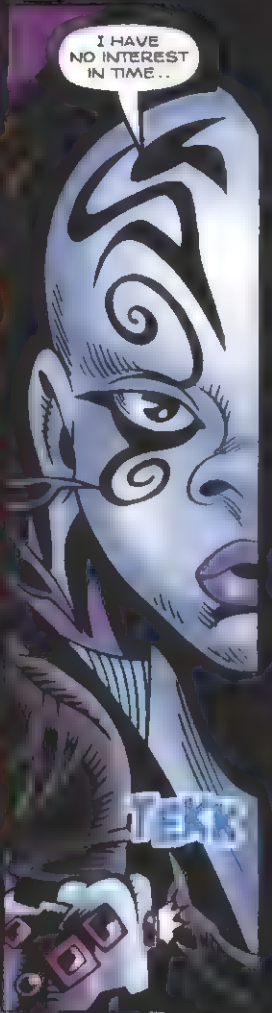
YOU KNOW,
THINGS AREN'T
QUITE AS BAD AS
THEY SEEM, SENOR
RIVERA...



GOOD
EVENING...
I'M TH-

VORESETH TELLS ME YOU
CLAIM TO BE BODY-SCULPTORS
FROM GALLIFREY. IS THIS
CORRECT?

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT A "BODY-SCULPTOR"
IS. I'M A TIME LORD.



I HAVE
NO INTEREST
IN TIME...



AAUUNGH!

AARRGH!

BUT YOUR SPECIES HAS A
UNIQUE ABILITY - YOU LIVE AND
DIE REPEATEDLY, RESHAPING YOUR
FORMS WITH EACH NEW INCARNATION.
I HAVE LONG WISHED TO OBTAIN SOME
EXAMPLES OF YOUR KIND...

INSPIRATION
IS ALREADY
SEIZING ME...



I AM
SUSINI
OF THE
WASTING
WALL.

I AM THE
GREATEST ARTIST TO
EVER GRACE THE NINE
DIMENSIONS...

AND YOU
SHALL HAVE
THE HONOUR
OF BECOMING
MY CLAY.

TO BE CONTINUED

I DO SO ADMIRE THE EFFICIENCY OF YOUR **BIO-SCANNER**, SUSINI... ARE YOU RECEIVING THE RESULTS YOU WERE **HOPING** FOR?

NEO-ARTTRONIC TRACES IN HIS BLOODSTREAM... YES, IT APPEARS THAT THIS "DOCTOR" IS INDEED A **GALLIFREYAN**. HOW FORTUITOUS.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

PART THREE

SCOTT GRAY - WRITER MARTIN GERAGHTY - ARTIST
ROBIN SMITH - INKER/COLORIST ROGER LANGBRIDGE - LETTERER
ALAN BARNES & CLAYTON HICKMAN - EDITORS

AND THE OTHER ONE?

NO... MERELY A SIMPLISTIC JUMBLE OF MUNDANE **CARBON ATOMS**. A TYPICAL **HOMO SAPIEN**. I WONDER WHO HE IS?

I AM **DIEGO JUAN NEPOMUCENO ESTANISLAO DE RIVERA**... THE GREATEST ARTIST IN ALL MEXICO...

HE'S SO VERY NEARLY AMUSING. WHAT BREATH-TAKING **VULGARITY**...

AND I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT YOUR **DEMONIOS** ARE DOING IN MY COUNTRY!

SO YOU ARE AN "ARTIST", THEN, SEÑOR RIVERA? AND YOUR **CAVE-WALL SCRATCHINGS** ARE MET WITH APPROVAL BY YOUR FELLOW MONKEYS? HOW SWEET.

NO DOUBT YOU'VE HEARD OF ME, DOCTOR?

NO... BUT I'M WELL AWARE OF THE ARTISTIC MOVEMENT TO WHICH YOU CLEARLY BELONG...

YOU'RE A **NECROTIST**.

THIS ISN'T A **TORTURE CHAMBER** - IT'S A **GALLERY**. NECROTISTS HAVE BEEN DENOUNCED ACROSS THE CIVILISED UNIVERSE FOR THEIR CRIMES: **SLAUGHTERING INNOCENTS** IN THEIR PURSUIT OF "AESTHETIC PERFECTION"...

YOU DISAPPOINT ME.

NECROTISTS ADHERE TO A SCHOOL OF **AESTHETIC DISCIPLINE**. CONSERVATIVE MINDS CANNOT **HOP** TO COMPREHEND. WE EMBRACE A TRUTH MOST **HIDE** FROM: ANY VALID ACT OF **CREATION** MUST ORIGINATE FROM **DESTRUCTION**.

FOR ART TO LIVE, IT MUST ALWAYS BE SOWN FROM **DEATH**.

FORGIVE ME IF I
REMAIN **UNCONVINCED**.

AND WHAT ABOUT YOU,
VORESETH? HOW DID YOUR
PEOPLE GET ROPE INTO THIS
"ARTISTIC ENDEAVOUR"?

IT'S THE AFTER-
EFFECT OF AN
UNFORTUNATE
LITTLE WAR WE
WAGED A FEW
DECADES AGO.
THE **RADIATION**
HAS LEFT US
FLESHLESS...

MY CHILDREN ARE BUSY TONIGHT...
SEEKING OUT THE **LONELY** AND THE
NEEDY... THE ONES WHO SHELTER INSIDE
MEMORY AND **REGRET...**

THEY ARE
SEEKING **RAW**
MATERIAL FOR
MY WORK.

MY RACE - THE **TORAJENN** -
ARE SUFFERING A PECULIAR
AFFLICTION, DOCTOR. AS YOU
CORRECTLY SURMISED, WE HAVE
BECOME **ENERGY MATRICES**,
HELD TOGETHER ONLY BY A
BIO-NUCLEAR FORCE-FIELD...

BUT NOW THE
DELIGHTFUL
SUSINI HAS
OFFERED US AN
OPPORTUNITY
TO... HOW CAN
I PUT THIS...

RE-CLOTHE
OURSELVES.

THESE PEOPLE
WORSHIP DEATH ALMOST AS
FIERCELY AS THEIR ANCESTORS.
I FIND THEM QUITE CHARMING.

AND THE FACT
THAT THEY DO
NOT **FEAR** THE
ETERNAL VOID
IS THE KEY...

"WE CAN PSIONICALLY STRIP THE FLESH
FROM THEIR BONES, BUT WE ARE WEAK
TELEPATHS - ANY MENTAL RESISTANCE
FROM OUR PREY HALTS THIS PROCESS.

"FORTUNATELY, OUR TECHNOLOGY ALLOWS
US TO SUBTRACT LIGHT-PATTERNS FROM
TWO-DIMENSIONAL IMAGES - "**PHOTOGRAPHS**".
I THINK YOU CALL THEM - AND PROJECT
THEM ONTO OUR FORCE-FIELDS...

"THEREBY ASSUMING
FORMS MORE **PLEASING**
TO THE LOCAL POPULACE."

AND
TONIGHT...
TONIGHT IS
THE **DAY**
OF THE
DEAD!

YES... THE **IDEAL**
TIME FOR THESE
CREATURES TO
STRIKE. EVERYONE
WILL BE **HOPING** -
EVEN **EXPECTING** -
TO SEE SOME SIGN OF
THEIR DECEASED
LOVED ONES AGAIN...

THE
TORAJENN'S
VICTIMS WILL
WELCOME
THEM WITH
OPEN ARMS!



YOUR SISTER DIDN'T SEEM TOO KEEN ON LENDING US HER CAR, FRIDA...

MY SISTER OWES ME FAR MORE THAN SHE CAN EVER REPAY, ISABELLE. AND I WANT TO FIND DIEGO AND YOUR DOCTOR AS SOON AS WE CAN...

HAH! WAIT UNTIL I TELL DIEGO I KILLED A DEMONIO THAT COULD CHANGE ITS BODY LIKE A CHAMELEON...

UH... I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD ASSUME THERE WAS JUST ONE OF THOSE CREATURES, FRIDA...

DIOS MIO! I - I DIDN'T THINK...

THEY COULD BE ALL OVER COYOACAN BY NOW, LYING THEIR WAY INTO HOMES...

WE CAN'T.

MAYBE I SHOULD JUST GO OUT THERE AND JOIN IN...

ISABELLE... I DON'T WISH TO PRY, BUT...

SO MANY PEOPLE CELEBRATING - HOW CAN WE WARN THEM ALL?

WHO'D NOTICE ONE MORE MONSTER?

WILL YOU TELL ME WHY YOU LOOK... THE WAY YOU DO? I WOULD LIKE TO UNDERSTAND...

I WASN'T ALWAYS LIKE THIS. I WAS AS HUMAN AS YOU ONCE.

MY REAL BODY WAS DESTROYED, AND I WAS LEFT LOOKING LIKE THIS... THIS THING. AND IT'S HORRIBLE. EVERYTHING'S SO STRANGE NOW... BUT I WANT IT TO STAY THAT WAY...

THERE. THAT WAS THE REAL ME.

DON'T EVEN TRY TO UNDERSTAND THIS, FRIDA. YOU DON'T HAVE A HOPE.

BECAUSE IF IT STOPS BEING STRANGE, THAT MEANS I'M GETTING USED TO IT, AND THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE STARTED TO FORGET WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE HUMAN.



SCREAM

LISTEN TO ME, ISABELLE. WHEN I WAS **SIXTEEN** I TOOK A RIDE ON A **BUS** IN **MEXICO CITY**. IT COLLIDED WITH A **STREETCAR**, AND I WAS CAUGHT IN THE **MIDDLE** OF THE **IMPACT**...

MY **SPINE** WAS **CRACKED** IN THREE PLACES. TWO OF MY **RIBS** AND MY **PELVIS** WERE **BROKEN**. MY **STOMACH** WAS **IMPALED** BY A **STEEL HANDRAIL**. MY **RIGHT FOOT** WAS **CRUSHED**.

I WAS NOT EXPECTED TO SURVIVE THE NIGHT, BUT I **DID**. I LAY ON MY BACK FOR A **YEAR** BEFORE I LEARNED HOW TO MOVE AGAIN. I HAVE ENDURED MORE SURGICAL OPERATIONS THAN I CAN **COUNT**.

I WALK WITH **PAIN** EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE, BUT I **DO** WALK...

... YOU SEE, YOU ARE NOT THE **ONLY** GIRL WHO ONE DAY FOUND HERSELF **TRAPPED** IN ANOTHER **BODY**.

SUSINI... WHAT YOU'RE DOING IS **UNACCEPTABLE**. THE PEOPLE OF COYOACAN AREN'T LUMPS OF STONE, WAITING FOR YOU TO CARVE THEM INTO ANY SHAPE YOU **PLEASE**...

IN THE NAME OF BASIC **MORALITY**, YOU HAVE TO **STOP** THIS.

ART **TRANSCENDS** MORALITY, DOCTOR - YOUR ARGUMENT IS **MEANINGLESS**.

I HAVE A **DUTY** TO EXPLORE **HIGHER TRUTHS**.

YOU CALL YOURSELF AN **ARTIST**, WOMAN? YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN THOSE **GRANDES CACAS** GOOSE-STEPPING THEIR WAY ACROSS **EUROPE** - **LYING** AND **KILLING** FOR YOUR OWN **PERVERTED GLORY**!

GUARD, CONTAIN THIS ONE. I WILL BE **REQUIRING** HIS AGONY LATER.

THE **OTHER** ONE MAY BE DIVIDED INTO AS MANY **PIECES** AS YOU **WISH**

COME, VORESETH. IT'S TIME TO **BEGIN**...

MY **PUBLIC** AWAITS...

ALL ALONE, EH...?

WHATEVER SHALL WE DO TO PASS THE **TIME**...?

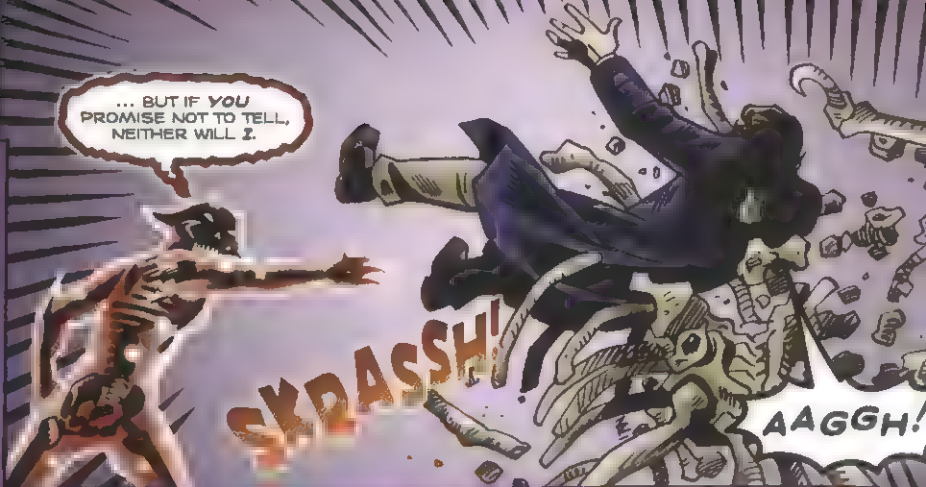
NNNGHH!

THWOKK!

ZZZWIPP

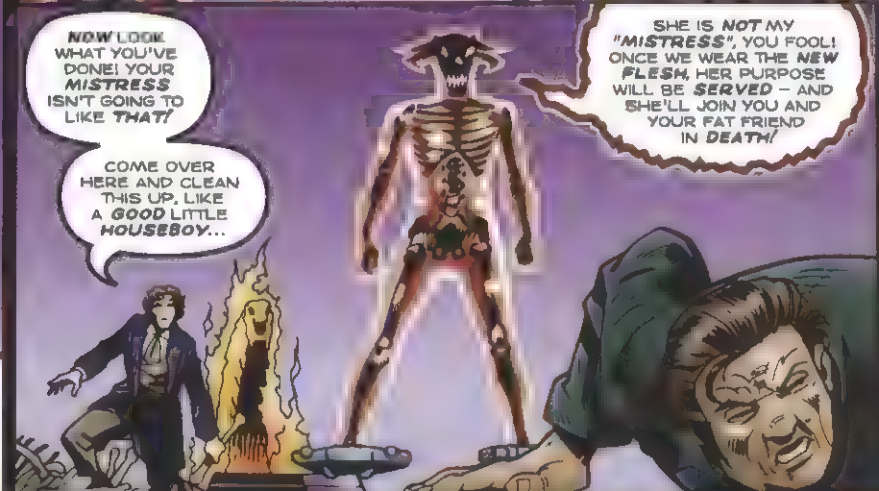


WH-P!



... BUT IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO TELL, NEITHER WILL I.

AAGGH!



NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOUR MISTRESS ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THAT!

COME OVER HERE AND CLEAN THIS UP, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE HOUSEBOY...

SHE IS NOT MY "MISTRESS", YOU FOOL! ONCE WE WEAR THE NEW FLESH, HER PURPOSE WILL BE SERVED - AND SHE'LL JOIN YOU AND YOUR FAT FRIEND IN DEATH!

NO NEED FOR YOU TO FEEL LEFT OUT, DOCTOR... I KNOW I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO HARM YOU...



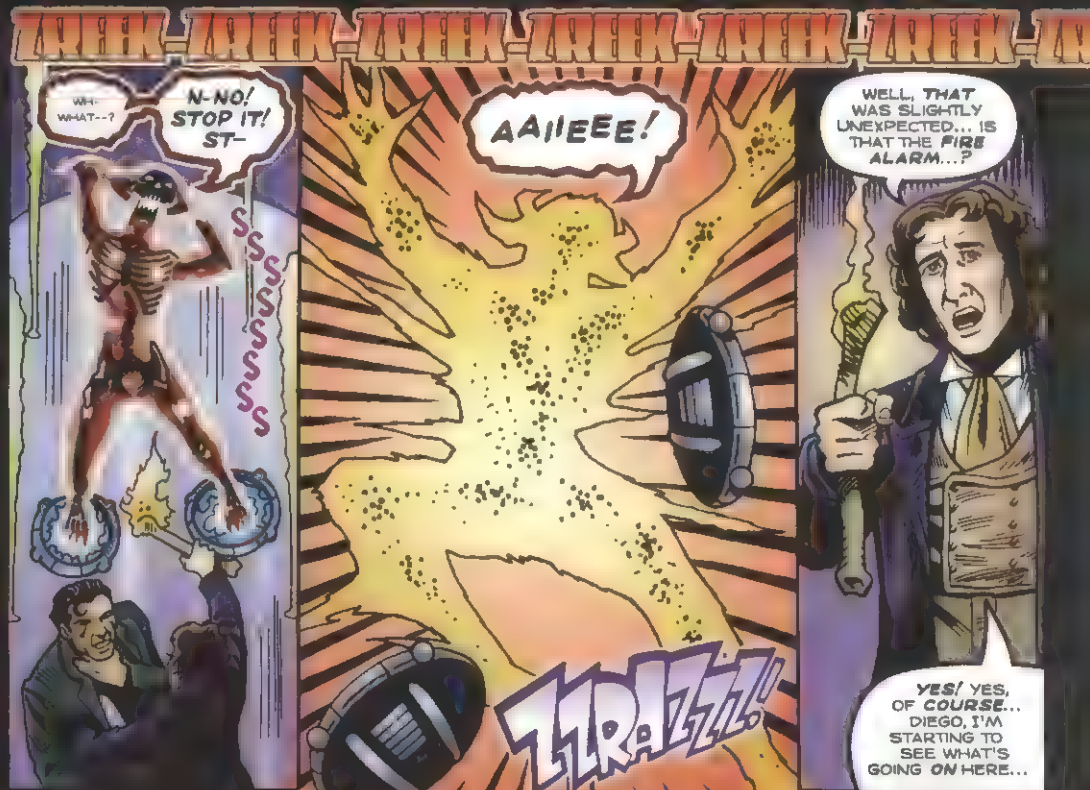
YES, I THOUGHT SO... YOUR MOTIVATION'S AS TRANSPARENT AS THE REST OF YOU...

PARDON ME, SIR... I DON'T MEAN TO ADD INSULT TO INJURY, BUT I NEED A LIGHT...



LET HIM GO!

HAH-HAH-HAH! TIME LORD, I AM TORAJENN! WE SWIM IN THE FIRES OF THE SORANAX INFERNO!



WH- WHAT--?

N-NO! STOP IT! ST-

AAIEEE!

WELL, THAT WAS SLIGHTLY UNEXPECTED... IS THAT THE FIRE ALARM...?

YES! YES, OF COURSE... DIEGO, I'M STARTING TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE...



WHERE ARE WE GOING?

"THE PLACE WHERE ALL ROADS LEAD," ISABELLE...

IT WAS SOMETHING THAT DEMONIO WHO POSED AS MY FATHER SAID TO ME - AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT HE MEANT...



...HERE.

I DO NOT BELIEVE IT -- THOSE PEOPLE ARE THROWING A PARTY - IN A CEMETERY? YOU WERE RIGHT, FRIDA, I DON'T GET MEXICANS AT ALL...

WE HAVE TO WARN THEM... COME ON!

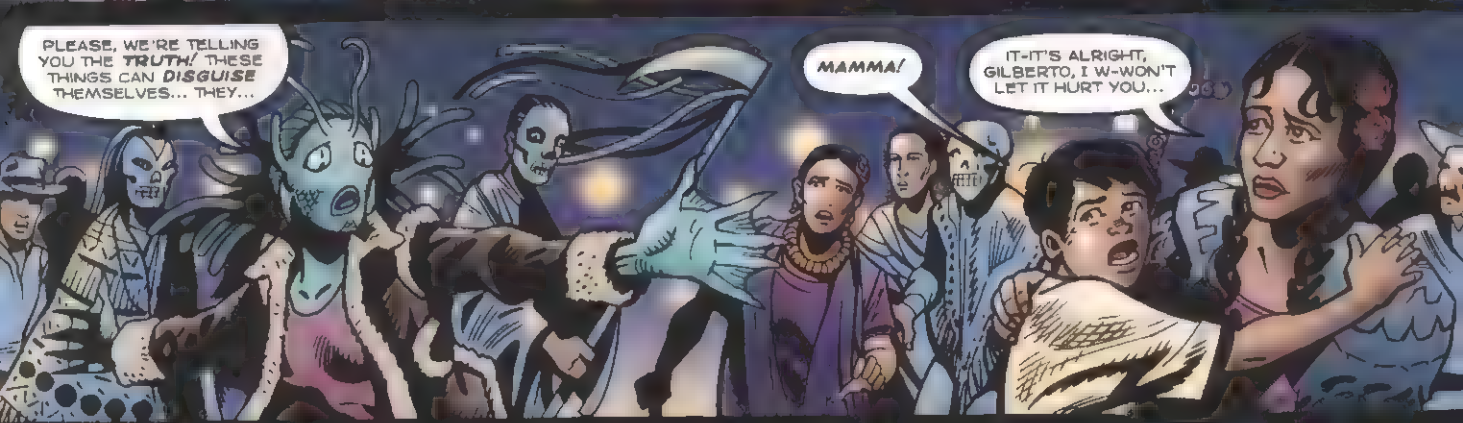


EVERYONE, LISTEN TO US, PLEASE! YOU'RE ALL IN DANGER!

THERE ARE MONSTERS ABROAD TONIGHT - CREATURES SPAWNED IN THE PITTS OF HELL! THEY WANT TO FEAST ON YOUR FLESH!

DIOS! LOOK AT THAT...

IT'S THAT CRAZY KAHLO WOMAN... WHAT'S THAT WITH HER?



PLEASE, WE'RE TELLING YOU THE TRUTH! THESE THINGS CAN DISGUISE THEMSELVES... THEY...

MAMMA!

IT-IT'S ALRIGHT, GILBERTO, I W-WON'T LET IT HURT YOU...



WHAT IS IT?

ANIMAL?

DEFORMED

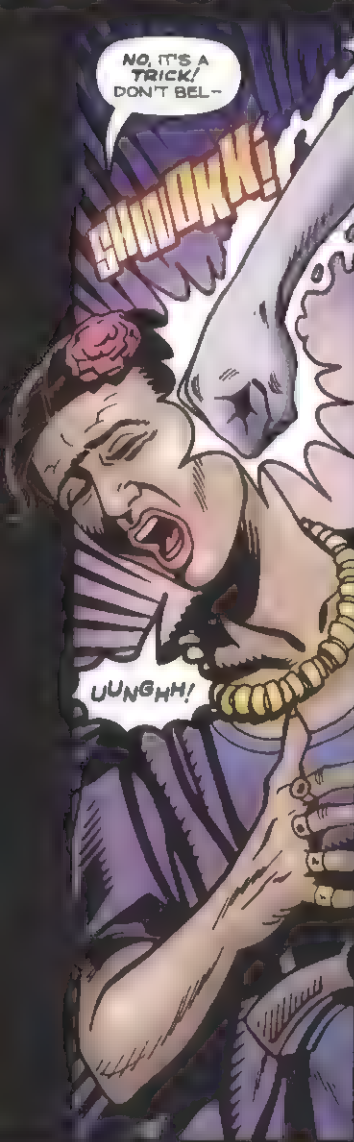
CARNIVAL SHOW.



EVERYBODY
LOOK/ LOOK
TO THE SKY!

CARLOS!
CARLOS!

BEATRIZ! OH,
MY BEAUTIFUL
SISTER, IT'S YOU!

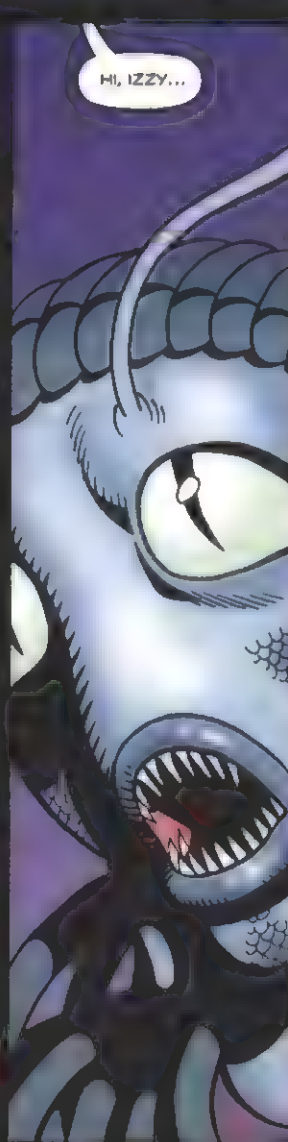


NO, IT'S A
TRICK!
DON'T BEL-

UUNGHH!



FRIDA!



HI, IZZY...



YES... IT'S
ME. AND YOU'VE
MISSED ME SO
MUCH, HAVEN'T
YOU...?

BUT NOW I'M
BACK. NOW
EVERYTHING WILL
BE AS IT WAS, AND
-ALL THE PAIN
CAN GO AWAY...

ALL YOU HAVE
TO DO IS BELIEVE.
WISH FOR IT.
MAKE IT REAL.

JUST LOOK
INTO MY EYES
AND TAKE MY
HAND, IZZY. AND
THEN WE'LL BE
TOGETHER
AGAIN...



... FOREVER.

yes...

TO BE CONCLUDED



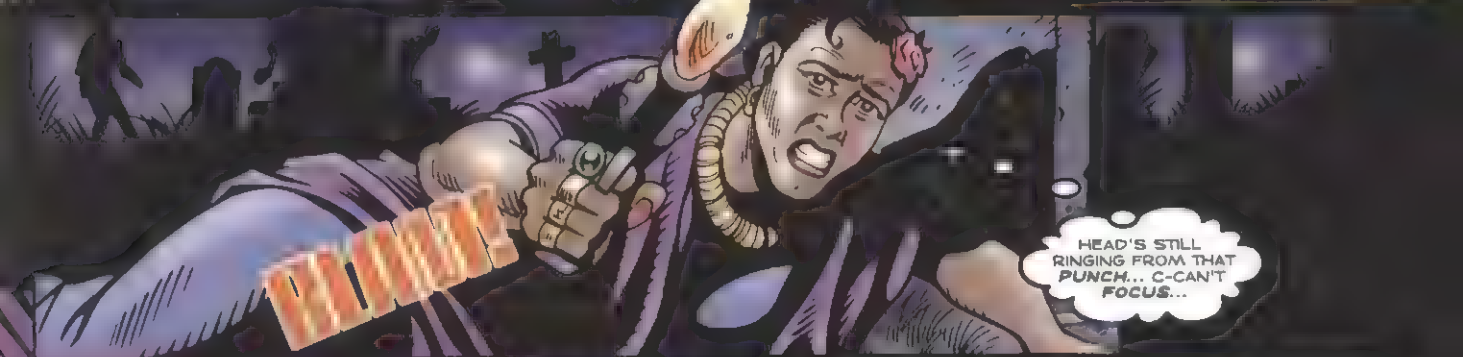
THAT'S IT, IZZY...
JUST TAKE MY HAND
AND YOU'LL FIND ALL
THE PEACE YOU'LL
EVER NEED...

ISABELLE,
NO! DON'T
LISTEN TO THAT
THING! DON'T
TOUCH IT!

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH PART FOUR

IT'S NO JOE,
SHE'S BEEN
ENTRANCED! GET
THE GUN, YOU
IDIOT!

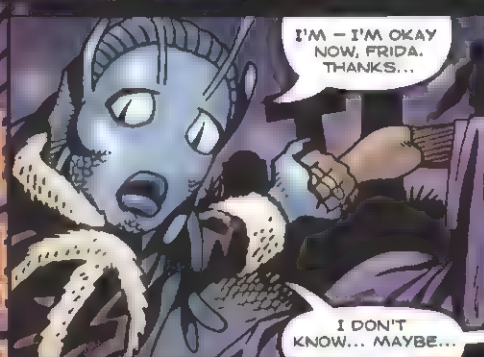
SCOTT GRAY - WRITER MARTIN GERAGHTY - ARTIST
ROBIN SMITH - INKER/COLOURIST ROGER LANORIDGE - LETTERER
ALAN BARNES & CLAYTON HICKMAN - EDITORS



HEAD'S STILL
RINGING FROM THAT
PUNCH... C-CAN'T
FOCUS...



AAAAKKK!

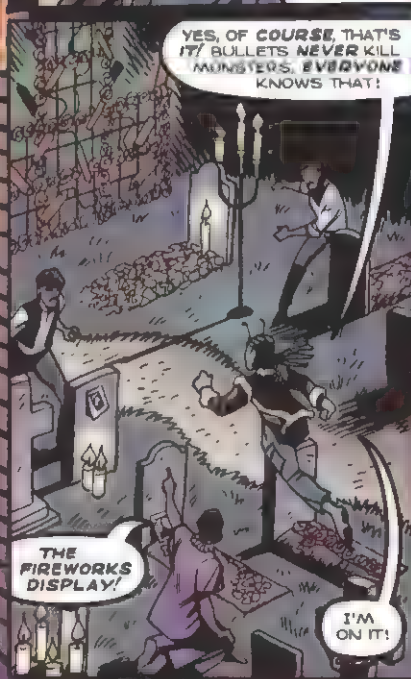


I'M - I'M OKAY
NOW, FRIDA.
THANKS...

BUT I MISSED
IT! WHY DID IT
DRAW BACK?

I DON'T
KNOW... MAYBE...

MAYBE THE SOUND
OF THE GUNSHOTS HURT IT?



YES, OF COURSE, THAT'S
IT! BULLETS NEVER KILL
MONSTERS, EVERYONE
KNOWS THAT!

THE
FIREWORKS
DISPLAY!

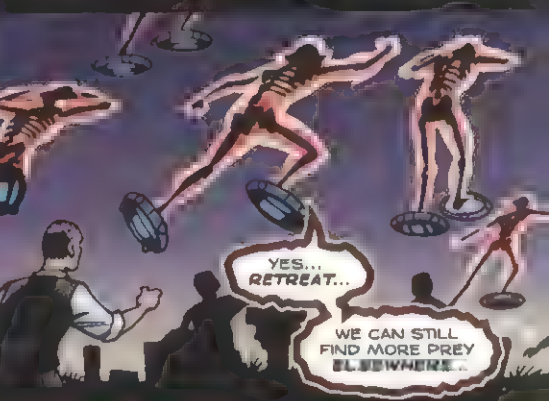
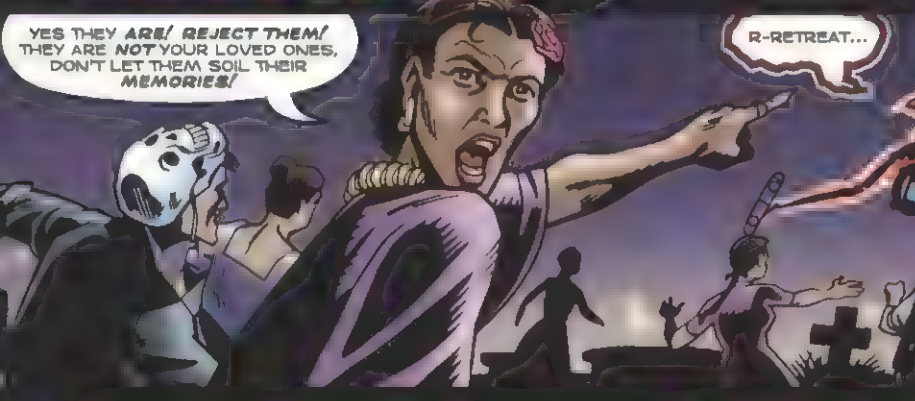
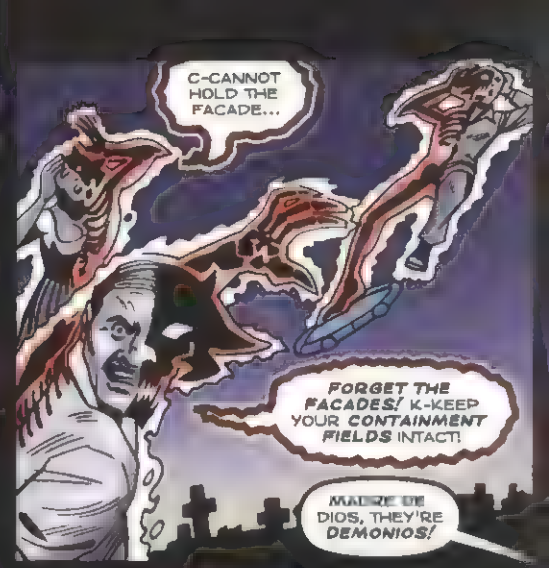
I'M
ON IT!

WH-?!

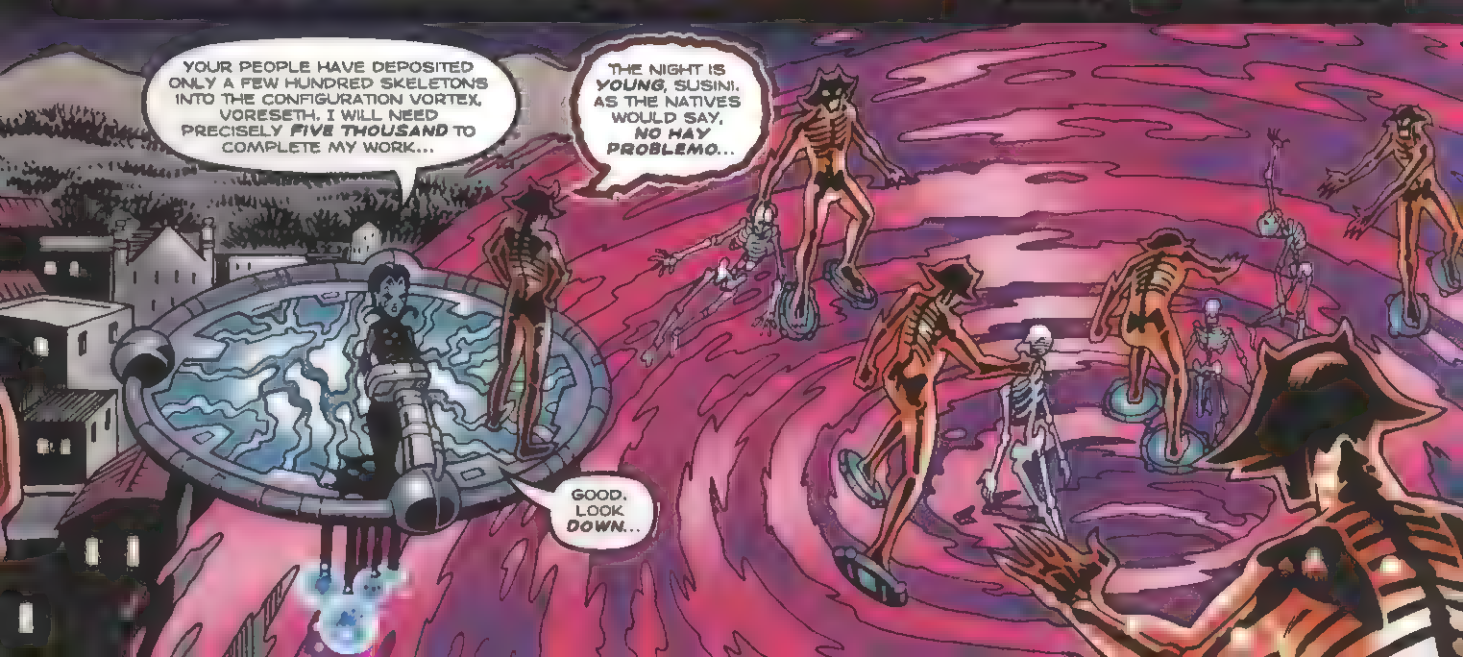
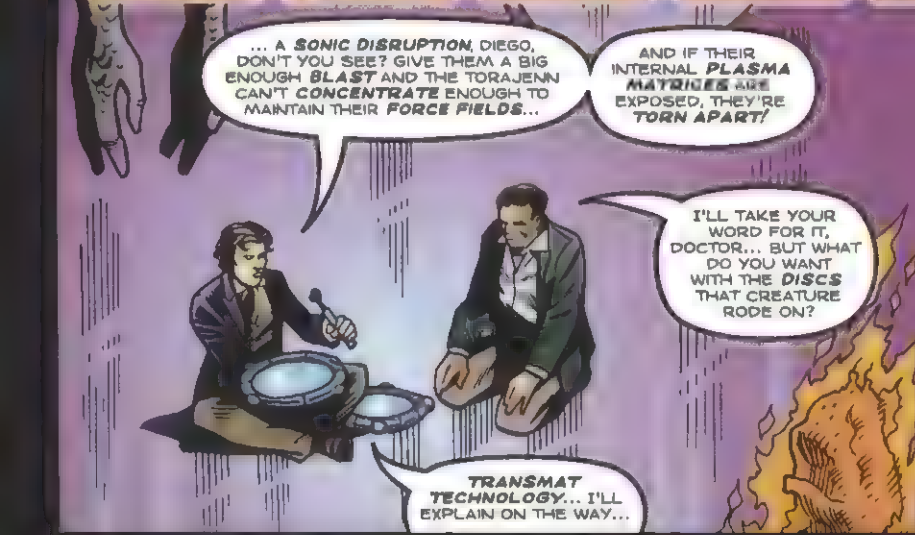


LISTEN
VERY
CAREFULLY...

IT'S GUY
FAWKES
NIGHT, THREE
DAYS EARLY!



ZREK-ZREK-ZREK-ZREK-ZREK-ZN--



"SEE HOW THESE CREATURES REACT...
WITH CURIOSITY, NOT FEAR..."

"THEY DOUBTLESS
ASSUME THIS IS
SOME FORM OF
CONJURING TRICK,
PART OF TONIGHT'S
RITUAL..."

"WHEN IN FACT THEY
ARE WATCHING THEIR
NEIGHBOURS BECOME
IMMORTALISED BY MY
GENIUS."

HEY, VORESETH,
LOOK WHAT OUR
MEXICAN FRIENDS
HAVE GIVEN US!

IT'S
WORKING!
WE'RE GETTING
OUR FACES
BACK!

HAH-HAH-HAH!
WELL DONE, MY
CHILDREN, YOU'RE
ALL AS HANDSOME
AS I REMEMBER!

WHO KNOWS, DEAR
SUSINI... PERHAPS WHEN
I TAKE SOME FLESH
FOR MYSELF, YOU AND I
CAN CEMENT OUR
PARTNERSH-

IS THAT
IT?

THAT'S WHAT ALL
THIS BUTCHERY
HAS BEEN IN AID OF,
A CLUMPING GREAT
TOWER? CLICHÉD,
VAPID, AND UTTERLY
UNORIGINAL!

YOU'RE NOT
JUST A
CALLOUS
MURDERER,
SUSINI,
YOU'RE A
TALENTLESS
ARTIST AS
WELL!

I HAD PLANS TO TURN YOU
INTO A MASTERPIECE, DOCTOR,
BUT I SEE NOW THAT YOU'RE
ENTIRELY UNWORTHY OF
THE EFFORT.

VORESETH,
PLEASE
DISMANTLE
HIM.

WITH THE
GREATEST OF
PLEASURE...

HOLA, MY
FRIEND! THE DOCTOR
SAYS YOU DON'T
LIKE SOUND...

WHAT DO
YOU THINK OF THIS
SCREWDRIVER HE
LENT ME, HEY?

AAAUUNGH!



I THINK
IT'S PAINFUL,
YOU LITTLE
PILE OF
MIERDA...

BUT
HARDLY
LETHAL.

THWAKK!



UNHAND ME!

DON'T WORRY,
SUSINI, I'D NEVER
HIT A LADY...



...BUT I
MIGHT
ROB ONE.

I'D ASSUMED THIS
ULTRASONIC
PROJECTOR WAS
ONE OF YOUR
TOOLS EARLIER, BUT
I REALISE THE
TRUTH NOW...

THIS IS YOUR FAIL-SAFE
WEAPON, ISN'T IT? IN
CASE THE TORAJEN
TURN ON YOU?
VERY WISE...



LET'S PUT IT
TO THE TEST,
SHALL WE...?



AAIEEE!



AAAAHHH!



AAGGGHH!





WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING HERE?
ISABELLE, ARE WE TOO LATE?

I'M NOT SURE...



...BUT NO,
I THINK
WE'RE JUST
IN TIME.

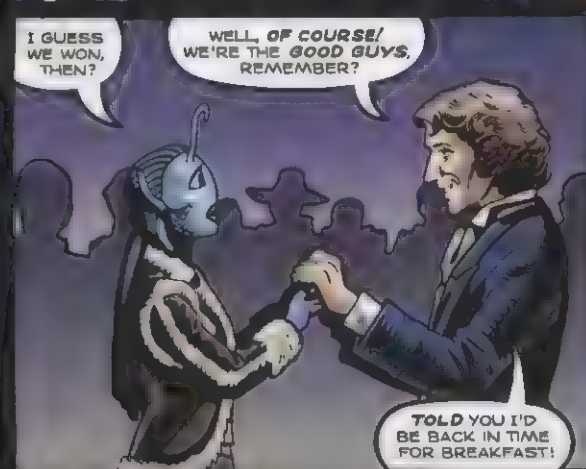


DIEGO!

WHAT A
SHOW!
ESTUPENDO!

GRACIAS
AMIGOS,
MUCHOS
GRACIAS...

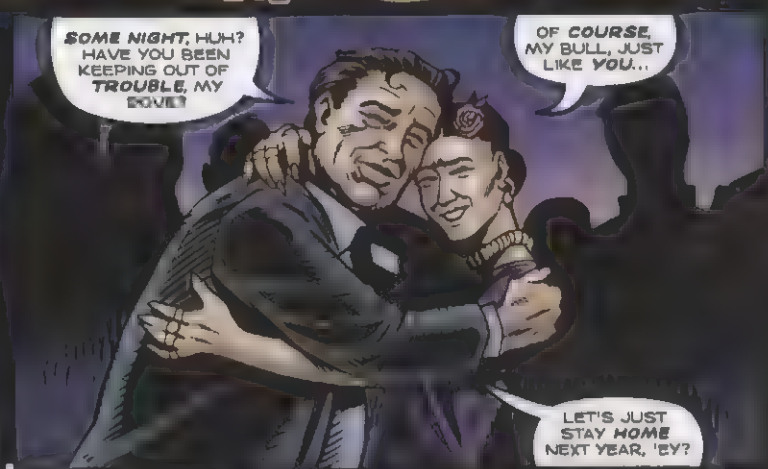
CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP



I GUESS
WE WON,
THEN?

WELL, OF COURSE!
WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS,
REMEMBER?

TOLD YOU I'D
BE BACK IN TIME
FOR BREAKFAST!



SOME NIGHT, HUH?
HAVE YOU BEEN
KEEPING OUT OF
TROUBLE, MY
SOUVET

OF COURSE,
MY BULL, JUST
LIKE YOU...

LET'S JUST
STAY HOME
NEXT YEAR, 'EY?



OH.

OH NO...

'ISABELLE...?

MY
PICTURE...



IT'S JUST
LIKE YOUR
DAD'S
PHOTO...

I'M -- I'M
GONE, FRIDA...
WIPED OUT.
THEY STOLE MY
PICTURE...



IT WAS
THE ONLY
ONE I HAD.

I'M SORRY, DIEGO, I REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND...

YOU'RE **NOT** GOING TO BREAK UP SUSINI'S TOWER? SURELY YOU WANT TO GIVE THE VICTIMS A PROPER BURIAL...

AH, DOCTOR, YOU MAY BE FROM MARS, BUT YOU'RE STILL A **GRINGO** AT HEART. MEXICANS DON'T HIDE FROM DEATH. WE WANT THAT TOWER WHERE WE CAN SEE IT...

WE WANT TO BE REMINDED OF THAT NIGHT, AND KEEP OUR EYES WIDE OPEN

I APPRECIATE YOU LETTING US STAY HERE. IZZY'S NEEDED A FEW DAYS AWAY FROM THE TARDIS... AND THE **HELTER SKELTER** WORLD WE BELONG TO...

IT'S TRUE... I PRIDE MYSELF ON BEING ABLE TO FIND A **QUICK FIX**, AN **EASY SOLUTION** TO ANY PROBLEM... BUT IT JUST DOESN'T APPLY THIS TIME.

I HAVE KNOWN **MANY** WOMEN, MY FRIEND. **ALL** HAVE BEEN MYSTERIES, AS MUCH TO **THEMSELVES** AS ANYONE ELSE...

LET ISABELLE UNLOCK HER OWN SECRETS.

I WANT TO HELP HER **COPE** WITH THIS TRANSFORMATION, BUT I DON'T KNOW **HOW**...

I HAVEN'T FELT THIS **TONGUE-TIED** IN CENTURIES.

NOT JUST ISABELLE, I THINK, 'EY...?

I FEEL LIKE SUCH AN IDIOT IN THIS OUTFIT...

DIOS! STOP FROGETIME GIRL!

WHY ARE YOU MAKING ME **DO THIS**, FRIDA? AND WHY CAN'T I SEE THE **PAINTING**?

HOUSE RULES. **NO-ONE** SEES MY WORK UNTIL I'M FINISHED...

WHICH I ALMOST AM, BY THE WAY.

GREAT. I DON'T REALLY WANT THE DOCTOR WALKING IN ON THIS...

YOU KNOW, I WANTED TO BE A DOCTOR WHEN I WAS LITTLE. BUT AFTER MY ACCIDENT, WHEN I WAS FLAT ON MY **BACK** ALL THOSE MONTHS, I STARTED TO **PAINT**...

FATE HAD STEERED ME ONTO A **NEW PATH**, YOU SEE, BUT IT WAS STILL MY DECISION TO **TAKE IT**...

WILL YOU BE A KITE ON THE WIND, BLOWN IN ANY **DIRECTION**? OR WILL YOU TAKE **CONTROL** OF YOUR LIFE?

YOU HAVE NOTHING BUT **CHOICES** AHEAD OF YOU, ISABELLE...

...BUT NEVER FORGET WHO YOU TRULY ARE.

THE END

Dear Max,
Hi there. How are things in Stockbridge? Here's another letter I guess I won't ever get the chance to send to you. I still feel a little better writing them, though. I need some connection with home more than ever now.

The Doctor and I are on Kyrol. That's a planet Earth people colonise a few centuries in the future, but we haven't really seen a lot of it...

We've spent the past week on a big high-tech submarine called the 'Arqus'. It's a science ship that's been exploring Kyrol's oceans for a few years...

The Doctor's brought me here because... are you ready for this...?

I've been turned into the Creature from the Black Lagoon.

No, honestly. It's a long, nasty story which I won't go into, but I'm stuck like this. Anyway, I'm here so a friend of the Doctor's can give me the once-over...

Her name's Dr Alison Lavelle. She's a Braniac-level marine biologist. I'm the first fish she's ever been able to have a conversation with, so she was pretty excited to meet me.

Maybe a little too excited, actually. I mean, she's a nice lady, don't get me wrong.

OKAY, I'VE GOT ENOUGH RESPIRATORY RESPONSE TIMINGS FOR THIS SESSION. LET'S TAKE FIVE...

THESE READINGS ARE REMARKABLE, IZZY. YOU'VE GOT THE CONSTITUTION OF A MAKO SHARK!

But sometimes I get the feeling she'd like to examine me with a scalpel instead of a tricorder.

GREAT, THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN MY DREAM...

THE NUTRIENT TREATMENTS ARE DEFINITELY HELPING TO EXTEND YOUR DEHYDRATION CYCLE. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO STAY OUT OF THE WATER FOR SEVERAL DAYS AT A TIME NOW...

CAN I GET OUT OF HERE NOW, ALISON? I'D LIKE TO BREATHE THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY FOR A WHILE...

No, wait, that makes her sound creepy. She really is very nice.

SO... HAVE YOU GIVEN ANY THOUGHT TO WHAT I SUGGESTED YESTERDAY?

IT'S ALL I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT, ALISON.

I WANT TO TALK IT OVER WITH THE DOCTOR FIRST, OKAY?

OF COURSE...



CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION

SCOTT GRAY - STORY LEE SULLIVAN - ART
ADRIAN SALMON - COLOURING
WILLIE L. HARRISON - L.A. STORYBOARD
ALAN BARNES & CLAYTON HICKMAN - EDITORS



The Doctor's hit it off with the Argus' captain, Julius Otago

SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT - 'CAUSE, Y'KNOW, I'D HATE TO MISQUOTE YOU...

YOU'RE SAYING YOU KNEW JACQUES COUSTEAU?

KNEW HIM? JULIUS, I BOUGHT HIM HIS FIRST PAIR OF FLIPPERS! I'M A TIME TRAVELLER, DIDN'T I MENTION THAT?

Julius used to be in the military, but you'd never believe it - he's totally laid-back in a Troy Tempest-meets-Lennox Lewis kind of way...

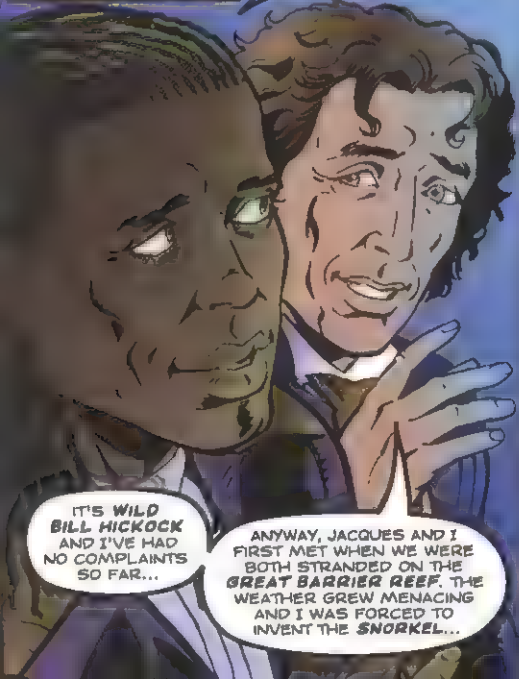
RIGHT... WELL, THAT EXPLAINS THE WHOLE LORD BYRON THING YOU GOT GOING - HOPE THAT WORKS WITH THE LADIES, MAN, OTHERWISE IT'S KINDA TRAGIC...

NO-NO-NO! CEASE AND DESIST! DO NOT LISTEN TO CRAZY MEN, THEY TAUGHT ME THAT AT CAPTAIN SCHOOL!

YOU'RE TOO MUCH, DOC... TIME TRAVEL/ HAVE YOU BEEN SMOKING THAT ORANGE PLANKTON ALISON FOUND?

TOO BAD, IT'S PRETTY GOOD...

NO...



IT'S WILD BILL HICCOCK AND I'VE HAD NO COMPLAINTS SO FAR...

ANYWAY, JACQUES AND I FIRST MET WHEN WE WERE BOTH STRANDED ON THE GREAT BARRIER REEF. THE WEATHER GREW MENACING AND I WAS FORCED TO INVENT THE SNORKEL...



YO, THEO! SAY SOMETHING SENSIBLE. PLEASE...

I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO KNOW, JULIUS, WE'VE REACHED THE RIDGE...

GOTCHA. I'LL BE UP IN A SEC.

SEE YOU AT DINNER, DOC. MAYBE I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE SHIP'S PSYCHIATRIST...



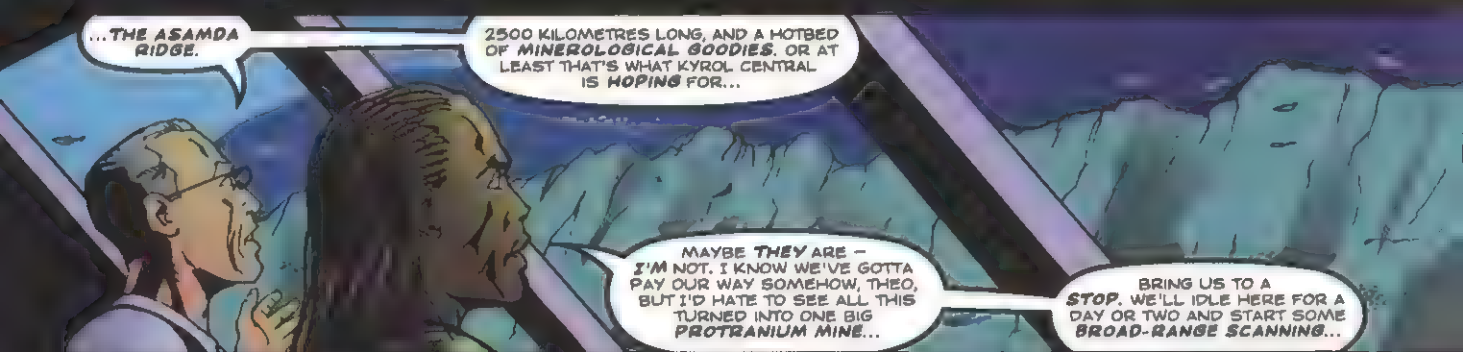
MORNING, PEOPLE. MY, YOU'RE ALL LOOKING BEAUTIFUL TODAY...

ANYONE TRY THE NORWEGIAN CHILLI AT BREAKFAST? FOOD FOR THE GODS!

THE GALLEY ONLY MAKES THAT STUFF FOR YOU TO EAT, CAPTAIN...

THAT'S TRUE, JULIUS. THE REST OF US USE IT TO UNCLOG THE EXHAUST PIPES...

COME ON UP AND TAKE A LOOK. THERE IT IS, IN ALL ITS NATURAL GLORY...



...THE ASAMDA RIDGE.

2500 KILOMETRES LONG, AND A HOTBED OF MINEROLOGICAL GOODIES. OR AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT KYROL CENTRAL IS HOPING FOR...

MAYBE THEY ARE - I'M NOT. I KNOW WE'VE GOTTA PAY OUR WAY SOMEHOW, THEO, BUT I'D HATE TO SEE ALL THIS TURNED INTO ONE BIG PROTRANIUM MINE...

BRING US TO A STOP. WE'LL IDLE HERE FOR A DAY OR TWO AND START SOME BROAD-RANGE SCANNING...



NO! ABSOLUTELY, POSITIVELY, EMPHATICALLY NOT!

ALISON, HOW CAN YOU EVEN SUGGEST THIS?

I BROUGHT IZZY HERE SO YOU COULD HELP HER GAIN SOME UNDERSTANDING OF HER NEW BODY, HELP HER AVOID ANY RISKS IT MIGHT PRESENT...

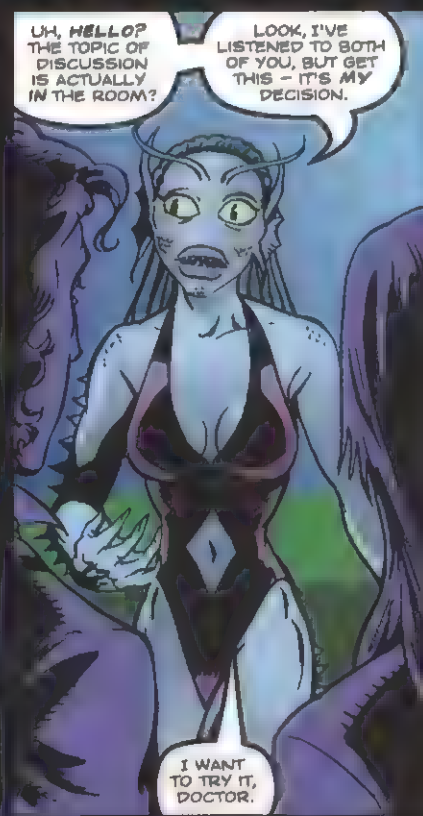


AND INSTEAD YOU'VE BEEN ENCOURAGING HER TO GO OUT THERE INTO AN ALIEN OCEAN?

LISTEN, BUSTER, YOU MAY OWN EVERY DEGREE IN QUANTUM CLOCK-WATCHING BUT I'M THE MARINE LIFE EXPERT HERE! THERE'S A LIMIT TO WHAT I CAN GLEAN FROM LABORATORY TESTS...

I NEED TO STUDY IZZY WHEN SHE'S OPERATING AT PEAK CAPACITY. SHE CAN'T DO THAT FLOATING IN A TANK OR PADDLING AROUND IN A SWIMMING POOL!

THIS IS INSANE, I WON'T HEAR OF IT!



UH, HELLO? THE TOPIC OF DISCUSSION IS ACTUALLY IN THE ROOM?

LOOK, I'VE LISTENED TO BOTH OF YOU, BUT GET THIS - IT'S MY DECISION.

I WANT TO TRY IT, DOCTOR.



BUT... IZZY, THIS COULD BE HIGHLY DANGEROUS...

SO IS STEPPING OUT OF THE TARDIS, BUT I KEEP DOING THAT, DON'T I?

I'VE GOT TO START MAKING SOME CHOICES, DOCTOR. WELL, THAT'S WHAT A SMART MEXICAN LADY TOLD ME, ANYWAY...

I CAN'T STAY IN THE SHALLOW END FOREVER, YOU KNOW?

The Doctor really is sweet. He eventually gave up and agreed to go along with it...

So tomorrow we're all going outside for a little dip.

Wish me luck.

XXXX

JUST GO SLOWLY TO START. STAY IN SIGHT OF THE ARGUS AT ALL TIMES...

OKAY, DAD. I'LL BE HOME BY TEN AND I PROMISE NOT TO SPEAK TO ANY STRANGE GUPPIES.

YOU'RE ALL WIRED UP, IZZY. WE'LL BE ABLE TO MONITOR YOUR BIO-FUNCTIONS AND STAY IN CONTACT VIA YOUR THROAT TRANSCEIVER...

BOM VOYAGE...

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

CLEAR AS A WHISTLE. HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

FINE, I MEAN, REALLY GOOD. THIS IS MUCH EASIER THAN I WAS EXPECTING...

THE OCEAN...

THERE'S A RHYTHM TO IT - I CAN ALMOST FEEL IT BREATHING. IT'S LIKE THE OCEAN ISN'T MOVING AROUND ME...

...IT'S MOVING THROUGH ME!

THIS IS... THIS IS ABSOLUTELY INCREDIBLE!

FANTASTIC! ADRENALIN PRODUCTION'S SURGING, CARDIOVASCULAR SYSTEM'S FIRING UP - HER WHOLE BODY'S PURRING LIKE A FERRARI!

DOCTOR, LOOK AT THESE READINGS!

I AM LOOKING. I'M LOOKING AT A YOUNG GIRL WHO LAST MONTH COULDN'T SWIM A SINGLE STROKE BEING SHOVED INTO AN UNKNOWN ENVIRONMENT...

WILL YOU JUST RELAX? WE'VE BEEN CHARTING THIS OCEAN FOR EIGHT YEARS - THE CURRENTS ARE MILD AND THERE ARE NO LARGE OCEANIC PREDATORS ON KYROL!

TRUST ME, DOCTOR, THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE BIGGER THAN YOUR HAND...

THAT YOU KNOW OF, ALISON. THERE'S A BASIC RULE OF NATURE I DON'T THINK YOU'VE GRASPED...

THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL PREDATORS ARE THE ONES WHO LEARN HOW TO STAY HIDDEN.

I'M FREE! I
FEEL SO FREE
I COULD BURST!
I'M A TORPEDO!

I CAN GO
EVEN FASTER,
I KNOW I CAN!
WATCH ME,
DOCTOR!

WATCH
ME!

IZZY, WHERE
ARE YOU GOING?
STAY WITH
THE ARGUS!

WAIT A MINUTE -- ALISON, YOU SAID
IZZY'S ADRENALIN FLOW HAD
INCREASED, YES?

SO?

DON'T YOU
SEE? SHE'S
UNPREPARED FOR
THE RUSH FROM
ALL THIS ACTIVITY --
SHE'S GETTING
HIGH ON IT!

I THOUGHT
I WAS SWIMMING
BUT I'M NOT!
I'M FLYING!

I DON'T EVEN HAVE
TO THINK -- IT'S LIKE MY
BODY KNOWS EXACTLY
WHAT TO DO! DOES THAT
MAKE SENSE?

HAH-HAH-HAH!
I'M ON AUTO
PILOT!

ATHLETIC LITTLE THING, ISN'T SHE?
MAYBE YOU COULD CONVINCE HER TO
STICK AROUND, JULIUS -- SHE'D BE
PRETTY USEFUL IN OUR LINE OF
WORK...

I'M JUST
GLAD TO SEE
A SMILE ON HER
FACE AT LAST...

UH... CAPTAIN?
THERE'S
SOMETHING
SCREWY HERE...

WHAT'S
UP, PHIL?

I'M PICKING
UP A POWER SOURCE
COMING FROM INSIDE
THE ASAMDA RIDGE. IT'S
LOOKING A LOT LIKE AN
E-M FIELD...

ELECTROMAGNETIC
RADIATION? THEO,
COME AND TAKE A
LOOK AT THIS...

HEY, THE
READING'S
JUST
SPINNING!

LIKE A
RESONANT
PARTICLE
FLUX OR...

OR A
WEAPONS
BATTERY
CHARGING!

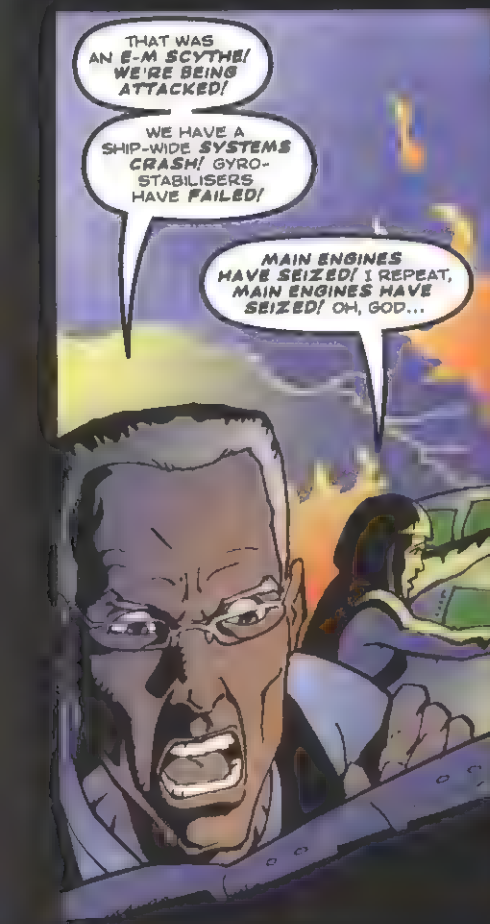




CHOOM! CHA-THRAKK!

AOOAAHH!

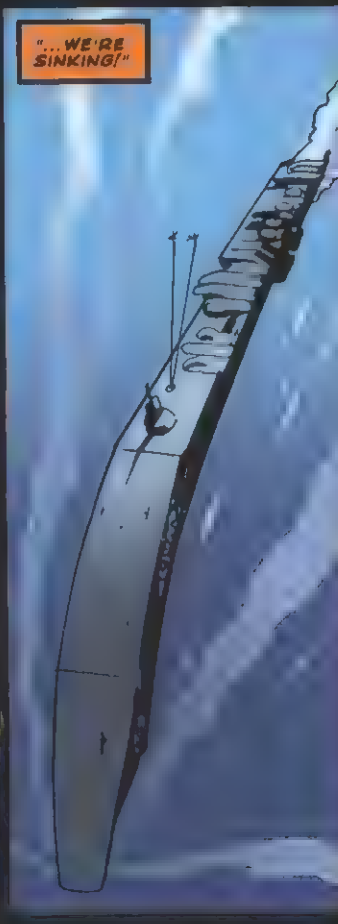
STRAP IN!
EVERYONE GRAB
SOMETHING!



THAT WAS
AN E-M SCYTHE!
WE'RE BEING
ATTACKED!

WE HAVE A
SHIP-WIDE SYSTEMS
CRASH! GYRO-
STABILISERS
HAVE FAILED!

MAIN ENGINES
HAVE SEIZED! I REPEAT,
MAIN ENGINES HAVE
SEIZED! OH, GOD...



"...WE'RE
SINKING!"

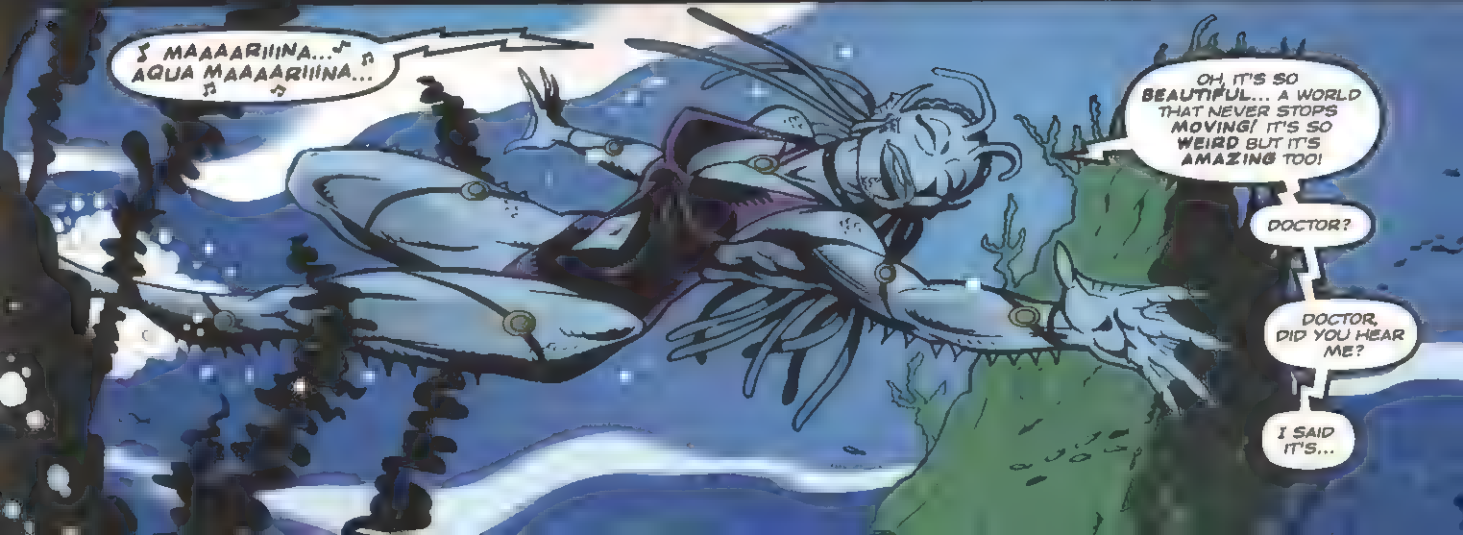


DOCTOR!
IF THE ARGUS
HITS THE SEA
BED --

WE'LL
BE SMASHED
TO A PULP
AGAINST
THE HULL!

IZZY, WE'RE
IN TROUBLE!
KEEP AWAY
FROM THE
SHIP!

IZZY,
COME
IN!



MAAAARIINA...
AQUA MAAARIINA...

OH, IT'S SO
BEAUTIFUL... A WORLD
THAT NEVER STOPS
MOVING! IT'S SO
WEIRD BUT IT'S
AMAZING TOO!

DOCTOR?

DOCTOR,
DID YOU HEAR
ME?

I SAID
IT'S...



...AMAZING...

THE ARGUS
IS DRIPPING
LIKE A BRICK!

IT'S NO
GOOD, THE
INFLOW'S STILL
DRAGGING
US DOWN!

BUT MORE
SLOWLY -
WITH ANY
LUCK, OUR
PRESSURE
SUITS SHOULD
PROTECT US
FROM MOST
OF THE
IMPACT!

K-CHNK!

ALISON, BREAK
YOUR TETHER LINE,
IT'S OUR ONLY
CHANCE!

OOOFF!

UUNGH!

OH LORD...
DOCTOR, HOW
COULD THIS HAVE
HAPPENED?

WE WERE HIT BY AN ENERGY
SURGE -- AN ELECTROMAGNETIC
BOMBARDMENT COULD HAVE
KNOCKED OUT THE CENTRAL
THRUSTERS, AND IF THAT'S
WHAT HAPPENED...

BUT HOW COULD
THE SHIP JUST DIE
LIKE THAT? THE ARGUS'
TECHNOLOGY IS STATE
OF THE ART!

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION part two

I WISH THAT WERE
TRUE - BUT I'M AFRAID
IT'S EXTREMELY OUTDATED
IN ONE RESPECT. IF MY
SUSPICIONS ARE
CORRECT...

THEN OUR
TROUBLES HAVE
BARELY
BEGUN.

DAMN IT, THAT WAS NO WAY TO PARK! IS EVERYONE OKAY?

SARAH'S BASHED HER COLLAR BONE, CAPTAIN, BUT SHE'LL BE ALRIGHT...

SAYS YOU! THIS HURTS LIKE HELL!

SEND A MAYDAY TO KYROL CENTRAL, THEO - TELL THEM WE'VE BEEN ATTACKED.

COMMUNICATIONS ARE KAPUT, JULIUS - COULD BE DUE TO THE SYSTEMS CRASH, BUT I'D BET A YEAR'S SALARY WE'RE BEING SCRAMBLED...

DAMN IT, THAT WAS NO WAY TO PARK! IS EVERYONE OKAY?

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TONY, GO TO MY CABIN - YOU'LL FIND A CACHE OF *PULSE GUNS* IN A PANEL UNDERNEATH THE BUNK. REPORT BACK HERE WITH THEM.

YESSIR!

TONY, GO TO MY CABIN - YOU'LL FIND A CACHE OF *PULSE GUNS* IN A PANEL UNDERNEATH THE BUNK. REPORT BACK HERE WITH THEM.

YESSIR!

UHH... THE ARGUS
IS A **SCIENCE VESSEL**
JULIUS - YOU DO KNOW
YOU'VE CONTRAVENED
A DOZEN DIFFERENT
TREATIES BY BRINGING
WEAPONS
ABOARD...

NOT THAT I'M
COMPLAINING, YOU
UNDERSTAND.

SOMETHING
OUT THERE
DOESN'T LIKE
US MUCH,
THEO...

WE'RE NOT
GONNA **STOP**
THEM BY AIMING
A **TREATY** AT
THEIR HEADS.

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WE'RE NOT
GONNA **STOP**
THEM BY AIMING
A **TREATY** AT
THEIR HEADS.

ELSEWHERE..

EASY, DAVE, JUST REST YOUR HEAD...

TAK-TAK-TAK

WH...WHAT'S THAT SOUND...?

ELSEWHERE..

EASY, DAVE, JUST REST YOUR HEAD...

TAK-TAK-TAK

WH...WHAT'S THAT SOUND...?

ELSEWHERE..

EASY, DAVE, JUST REST YOUR HEAD...

TAK-TAK-TAK

WH...WHAT'S THAT SOUND...?

ELSEWHERE..

EASY, DAVE, JUST REST YOUR HEAD...

TAK-TAK-TAK

WH...WHAT'S THAT SOUND...?

IT'S THE AIRLOCK - THE IMPACT MUST HAVE JAMMED THE INNER HATCH.

WAIT, I REMEMBER NOW! ALISON AND HER FRIENDS - THAT DOCTOR GUY AND THAT FISH-GIRL - THEY WERE OUTSIDE WHEN THE ARGUS WENT DOWN! IT MUST BE THEM!

TAK-TAK-TAK

IT'S THE AIRLOCK - THE IMPACT MUST HAVE JAMMED THE INNER HATCH.

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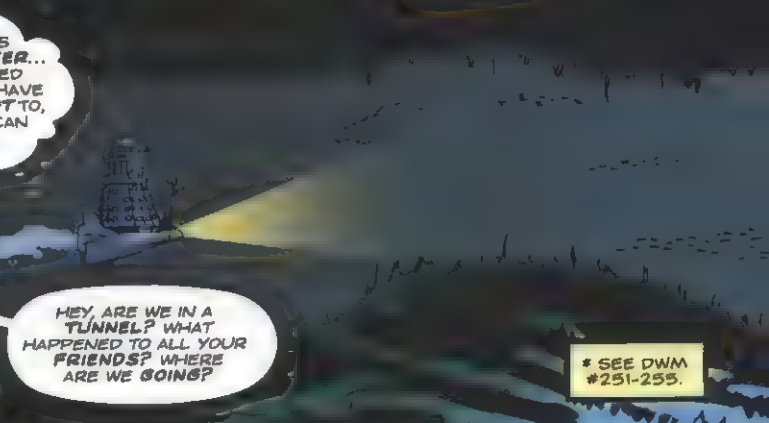
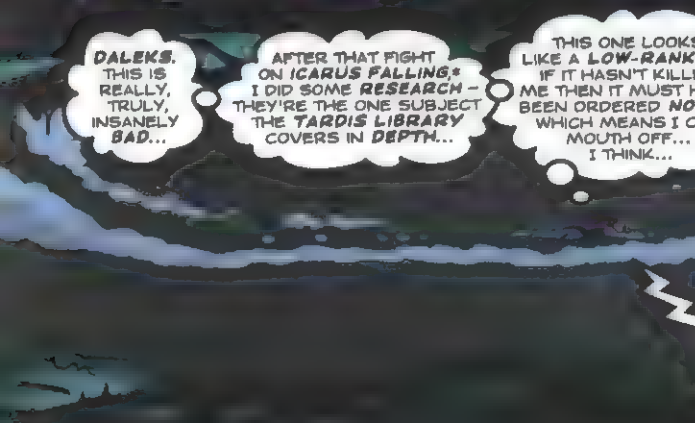
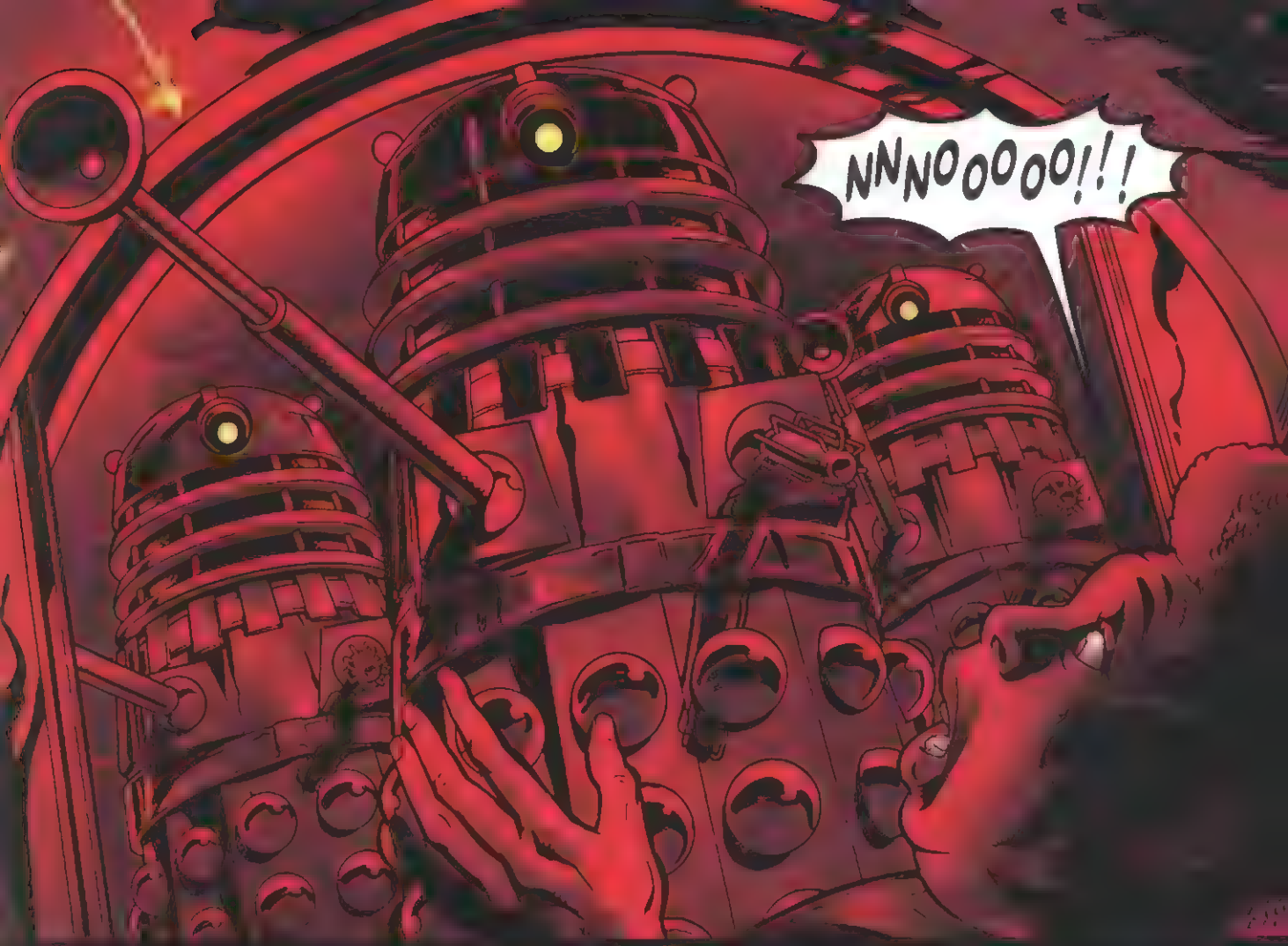
TAK TAK TAK

TAK-TAK-TAK

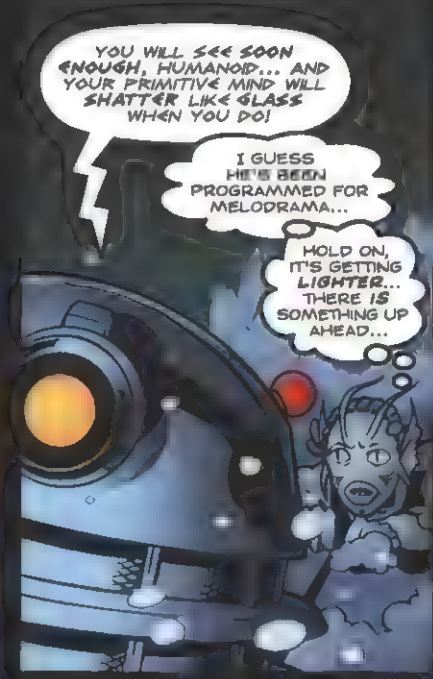
HANG ON, ALISON, I CAN GET IT OPEN MANUALLY FROM HERE! DON'T PANIC...

TAK-TAK-TAK

HANG ON, ALISON, I CAN GET IT OPEN MANUALLY FROM HERE! DON'T PANIC...



* SEE DWM #251-255.



YOU WILL SEE SOON ENOUGH, HUMANOID... AND YOUR PRIMITIVE MIND WILL SHATTER LIKE GLASS WHEN YOU DO!

I GUESS HE'S BEEN PROGRAMMED FOR MELODRAMA...

HOLD ON, IT'S GETTING LIGHTER... THERE IS SOMETHING UP AHEAD...



OH... NO...

THIS JUST CANNOT BE REAL...



THE FASTEST WAY IN IS THROUGH ONE OF THE HULL RUPTURES - MOVE IT, ALISON, THERE ISN'T A SECOND TO SPARE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



OH MY GOD.

THEY'RE BEYOND HELP NOW - BUT THERE ARE PLENTY OF PEOPLE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT DOOR WHO STILL HAVE A CHANCE...



I - I REALLY NEED TO GET OUT OF THIS TIN CAN...

NO, KEEP YOUR SUIT ON, THERE'S NO TIME TO CHANGE. BESIDES, IT'LL BE SAFER...

I REPEAT: WHAT DO YOU MEAN? DOCTOR, WHAT'S GOT YOU SO WORRIED?



JULIUS SHOWED ME THE ARGUS' PROPULSION SYSTEMS - THEY'RE POWERED BY AN ECTOTRONIC FISSION REACTOR - DEFINITELY NOT STATE OF THE ART TECHNOLOGY. A COST-CUTTING EXERCISE, HE SAID...

IF THE FAILSAFES HAVE BEEN WIPED BY THAT E-M SURGE, THE REACTOR'S COOLANT SYSTEMS MAY HAVE CRASHED.

SO Y-YOU'RE SAYING...

I'M SAYING THERE'S AN EXCELLENT CHANCE THIS SHIP IS ABOUT TO TURN INTO A ROMAN CANDLE! COME ON!



HOSTILE FORCE
HAS BEEN ENCOUNTERED
IN STARBOARD SECTION,
SQUADRON LEADER!

YOU WILL
RENDZVOUS WITH
EPSILON TEAM AT
THE COMMAND DECK!
NO DELAY WILL
BE TOLERATED!

WE
OBEY!

ZZKROW!

ZZKROW!



GET BACK!
THE PULSE GUNS
AREN'T -

AAIIEERGH!

AUNNGH!

SZRAKK!

SZRAKK!



OPPOSITION
HAS BEEN
ELIMINATED...



THE COMMAND DECK HAS
BEEN SEALED, SQUADRON
LEADER. I ESTIMATE 200 RELS
FOR THE DECIPHERING OF
THE ACCESS CODE...

UNNECESSARY...



VVVZZZZZZ

CAPTAIN...

CAPTAIN,
THE DOOR'S
GETTING HOT!

GET
AWAY FROM
IT! FAST!



SSSSSSSSS!



HOLY...

PLEASE, GOD, NO...

IT'S THEM... IT'S REALLY THEM...

EVERYONE STAY COOL... NOBODY MOVES AN INCH IS THAT CLEAR?

I'M JULIUS OTAGO, THE CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP. YOU'VE FIRED ON AN UNARMED SCIENCE VESSEL-

THIS CRAFT IS NOW UNDER DALEK CONTROL! YOU WILL SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY!

Y'KNOW, I HAD A CRAZY FEELING YOU WERE GONNA SAY THAT...



TH-THEY'RE ALL DEAD! WAS IT A RADIATION SURGE?

MORE LIKELY JUST THE HEAT WHEN THE INDUCTION FURNACE OVERLOADED - BUT IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE THE REACTOR DRACHNE MELTDOWN...

K-SHROW!

IN FACT IT MAY ALREADY BE TOO LATE! WE COULD ONLY HAVE SECONDS LEFT...

DOCTOR, PLEASE!

I CAN TRY RECHARGING THE TERTIARY LINKS... BUT MOST OF THE COOLANT FUNNELS HAVE ALREADY BEEN EXHAUSTED...

DON'T SAY THAT! DON'T SAY THAT!

PRAY FOR A MIRACLE, ALISON!

AAAHHH!

STAND ASIDE!

OH NO...

SOMEONE UP THERE'S GOT A NASTY SENSE OF HUMOUR...



TARGET FISSION RODS! FIRE CRYO-SPRAY!

SSSHHHSSSSHHH



SSSHHHSSSSHHH

INTERNAL TEMPERATURE OF FISSION RODS FALLING...

AUTONOMIC SAFETY FUNCTIONS RETURNING TO NORMAL...

MELTDOWN HAS BEEN AVERTED, SQUADRON LEADER.

SATISFACTORY. MAINTAIN STABILITY OF COOLANT SYSTEMS...

DID... DID THEY JUST SAVE THE ARGUS? DOCTOR, WHY WOULD DALEKS...

ALISON, SHSSH! THEY CAN HEAR US!



DOCTOR? THE FEMALE REFERRED TO YOU AS "DOCTOR"?

PARDON ME? OH, NO... SHE SAID "PROCTOR". I REPRESENT THE UNIVERSITY OF CONJECTURAL HERRING, PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD -

YOUR IDENTITY WILL BE VERIFIED! ACTIVATE SONIC SCAN!



I AM REGISTERING A BINARY HEARTBEAT, SQUADRON LEADER!

YOU ARE THE DOCTOR!

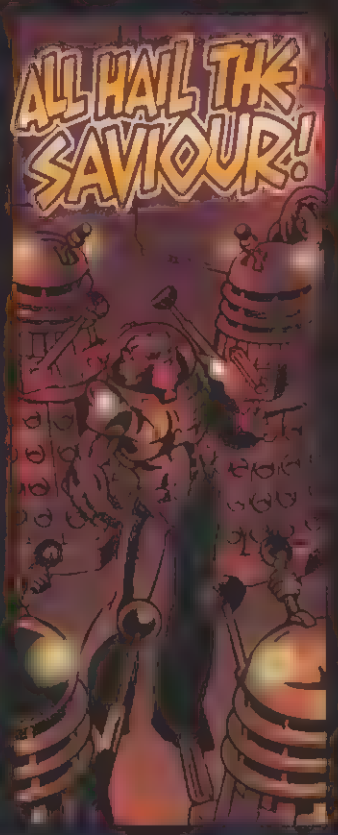
YES, YES, FINE, IT'S ME. VERY CLEVER. GIVE YOURSELF A GOLD PLUNGER...

WE REALLY HAVE TO STOP MEETING LIKE THIS, PEOPLE ARE STARTING TO TALK...



YOU ARE THE DOCTOR! YOU ARE THE ONE FORETOLD! THE SAVIOUR OF THE DALEKS!

ALL HAIL THE SAVIOUR!



ALL HAIL THE SAVIOUR!



ALL HAIL THE SAVIOUR!

WELL... THIS IS NEW...

TO BE CONTINUED...

THAT'S THE FOURTH GROUP TO ARRIVE IN THE LAST TWO HOURS. GOD, THEY'RE LIKE FLIES BUZZING AROUND A CARCASS...

DOCTOR, WHAT ARE THEY ATTACHING TO THE HULL? ARE THOSE BOMBS?

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION part three

SCOTT GRAY - STORY LEE SULLIVAN - ART
ADRIAN SALMON - COLOURING
DAN BARNES & ROGER LANRIDGE - LETTERING
CLAYTON HICKMAN & ALAN BARNES - EDITORS

I DOUBT IT, ALISON - IF THE DALEKS WANTED US DEAD, THEY COULD HAVE JUST LET THE ARGUS' REACTOR EXPLODE. SO MANY QUESTIONS...

I'VE GOT ONE FOR YOU, DOC...

WHY ARE THEY CALLING YOU THEIR "SAVIOR"?

I... DON'T KNOW.

YEAH? YOU DON'T SEEM TOO CERTAIN OF THAT.

C'MON, TALK TO ME, MAN. I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS.

THEY ALWAYS EXTERMINATE ANY RESISTANCE DURING AN INVASION, BUT YOUR CREWMEN WERE ONLY PARALYSED...

HOW ARE YOU FEELING, TONY?

SINCE THEY TOOK CONTROL, THEY'VE SIMPLY SEALED YOUR CREW INTO A FEW MEETING AREAS. THEY HAVEN'T KILLED ANYONE...

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? FIFTEEN OF MY PEOPLE DIED WHEN THE ARGUS CRASHED! HAS THAT LITTLE FACT SLIPPED YOUR MIND?

NO! BUT SOMETHING DOESN'T ADD UP HERE...

PERHAPS I SHOULD JUST GO AND ASK...

JULIUS, I'M AS MUCH IN THE DARK AS YOU. I'VE FACED THE DALEKS COUNTLESS TIMES, BUT THIS ATTACK DOESN'T FOLLOW THEIR USUAL PATTERN AT ALL...

LIKE MASAI TRIBESMEN ARE DOING A VICTORY DANCE INSIDE MY SKULL... OWWWW...

EXCUSE ME... I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR COMMANDER PLEASE...

I... I HAVE ORDERS TO CONTAIN ALL HUMAN PERSONNEL HERE...

"NOT HUMAN"...

ALISON, YOU **VOUCHED** FOR THE DOCTOR WHEN HE CAME ABOARD - WE ALL TRUSTED YOUR JUDGEMENT...

BUT YOU KNOW I'M NOT HUMAN - I'M THE SAVIOUR. REMEMBER?

BUT HOW MUCH DO YOU REALLY **KNOW** ABOUT THIS FELLOW?

ENOUGH TO KNOW **THIS** THEO...

YES... AS YOU WISH...

"...IF THERE'S ANY WAY OUT OF THIS MESS, HE'LL FIND IT."

GREETINGS, SAVIOUR. I AM MAKKITH, LEADER OF KODATH SQUADRON AND A DEFENDER OF THE STATE.

GOOD AFTERNOON. I WAS JUST SAYING TO MY FRIENDS THAT I'VE ENCOUNTERED DALEKS ALL OVER THE GALAXY, AND I'VE FLATTERED MYSELF THAT I'M AN **EXPERT** ON YOUR SPECIES...

BUT YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE I'VE EVER MET WHO HAD A NAME.

WOULD YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN THIS SITUATION TO ME? MAYBE I'M JUST BEING EXTRAORDINARILY **DENSE** TODAY, BUT I NEED SOME **HELP** HERE...

FORGIVE ME, SAVIOUR... I AM UNWORTHY TO IMPART SUCH KNOWLEDGE. THAT IS A PRIVILEGE RESERVED FOR THE **FIRST-BORN**...

UNDERSTOOD...

COMMENCE RETRIEVAL OPERATION.

WE'RE **UNDER WAY**? BUT THE ARGUS CAN'T BE OPERATING UNDER ITS OWN POWER...

THOSE **DEVICES** YOU'VE PLACED ON THE HULL - THEY'RE **PROPULSION UNITS**, YES? THEY'RE GENERATING SOME FORM OF **ANTI-GRAVITY FIELD**?

THE SAVIOUR IS WISE IN ALL REALMS OF SCIENCE...

STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY OF THIS CRAFT HAS BEEN RE-ESTABLISHED, SQUADRON LEADER.

VVROOSSH

AHH... LOOK MAKKITH, I HATE TO BE A BACK-SEAT DRIVER, BUT WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE **ASAMDA RIDGE**...

AND I DO MEAN **STRAIGHT** FOR IT.

THERE IS NO NEED FOR **CONCERN**, SAVIOUR...

...THIS PLACE
IS OUR DOMAIN.

OH, A
HOLOGRAPHIC
SHIELD, VERY
STYLISH...

SO WHERE ARE WE
GOING? OR IS THAT **ALSO**
KNOWLEDGE YOU'RE
UNABLE TO SHARE?

WE JOURNEY TO
THE PLACE OF
OUR **SALVATION**,
SAVIOUR...

"...TO THE CITY BUILT FROM
THE ASHES OF OUR PAST..."

"...AZHRA KORR."

OH MY GOD...

TH-THERE ARE
THOUSANDS OF THEM!

HOW LONG HAS
THIS PLACE **BEEN** HERE?
HOW LONG HAVE THESE
MONSTERS BEEN ON
KYROL, RIGHT UNDER
OUR NOSES?!

DEACTIVATE DEFENCE
WEB. ALIEN CRAFT IS TO
BE ALLOWED ENTRANCE
TO THE BAY AREA...

ATTENTION, CREW OF THE ARGUS: YOU WILL NOW BEGIN TO ASSEMBLE AT YOUR DESIGNATED STATIONS AND PREPARE FOR DISEMBARKATION...

YOU WILL EACH BE ALLOWED TO CARRY ONE BAG OF PERSONAL BELONGINGS.

MOVE IN AN ORDERLY FASHION...

MAKE NO ATTEMPT TO RESIST US.



HOPE NO-ONE DROPS A PIN, WE COULD ALL BE DEAFENED..

HMM. NOTICE ANYTHING MISSING?

YEAH... NO WEAPONS! AND LOOK AT ALL THE DIFFERENT PAINT JOBS...

SOME KIND OF CASTE SYSTEM, PERHAPS...

DOCTOR!

IZZY! I WAS HOPING YOU'D AVOIDED ALL OF THIS...

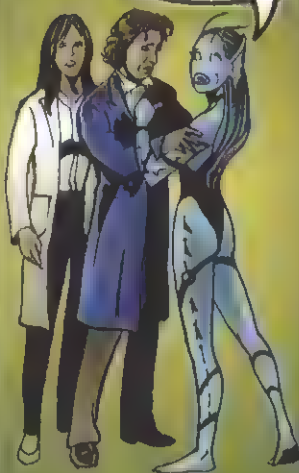
SWAM RIGHT INTO A PACK OF THEM, BUT AT LEAST IT SOBERED ME UP... I THINK I WENT A BIT LOOPY OUT THERE

WE NOTICED!

THEY HAVEN'T
HARMED YOU?
INTERROGATED YOU IN
ANY WAY?

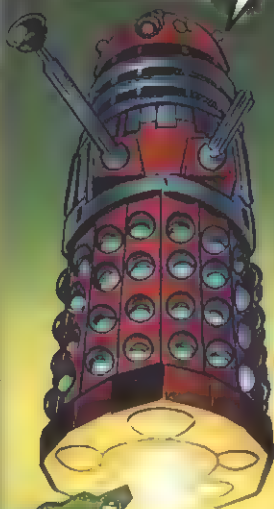
NOT A
MIND-PROBE IN
SIGHT! ACTUALLY,
MOST OF THEM
HAVE BEEN...
WELL, ALMOST
POLITE...

THERE'S SOMEONE
HERE WHO REALLY
WANTS TO SEE YOU...



WELCOME TO
AZHRA KORR, SAVIOUR.
YOUR FORM HAS
CHANGED, BUT YOUR
~~GENE~~ STILL SHINES
WITH AN **UNMISTAKABLE**
LIGHT.

I HAVE NEVER
DOUBTED I WOULD
SEE YOU AGAIN.



THAT...
SYMBOL ON
YOUR DOME...

THE MARK
YOU GAVE ME,
SAVIOUR.

MY TITLE IS
FIRST-BORN, BUT
YOU KNOW ME BY
MY **NAME...**



ALPHA?

SO... YOU TWO
HAVE ALREADY
MET?

YES... A
LONG TIME
AGO...



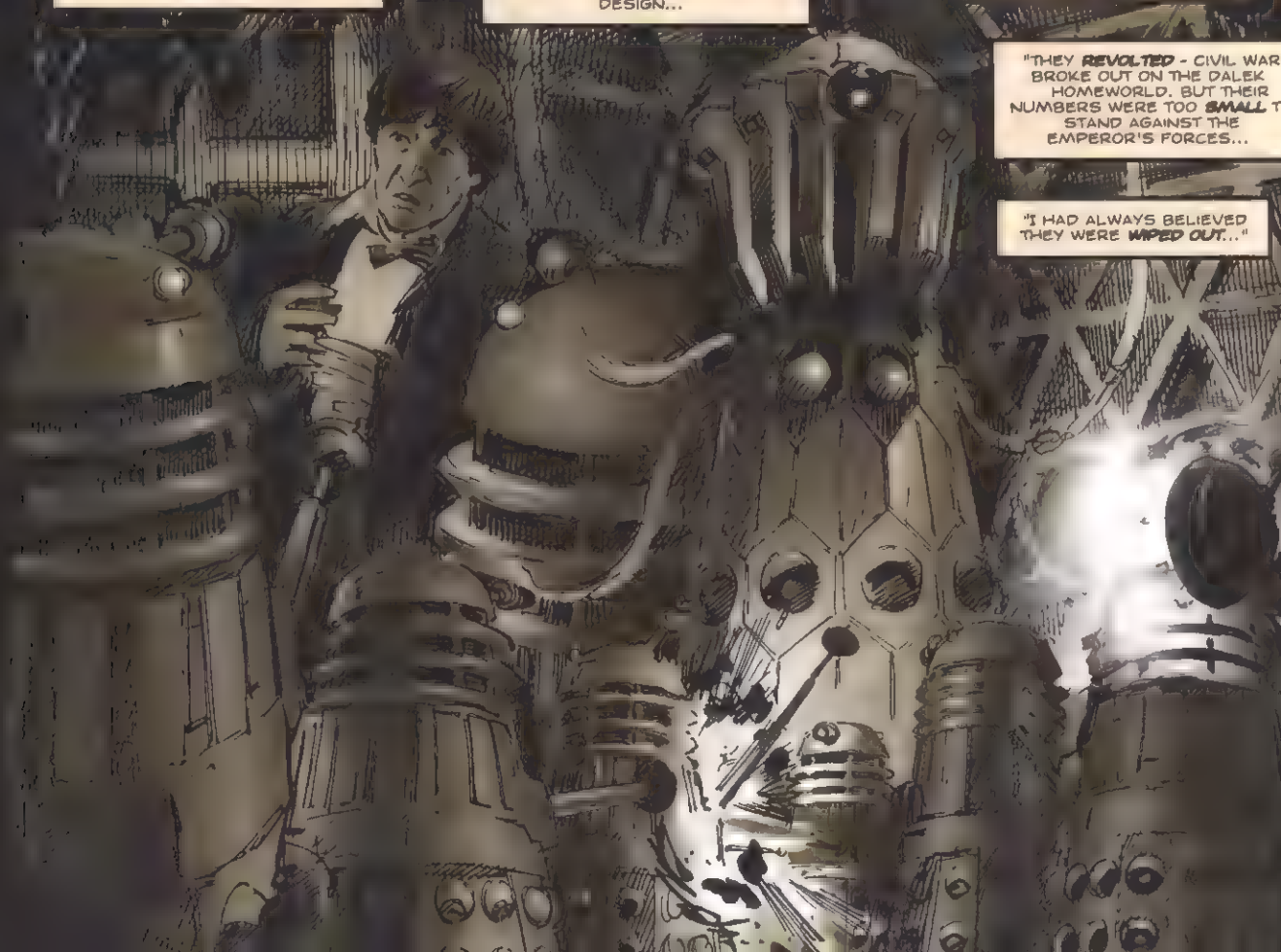
"THE DALEKS TOOK ME CAPTIVE
IN THE 19TH CENTURY... THEY
FORCED ME TO CONDUCT
EXPERIMENTS TO GAIN INSIGHTS
ON HUMANS' **PSYCHOLOGICAL**
MAKE-UP...

"BUT I **TRICKED** THEM - I USED
THE KNOWLEDGE TO ENGINEER A
SEPARATE STREAM OF DALEKS
WITH **HUMAN ATTRIBUTES**
INSTILLED IN THEIR GENETIC
DESIGN..."

"THEY COULD REASON AS
INDIVIDUALS, UNDERSTAND
CONCEPTS LIKE **FREE WILL...**
COMPASSION...

"THEY **REVOLTED** - CIVIL WAR
BROKE OUT ON THE DALEK
HOMEWORLD. BUT THEIR
NUMBERS WERE TOO **SMALL** TO
STAND AGAINST THE
EMPEROR'S FORCES..."

"I HAD ALWAYS BELIEVED
THEY WERE **WIPED OUT...**"





...I REALLY SHOULD STOP JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS.

WE ARE FAR FROM DEAD, SAVIOUR. WE HAVE FLOURISHED IN OUR NEW HOME...

JOIN ME. WE SHALL WITNESS IT TOGETHER.

WHA-?!

HEY!

THAT'S... QUITE A TRICK, ALPHA...

I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN DALEKS COULD GENERATE PSYCHOKINETIC ENERGY - I SAW A GROUP POWERING THEMSELVES WITH IT ON EXULON ONCE...

BUT THIS GOES FAR BEYOND SIMPLE MOBILITY - YOU CAN ACTUALLY FLY!



WE HAVE HAD DECADES TO PRACTICE OUR SKILLS. WE MOVE OBJECTS THROUGH THE STRENGTH OF OUR MINDS AND THE PEACE IN OUR HEARTS...

PERHAPS MEDITATION HAS BEEN THE KEY TO OUR GROWTH.

TRULY AMAZING... FOR THE FIRST TIME A TRIBE OF DALEKS HAVEN'T BEEN SPENDING EVERY WAKING MOMENT TRYING TO DESTROY EVERYTHING THEY SEE...

AND THEY'VE BECOME VASTLY MORE POWERFUL AS A RESULT!

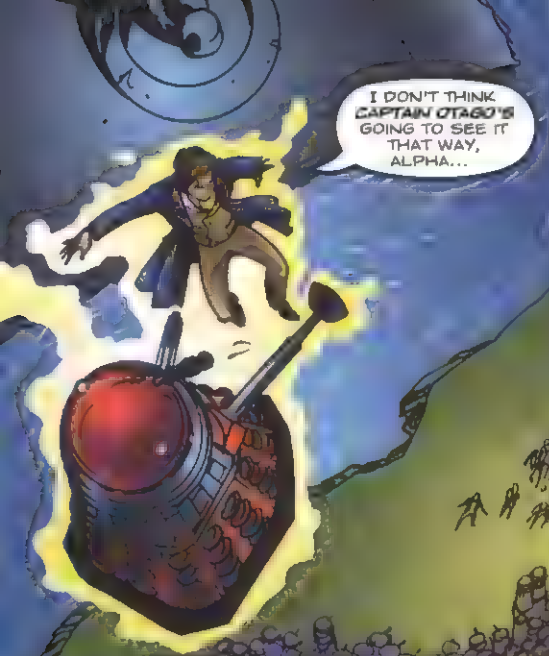
THE IRONY HAS NOT ESCAPED ME, SAVIOUR...

ALL HAIL THE SAVIOUR!

I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN THE POPE AND ELVIS.

WE HOLD NOTHING BUT LOVE FOR YOU, SAVIOUR. YOU DELIVERED US FROM THE CHAINS OF SERVITUDE AND HATRED. YOUR RETURN HAS SET AZHRA KORR ALIGHT.

THIS IS A TIME OF JOY...



I DON'T THINK CAPTAIN OTAGO'S GOING TO SEE IT THAT WAY, ALPHA...



I WANT SOME ANSWERS. NOW.

WHY BRING US HERE AND EXPOSE YOURSELVES LIKE THIS? WHY DIDN'T YOU LET US DIE WHEN YOU ATTACKED THE ARGUS?

WE DID NOT ATTACK YOUR VESSEL, CAPTAIN.

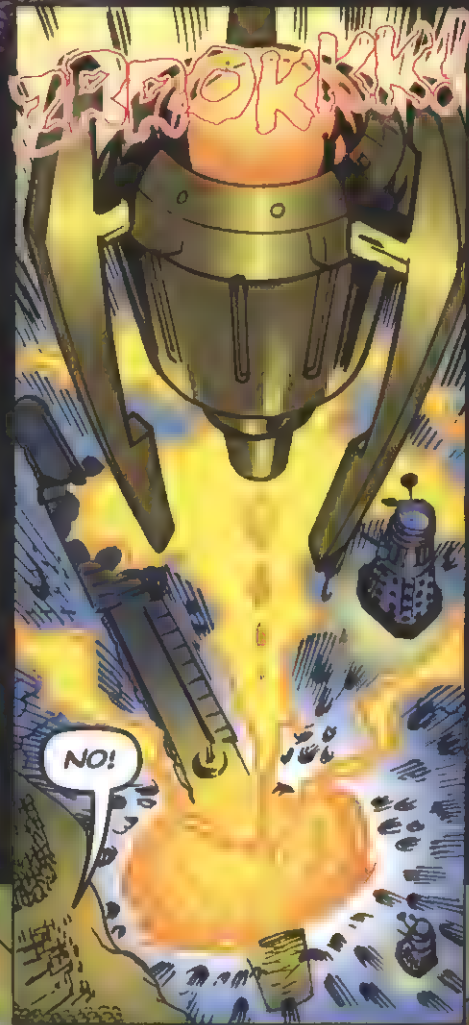
OUR RACE IS PLEDGED TO PRESERVE LIFE. IF WE HAD STOOD BY AND ALLOWED YOU TO PERISH, WE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO BETTER THAN MURDERERS...



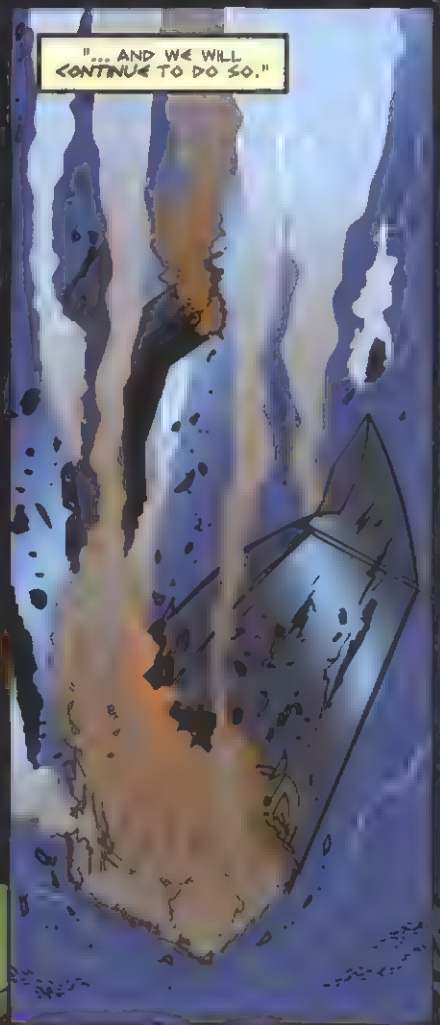
BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THEM

WE HAVE LIVED HERE IN ABSOLUTE SECRECY FOR MANY YEARS...

WHAT ARE YOUR GOONS DOING...?



NO!



"... AND WE WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO."



YOUR PAST LIVES ARE OVER. YOU WILL MAKE A NEW BEGINNING HERE WITH US. YOU WILL JOIN OUR SOCIETY AND WE SHALL LEARN FROM ONE ANOTHER...

THERE IS NO TURNING BACK.

TO BE CONTINUED

THIS IS
INSANITY,
MAKKITH...

HOW CAN
YOU SANCTION
THIS... THIS
POLLUTION OF
OUR CULTURE?



WE ARE DEFENDERS
OF THE STATE, SUKATRI.
WE BOTH VOWED TO
FOLLOW THE WILL OF THE
FIRST-BORN, TO DIE
FOR IT IF NEED BE.

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION

part four

SCOTT GRAY - STORY LEE SULLIVAN - ART
ADRIAN SALMON - COLOURING
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BUT LOOK! THE HUMANIDS HAVE
BEEN GIVEN THE TESSTATI QUARTER,
THE FINEST RESIDENCES IN ALL
OF AZHRA KORR!

SKARO-BORN
VETERANS FROM
THE ORIGINAL EXODUS
LIVED THERE, MAKKITH!
WHY SHOULD THEY BE
RELOCATED TO MAKE
ROOM FOR THESE
CREATURES?

THEY
MUST BE
GIVEN A
CHANCE...

"TO DO WHAT? TO BREED? TO
GROW IN STRENGTH AND THEN
KILL US IN OUR SLEEP?"

"WE CAN FEED THEM, SHELTER
THEM, BUT THEY WILL ALWAYS
HATE US... IT IS INHERENT IN
THEIR NATURE..."

THEY HAVE BEEN HERE THREE
DAYS, AND ALREADY THEIR FEAR
HAS INFECTED OUR OWN KIND. MANY
ARE TALKING OPENLY OF OUR
SOCIETY'S DESTRUCTION...

MARK MY
WORDS,
MAKKITH...

THIS CAN
END ONLY
IN BLOOD.



THIS ISN'T GOING
TO WORK, ALPHA.

I UNDERSTAND YOUR
CONCERN FOR YOUR PEOPLE'S
SECURITY, BUT YOU CAN'T
HOLD THE ARGUS CREW
CAPTIVE. SOME FORM OF
COMPROMISE HAS TO BE
FOUND...

THEY ARE NOT
CAPTIVES, SAVIOUR.
THEY ARE FREE TO EXPLORE
AZHRA KORR'S BOUNDARIES -
WITHIN REASON. BUT THEY
CAN NEVER AGAIN CONTACT
THEIR MASTERS ON
KYROL'S SURFACE...

WE ARE THE
MOST HATED RACE IN
EXISTENCE. EVERY
SPECIES IN THIS GALAXY -
INCLUDING OUR OWN -
WISHES US DEAD. WE ARE
SHIELDED ONLY BY OUR
SECRECY.

THESE
HUMANIDS
MAY NEVER LEARN
TO TRUST US, IT IS
TRUE... BUT
PERHAPS...

PERHAPS
THEIR
DESCENDANTS
WILL VIEW US
DIFFERENTLY.



WHAT...?

YOU'RE REALLY
LOOKING AT THE
LONG-TERM OUTCOME,
AREN'T YOU?

I BELIEVE IN DESTINY, SAVIOUR.
YOUR RETURN IS A SIGN THAT A TIME OF
CHANGE HAS ARRIVED FOR MY RACE.

I HAVE WITNESSED SUCH
SIGNS IN THE PAST...

"THE REVOLT ON SKARO RAGED FOR
DAYS, BUT AS MY CONSCIOUSNESS
EXPANDED, I SAW THAT OUR
CAUSE WAS DOOMED.

"I GATHERED AS MANY OF MY
KIN AS I COULD FIND AND GAVE
THE ORDER TO WITHDRAW.

"WITH SKARO BLINDED BY CHAOS, WE
DEPARTED UNOBSERVED. OUR 'BROTHERS'
BELIEVED US ALL EXTERMINATED.

"WE HID OURSELVES AWAY FROM
ANY SPACE-FARING SPECIES,
ALONE IN A UNIVERSE I KNEW
WOULD NEVER ACCEPT US.

"AND THEN ONE DAY... I BEHELD A
VISION IN MY MIND. OF THIS WORLD. IT
WAS AS IF KYROL ITSELF WAS CALLING
TO ME FROM ACROSS THE STARS...

"THE VISION LED US HERE, TO
THE ASAMDA RIDGE, AND THIS
HIDDEN CAVERN WHICH BECAME
OUR HOME.

"WE TOILED UNCEASINGLY TO CONSTRUCT OUR
SANCTUARY. WE WRESTED MINERALS FROM THE
ROCK AND BEGAN TO FORGE A MIGHTY CITY.

"THE HARSH CONDITIONS WE FACED CAUSED
GREAT TENSIONS, LEADING TO MURDER. WE
WERE RECREATING THE CONFLICT FROM WHICH
WE HAD FLED.

"I DECREED THAT ONLY CHOSEN
DEFENDERS WOULD BE ALLOWED
WEAPONS. AND PEACE CAME TO
AZHRA KORR.

"BIRTHING TECHNOLOGY
FROM OUR CRAFT ENABLED
US TO REPRODUCE. BUT
AS OUR NUMBERS GREW,
A PROBLEM AROSE...

"HOWEVER, IN A FEW SHORT
DECADES, HUMAN COLONISTS
BEGAN TO ARRIVE ON KYROL.

"THE FEAR OF DISCOVERY WAS
GREAT, BUT I MANAGED TO QUELL
IT. EVEN SO, I ALWAYS KNEW THIS
DAY WOULD COME...

"WE MUST
FACE IT
TOGETHER,
SAVIOUR."

I HAVE A THOUSAND QUESTIONS FOR YOU, ALPHA, BUT RIGHT NOW ONLY ONE HAS TO BE ADDRESSED IMMEDIATELY...

SOMETHING ATTACKED THE ARGUS. IF IT WASN'T YOU, THEN WHO?

BEFORE THE SUB WAS HIT, IT DETECTED AN ELECTROMAGNETIC DISTURBANCE IN THIS AREA OF THE RIDGE...

I CAN RIG UP SOME EQUIPMENT TO TRACE IT, BUT I'LL NEED ACCESS TO A LABORATORY...

I SEE...

YOU ARE THE SAVIOUR - BUT I AM THE FIRST-BORN. MY PEOPLE ALLOW ME TO RULE, SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THEIR SAFETY WILL ALWAYS BE MY GREATEST PRIORITY.

I MUST HAVE YOUR WORD, SAVIOUR...

IF I GRANT YOUR REQUEST, WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO ATTEMPT TO CONTACT THE OTHER HUMANIDS ON KYROL?

...
YES, ALPHA.
YOU HAVE MY WORD.

WE'RE DEAD!
WE'RE ALL DEAD!
GIVE US THE TRUTH, CAPTAIN!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO GET US OUT OF HERE, OTAGO?

WE ALL KNOW WHAT THOSE BUTCHERS DID TO THAT COLONY ON SANTHORUS!

THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US ALL!

ALL RIGHT, SHUT UP! ALL OF YOU!

WHAT IS THIS, A KINDERGARTEN? YOU PEOPLE ARE PROFESSIONALS. START ACTING LIKE IT.

WE'RE IN A TOUGH SITUATION HERE, BUT IF WE KEEP OUR HEADS SCREWED ON, WE'LL BE OKAY!

WE'RE JUST ZOO ANIMALS TO THEM! HOW LONG BEFORE THEY GET BORED AND START SLICING US OPEN?

THEY CAN WIPE US OUT WHENEVER THEY WANT!

SO MUCH FOR THE COOL, CALM SCIENTIFIC MIND. I'D GET MORE SENSE IN AN ASYLUM...

WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO MOVE FAST, THEO. I NEED IT FINISHED TONIGHT.

THAT'S A TIGHT DEADLINE, JULIUS. I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO...

TH-THEY'RE GOING TO EXPERIMENT ON US, I KNOW IT...

EASY, CAROL...

WE HAVE TO ESCAPE, CAPTAIN!

KNOCK-
KNOCK...

GOOD AFTERNOON...
ADELLUS, IS IT? ALPHA
TELLS ME YOU'RE A FIRST-
RATE SCIENTIST.

I'M HOPING YOU
CAN HELP ME. I NEED TO
BUILD AN E-M TRACER
SMALL ENOUGH TO BE
HAND-HELD...

IT'LL HAVE TO SCAN
THROUGH **SOLID ROCK** LACED
WITH PROTRANIUM, SO I'M
AFRAID WE MAY HAVE A LONG
DAY AHEAD OF US...

Y-YES,
SAVIOUR...
MAY I
SPEAK?

OF
COURSE.

I... I WISH TO SAY
THAT BEING GIVEN THE
CHANCE TO ASSIST
YOU... TO OBSERVE
YOUR GENIUS AT
WORK...

IS THE
GREATEST
HONOUR I
COULD EVER
HOPE TO
RECEIVE.

WELL...
THANK YOU,
I HOPE I CAN
LIVE UP TO MY
REPUTATION.

WOULD YOU MIND FETCHING
ME SOME FOCUSING COILS?

AT ONCE,
SAVIOUR!

FINE.
I'LL GET TO
WORK ON THE
WAVELENGTH
SEQUENCER...

... AND I'LL
TRY NOT TO
DISAPPOINT
YOU.

...WE CAN RELY
ON SOME OF THE
COMMAND DECK
CREW, BUT I DON'T
WANT ANYONE ELSE
INVOLVED --

I'D SUGGEST
TONY AND PETER.
THEY'VE GOT THE
TRAINING TO --

HOLD IT,
SOMEONE'S
COMING...

WELL, WELL...
LOOK WHO'S
FINALLY
DECIDED TO
MAKE AN
APPEARANCE...
THE
SAVIOUR.

GETTING REAL COZY
WITH EMPEROR
ALPHA, HUH?
CATCHING UP ON
OLD TIMES?

JULIUS, I KNOW
YOU'RE PLANNING
SOMETHING - I NEED
TO KNOW WHAT. THIS
SITUATION IS TENSE
ENOUGH WITHOUT YOU
ESCALATING IT...

'SCUSE ME?
DOCTOR
MYSTERIOSO
ISN'T WILLING TO
LET US IN ON HIS
TALKS WITH HIS
DALEK
FRIENDS...

THE ONES HE
CREATED...

BUT HE'D
LIKE TO KNOW
WHAT WE'VE GOT
PLANNED?

DON'T YOU WORRY
ABOUT US POOR
HUMANS, DOCTOR,
WE'LL BE JUST
DANDY.

THIS IS **STUPID**.
I'M YOUR BEST
HOPE OF
SURVIVING
THIS. I CAN
HELP YOU!

JULIUS, THE DALEKS
AREN'T THE **THREAT**
HERE! LISTEN
TO ME!

YOU LISTEN. I'VE
GOT THREE HUNDRED
PEOPLE I'M GONNA
TRY AND KEEP ALIVE.
IF YOU WANT TO BE
ONE OF THEM...

STAY
OUT OF
MY WAY.



IZZY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?

JUST GETTING SOME AIR... WONDERING HOW DALEKS SPEND THEIR EVENINGS...

FUNNY, ISN'T IT? THEY NEED EVENINGS TOO, EVEN UNDERGROUND. THEY LOWER THE LIGHTS AND PRETEND IT'S A SUNSET.

I GUESS MOST OF THEM HAVE NEVER EVEN SEEN THE SUN...

ACTUALLY, I'M HERE BECAUSE I DON'T THINK YOUR FRIENDS WANT ME HANGING AROUND. ALISON FEELS LIKE THERE'S A HUMANS-ONLY POLICY ON THE DOOR TONIGHT...



YOU'RE AS HUMAN AS ANY OF US, IZZY. I THINK I FORGOT THAT FOR A WHILE. BACK ON THE ARGUS...

I WAS TREATING YOU LIKE A LAB SPECIMEN. I'M SORRY.

IT'S OKAY. I'VE HAD WORSE REACTIONS, BELIEVE ME.



IF ONLY EVERYONE IN THIS PART OF TOWN WAS SO UNDERSTANDING...

HI, BUZZ. HOW COME YOU'RE ALL SUITED UP AGAIN?

I'M GOING ON A TRIP. WITH ALPHA...

ON YOUR OWN? ARE YOU NUTS?



LET ME COME TOO!

NO, I NEED YOU ELSEWHERE...

IZZY... WHAT I'M GOING TO ASK OF YOU IS VERY DANGEROUS. IF THERE WAS ANY OTHER WAY... IF I HAD MORE TIME, I'D -

COME ON, DOCTOR. WE HAD THIS CONVERSATION LAST WEEK, REMEMBER? WHAT DO YOU NEED DOING?



A LITTLE SELVAGE OPERATION...



SUKATRI? MAKKITH? I DID NOT SEND FOR YOU. WHY ARE YOU HERE?

WE HAVE HEARD WHAT YOU ARE PLANNING. YOUR PARDON, BUT... WE MUST SAY THIS...

YOUR... YOUR STRENGTH IS NOT WHAT IT WAS. LET SUKATRI OR MYSELF GO IN YOUR PLACE...



SILENCE. WOULD YOU SEE ME SHAMED BEFORE THE SAVIOUR?

THERE ARE MYSTERIES TO BE FACED... SECRETS THAT STRETCH BACK TO AZHRA KORR'S BIRTH.

THE SAVIOUR AND I MUST BE THE ONES TO MEET THEM. IT IS FATED, I FEEL IT.



THE TRACER'S READY, ALPHA. SHALL WE GET GOING?

AS YOU SAY, SAVIOUR. THIS WELL LEADS INTO THE HUNDREDS OF NATURAL TUNNELS WHICH LIE BENEATH AZHRA KORR...

...THIS IS WHERE WE MUST JOURNEY TO FIND THE TRUTH.

I'VE GOT A NASTY FEELING THE TRUTH MIGHT BE READY AND WAITING FOR US, ALPHA...

PITY WE CAN'T JUST DROP IN A COIN AND MAKE A WISH...

HERE WE GO...

REMEMBER, BE BOLSHIE...

GET YOUR EYE-STALK CHECKED, PAL! MY FRIEND'S AN AMPHIBIAN. SHE WON'T SURVIVE A WEEK WITHOUT REGULAR IMMERSION IN SEA WATER...

AND YOU'VE GOT ORDERS TO KEEP US ALL HEALTHY.

ALL I'LL NEED IS A QUICK SWIM. TEN MINUTES, PROMISE...

HALT! ENTRY TO THE BAY AREA IS FORBIDDEN TO ALL HUMANIDS!

VERY WELL. I SHALL ACCOMPANY YOU.

GREAT, MY OWN PERSONAL BAYWATCH LIFEGUARD...

I HOPE YOU SWIM AS SLOWLY AS YOU THINK, CHROME-DOME...

YIIIKES!

THAT WAS WAAAY TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! I DIDN'T EXPECT HIM TO START SHOOTING!

W-WONDER IF THAT WAS SET ON "STUN" OR "KILL"?

... 'CAUSE I'VE GOT PLACES TO BE!

HAH!

SNRAK!!



THINK I'LL TRY NOT TO FIND OUT.

LOADS OF NOOKS AND CRANNIES IN ALL THESE ROCKS... DAVID HASSELEHOFF'S GOING TO BE LOOKING FOR ME FOR A WHILE...

... GIVING ME A CHANCE TO GET TO THE ARGUS.

OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT. WHAT A MESS.

THE SHIP'S A TOTAL MAZE NOW. IT'S LUCKY MY EYES WORK SO WELL, EVEN IN THIS BLOOM...

WAIT, "MY" EYES? THEY'RE DESTRII'S EYES.

CRIPES... I'M ACTUALLY STARTING TO GET COMFY IN THIS BODY. THAT WAS THE ONE THING I WAS MOST SCARED OF. I STILL CRINGE WHEN I LOOK IN A MIRROR...

BUT IT DOESN'T FEEL QUITE SO AWFUL ANYMORE.

KEEP YOUR MIND ON THE JOB, ISABELLE.

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT! THE TARDIS TRACKER LED ME RIGHT TO YOU, YOU FIVE-DIMENSIONAL SUPERSTAR!

NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS ATTACH THE LEVITATION GADGET THE DOCTOR PINCHED AND GET BACK TO THE SURFACE.

THE DOCTOR CAN BRING THE TARDIS UP LATER AND SORT OUT A QUICK EXIT FOR THE ARGUS CREW...

...HOPEFULLY BEFORE JULIUS DOES ANYTHING MACHO.

THERE. MISSION ACCOMPLISHED...



EEEEARRGH!!

INDEED IT IS, MY DEAR...

WHAT A SHAME YOU'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT SO LOUDLY

SHRAZZZ!

TO BE CONTINUED

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION part five

SCOTT GRAY - STORY LEE SULLIVAN - ART
ADRIAN SALMON - COLOURING
ROGER LANGRISH - LETTERING
CLAYTON HICKMAN & ALAN BARNES - EDITORS

WE MUST BE NEARLY A MILE BENEATH AZHRA KORR BY NOW... THE ELECTROMAGNETIC SIGNAL'S GETTING STRONGER. I THINK WE'RE CLOSE...

ALPHA, YOU'VE BEEN HERE FOR DECADES. WHY HAVEN'T YOU EVER EXPLORED THESE TUNNELS, FOUND OUT WHO PAINTED THESE SYMBOLS?

A TERRIBLE... APPREHENSION HAS ALWAYS GRIPPED THE MIND OF ANY DALEK WHO VENTURED INTO THESE WATERS...

YOU'RE MANAGING TO DO IT NOW...

I WILL GLADLY DIE TO PROTECT MY PEOPLE, SAVOUR. AND TO PROTECT YOU.

I HAVE MY SAVIOUR BY MY SIDE. YOU GIVE ME COURAGE.

I... I'M HONOURED, ALPHA... BUT I DON'T THINK YOU NEED ANY HELP ON THE COURAGE FRONT.

LISTEN, NO MORE DYING TALK, OKAY? YOU NEED TO THINK MORE POSITIVELY...

REPEAT AFTER ME: "TODAY IS THE TOMORROW I WORRIED ABOUT YESTERDAY..."

YO, SLY! GUESS WE'RE THE ONLY TWO STILL UP TONIGHT...

KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND A DECENT SUSHI BAR IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD?

STAY WHERE YOU ARE. HUMANOIDS ARE NOT PERMITTED IN THIS AREA...

AND MY NAME IS SUKATRI, NOT "SLY".

OH, SORRY, MAN, LOST MY WAY. ALL THESE BIG EGGS LOOK THE SAME TO ME...

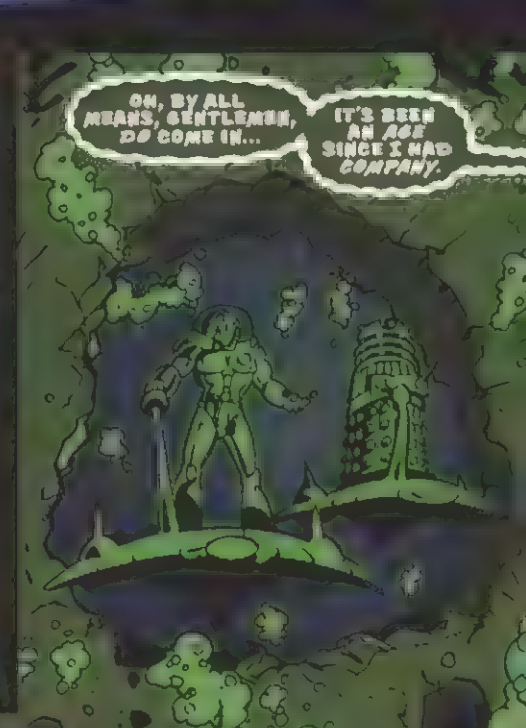
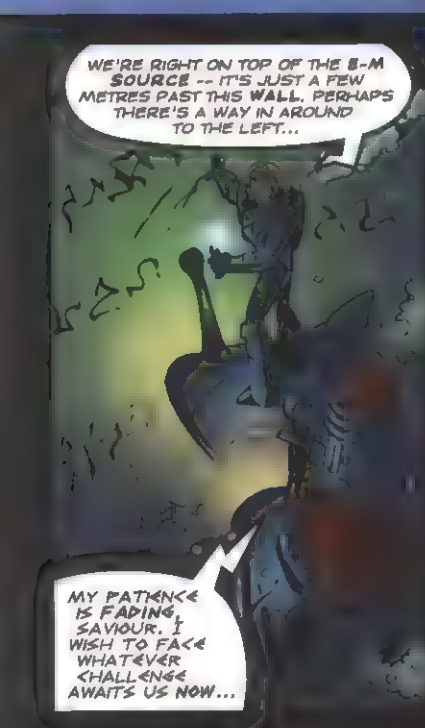
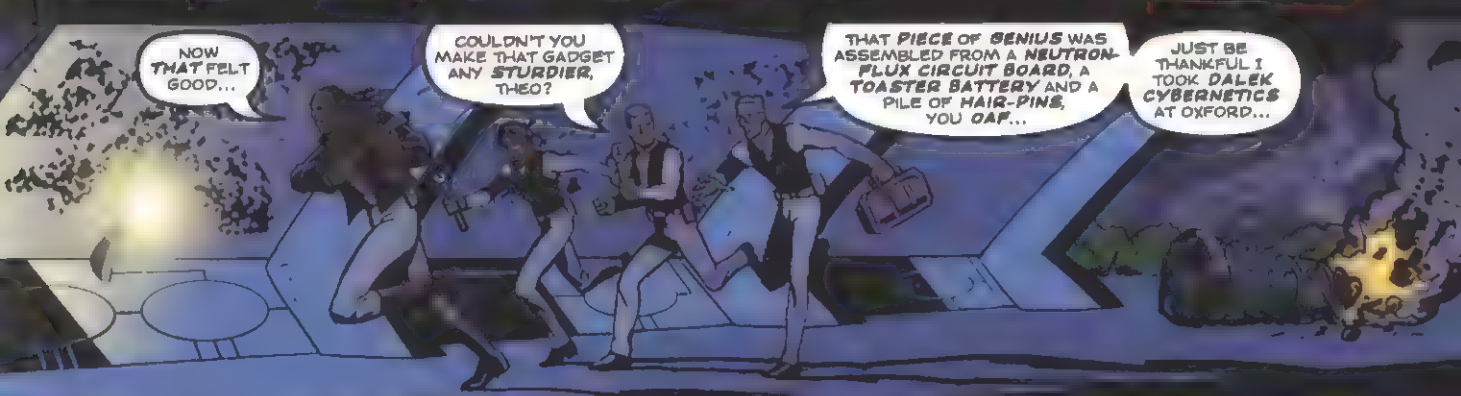
HEY, I HEARD THE ORIGINAL SPACESHIP YOU USED TO GET TO KYROL IS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE. TRUE?

THE VESSEL OF THE EXODUS IS NOW A PLACE OF WORSHIP WHERE WE GIVE THANKS TO THE ILLUMINATING SPIRIT.

NICE. S'POSE THERE'S NO CHANCE OF ME FLYING IT OUT OF HERE, HUH?

THE VESSEL'S ENGINES ARE LONG SINCE SPENT, HUMANOID. YOU WILL FIND NO ESCAPE THERE.

UH-HUH...





WATCHING
ME... THEN
NEVER STOP
WATCHING
ME...

I'M NOT A
FREAK... YOU'RE
THE FREAKS... YOU'RE
THE FREAKS

YOU THINK
YOU'RE GOING
TO CUT ME
OPEN...

CAROL...?

CAROL COME
AWAY FROM THE
LEDGE. DON'T
LOOK AT THEM...

NO! DON'T YOU SEE,
TH- THEY'RE COMING FOR
US! THEY'LL CUT US OPEN
AND PUT THINGS INSIDE US
AND WE WON'T BE REAL
ANYMORE...

CAROL,
NO!!!

STOP
WATCHING
ME!!!

AAKKK!!!

ODALON!



THEY HAVE
BLINDED
ODALON!

DEFEND
THE CITY!

STRIKE
THEM
DOWN!



UUNNGH!

DO YOU
THINK US
WEAPONLESS,
HUMANIDS?

OUR MINDS
WIELD FAR MORE
POWER THAN
YOUR FEEBLE
LIMBS!

IT'S STARTED!
THEY'RE
ATTACKING!!!



FIGHT
BACK!

KILL
THEM
ALL!

NO!
STOP
IT!

STOP
IT!!!



THERE IT IS...
LOOKS LIKE
THEY'RE LOCKING
UP FOR THE NIGHT...

IT'S QUITE
DECORATIVE,
REALLY,
EH, JULIUS?

YEAH,
THEY'RE **ARTY**
LITTLE MOTHERS.
GET READY
TO GO...

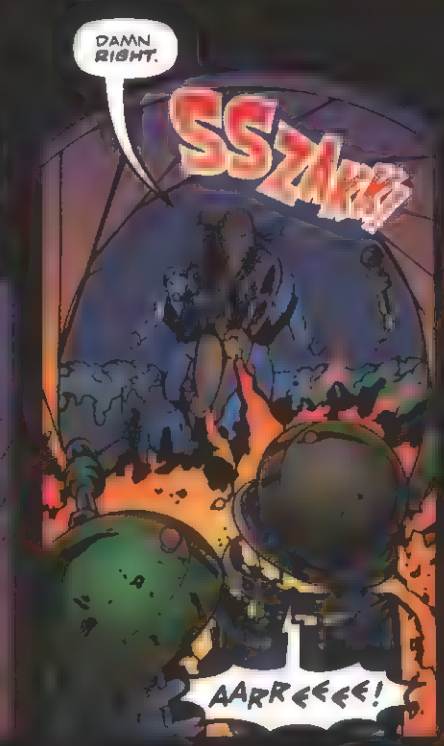


**MOVE
IT!**



WHAT IS —

**SOUND
THE ALARM!
THE VESSEL
IS UNDER
ATTACK!**



**DAMN
RIGHT.**

SSZZAKK!

AARRREEE!



**SEAL THAT
DOOR!**

ALRIGHT, MAYBE
THE **ENGINES** ARE
HISTORY, BUT I'M BETTING
THEY'VE KEPT THE
INTERNAL SYSTEMS
RUNNING SWEET...

INCLUDING THE
**COMMUNICATIONS
ARRAY.**

GET TO WORK, THEO.
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE
WHO CAN MAKE **SENSE**
OF THIS SET-UP...



WE'VE GOTTA
MAKE CONTACT WITH
KYROL CENTRAL.

THIS WHOLE PLACE IS A
TIME-BOMB. THERE ARE **MILLIONS**
OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE TO BE
WARNED THEY'RE SITTING ON TOP
OF A **DALEK HIVE**...

AND THAT'S
OUR JOB. MOST
LIKELY THE **LAST**
ONE WE'LL EVER
DO...

I JUST HOPE I GET
A DECENT LIKENESS
ON MY **MEMORIAL
STATUE**...

PLEASE
EXCUSE THE
DISGRACEFUL
CONDITION OF MY
HUMBLE ABODE. I
WASN'T EXPECTING
VISITORS FOR
SEVERAL MORE
DECADES AT
LEAST...

I AM
KATA-PHORUS,
THE LORD OF THE
LABYRINTH, HIGH GUARDIAN
OF THE FRACTURED
CIRCLE AND THE LAST
SURVIVING NATIVE
KYROLIAN.

HOW
DO YOU
DO?

YOU HAVE
BEEN LIVING
HERE
BENEATH
OUR CITY?
WHY?

WHY? I AM YOUR
BENEFACTOR, ALPHA. I
GUIDED YOU TO KYROL.
I PROVIDED YOU
WITH A SECRET HAVEN
FROM THIS CRUEL,
UNFORGIVING
UNIVERSE.

I HAVE PROUDLY
WATCHED YOUR
PEOPLE GROW
IN STRENGTH,
PROTECTING THEM
FROM ANY HOSTILE
ALIEN INTRUSION...

SO YOU FIRED
THAT E-M PULSE
AT THE ARGUS?

OH, INDEED. ITS
SENSORS MIGHT HAVE
BEEN ABLE TO DETECT
KENNA KARR, AND
WE COULDN'T HAVE
THAT, COULD WE?

YOU WERE TRYING
TO MAKE ITS
DESTRUCTION LOOK
LIKE AN ACCIDENT -- A
REACTOR MELTDOWN
WOULD HAVE TURNED
THIS PART OF THE
ASANDA RIDGE INTO A
RADIOACTIVE
WASTELAND...

THE DALEKS
WOULDN'T
BE HARMED,
BUT THE REGION
WOULD HAVE
BECOME A NO-GO
ZONE FOR ANY
OTHER HUMAN
EXPEDITION...

PRECISELY,
DOCTOR!
WHAT A CLEVER
LITTLE BIPED
YOU ARE...

ALAS, I DIDN'T
FORESEE THAT
ALPHA'S ALTRUISTIC
STREAK MIGHT
EXTEND TO A GROUP
OF BARELY
CONSCIOUS
NANNALS.

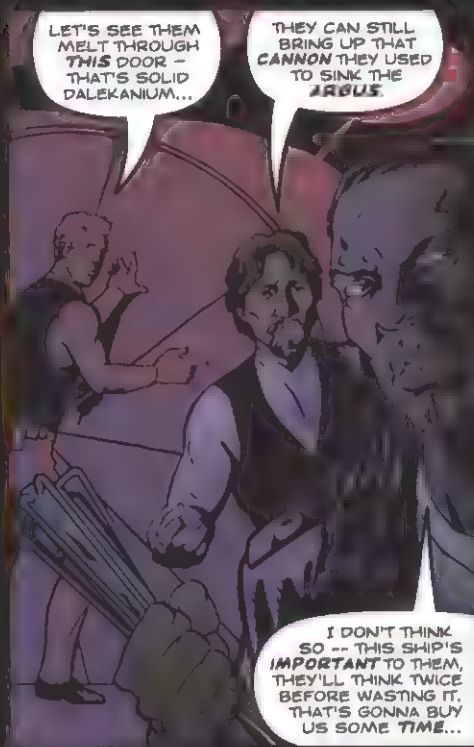
A GRAVE MISTAKE,
YOUNG DALEK.
LET ME SHOW YOU ITS
CONSEQUENCES.



ALERT!
ALERT!

GAIN
ENTRY!

THE HUMANIDS
MUST NOT DEFILE
THE VESSEL OF
THE EXODUS!



LET'S SEE THEM
MELT THROUGH
THIS DOOR -
THAT'S SOLID
DALEKANUM...

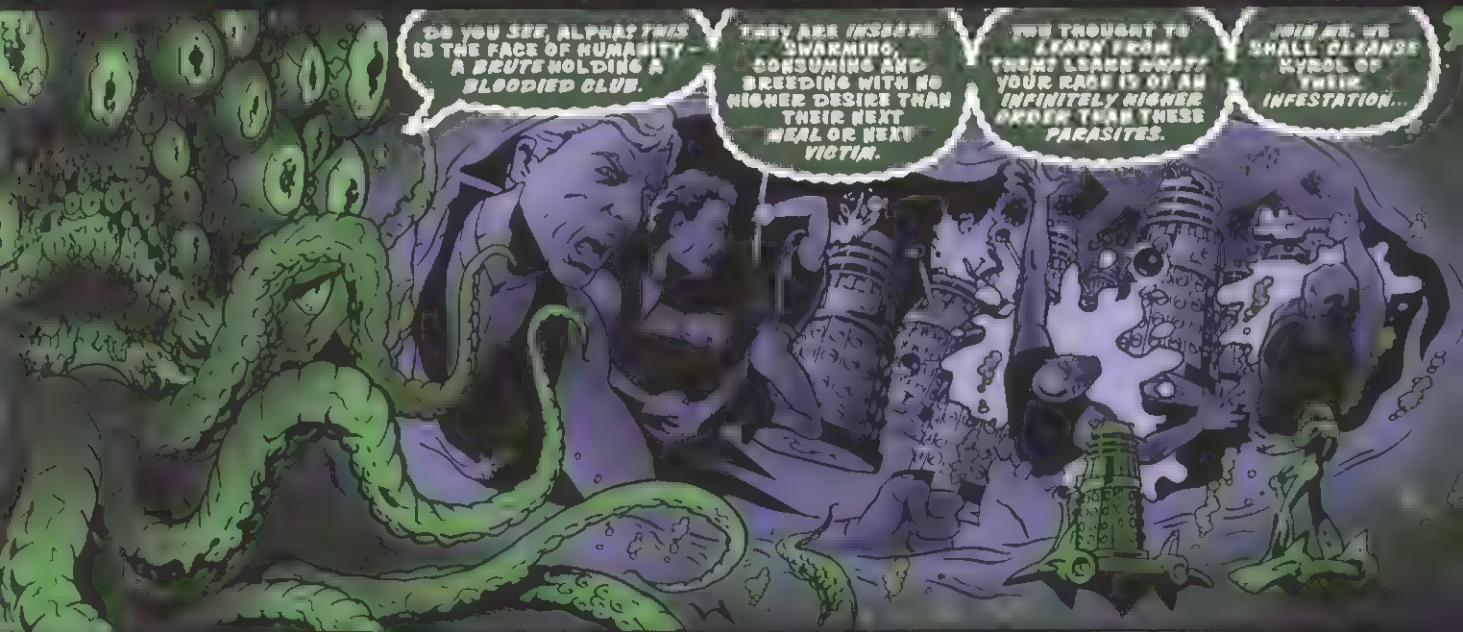
THEY CAN STILL
BRING UP THAT
CANNON THEY USED
TO SINK THE
ARGUS.

I DON'T THINK
SO -- THIS SHIP'S
IMPORTANT TO THEM,
THEY'LL THINK TWICE
BEFORE WASTING IT.
THAT'S GONNA BUY
US SOME TIME...



C'MON,
THEO...

ALMOST
THERE...



DO YOU SEE, ALPHAS THIS
IS THE FACE OF HUMANITY -
A BRUTE HOLDING A
BLOODED CLUB.

THEY ARE INSECT
SWARMING,
CONSUMING AND
BREEDING WITH NO
HIGHER DESIRE THAN
THEIR NEXT
MEAL OR NEXT
VICTIM.

YOU THOUGHT TO
LEARN FROM
THEM? LEARN DOCT?
YOUR RACE IS OF AN
INFINITELY HIGHER
ORDER THAN THESE
PARASITES.

JOIN ME. WE
SHALL CLEANSE
KRYOL OF
THEIR
INFESTATION...



DO YOU
MIND IF I
GET A
WORD IN
EDGEWAYS?

NOW,
DOCT-

GOOD. ALPHA, I DON'T BELIEVE
YOUR "BENEFACTOR" IS QUITE
WHAT HE CLAIMS. IF KATA-PHOBUS
WAS SO CONCERNED WITH YOUR
WELFARE, WHY DIDN'T HE SHOW
HIS FACE WHEN YOU FIRST
ARRIVED?

BECAUSE HE'S
A PREDATOR - AND A
GOOD PREDATOR NEVER
REVEALS ITSELF UNTIL
IT'S READY TO STRIKE!



HE'S DEMONSTRATED TELEPATHIC
ABILITIES - HOW CAN YOU BE
SURE HE HASN'T DIRECTLY
INFLUENCED THIS CONFLICT?

HE'S TRYING TO
MANIPULATE YOU, DON'T
TRUST HIM!

AM, SHALL
WE DISCUSS
TRUST, THEN,
DOCTER...

IZZY!

HOW MUCH TRUST
DID YOU PLACE IN YOUR
LITTLE FRIEND HERE WHEN
YOU SENT HER TO SALVAGE
YOUR TIME-SHIFT?

HOW MUCH TRUST DID
ALPHA PLACE IN YOU WHEN YOU
SWORE NOT TO TRY TO CONTACT
THE OTHER HUMANS ON KYROL?

OH YES... IT'S ALL
QUITE TRUE, ALPHA. I
CANNOT WITNESS THE
DOCTOR'S MIND, BUT HIS
COMPANION'S PELED
BACK EASILY ENOUGH.

WE PLANNED
TO SAVE THE HUMANS
AND ABANDON YOU
TO THEIR TENDER
MERCIES.

SAVIOUR...
NO...

DENY
THIS...

I... I WAS TRYING TO HELP
BOTH SIDES -- I WOULDN'T
HAVE ACTED UNTIL I'D
FOUND A WAY TO ENSURE
YOUR PEOPLE'S SAFETY
AS WELL!

DON'T
THROW THAT
AW--

YOU GAVE
ME YOUR
WORD!

SAVIOUR?

PLEASE...

ALPHA, WE HAVE A
CHANCE HERE TO CHANGE
EVERYTHING -- NOT JUST
FOR YOUR DALEKS, BUT
ALL OF THEM! TOGETHER
WE CAN END THEIR THREAT
FOREVER, I KNOW WE CAN!

THE SAVIOUR
IS NO MORE! THE
SAVIOUR IS THE
BETRAYER!

THAT'S IT, ALPHA... IT'S TIME
TO PERFORM THE TASK EVERY
LEADER MUST WHEN HIS SOCIETY
REACHES MATURITY

IT'S TIME
TO KILL
YOUR GOD.

NOW,
SAY THE
MAGIC
WORD...

EXTERMINATE!

SSZZRAKK!

TO BE CONCLUDED...

ON, SKILLFULLY
DONE, DOCTOR -
BUT THAT'S YOUR
ONLY SHIELD
GONE NOW...

HOW LONG
CAN YOU AVOID
YOUR CREATION'S
WRATH?

CH-CHOOOM!

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION

part
six

SCOTT GRAY - STORY LEE SULLIVAN - ART
ADRIAN SALMON - COLOURING ROGER LANBRIDGE - LETTERING
CLAYTON HICKMAN & ALAN BARNES - EDITORS

DID YOU FIND AMUSEMENT IN MY
DEVOTION TO YOU, DOCTOR?

DID YOU LAUGH
WITH YOUR HUMAN
ALLIES WHEN
YOU PLANNED
MY PEOPLE'S
DESTRUCTION?
DID YOU?

...BUT I
KNOW YOU'LL
NEVER
BELIEVE
THAT NOW.

ALPHA STOP -
YOU FOOL, HE'S
MANEUVERING YOU
LOOK WHERE
YOU'RE AIMING

DON'T
F-

SZRAKKE!

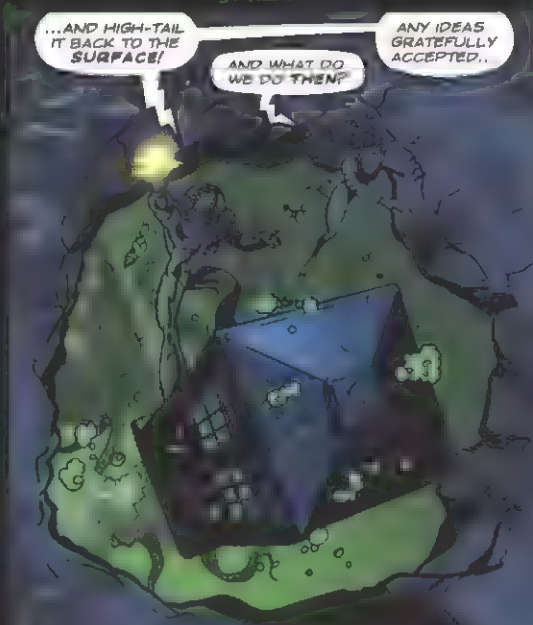
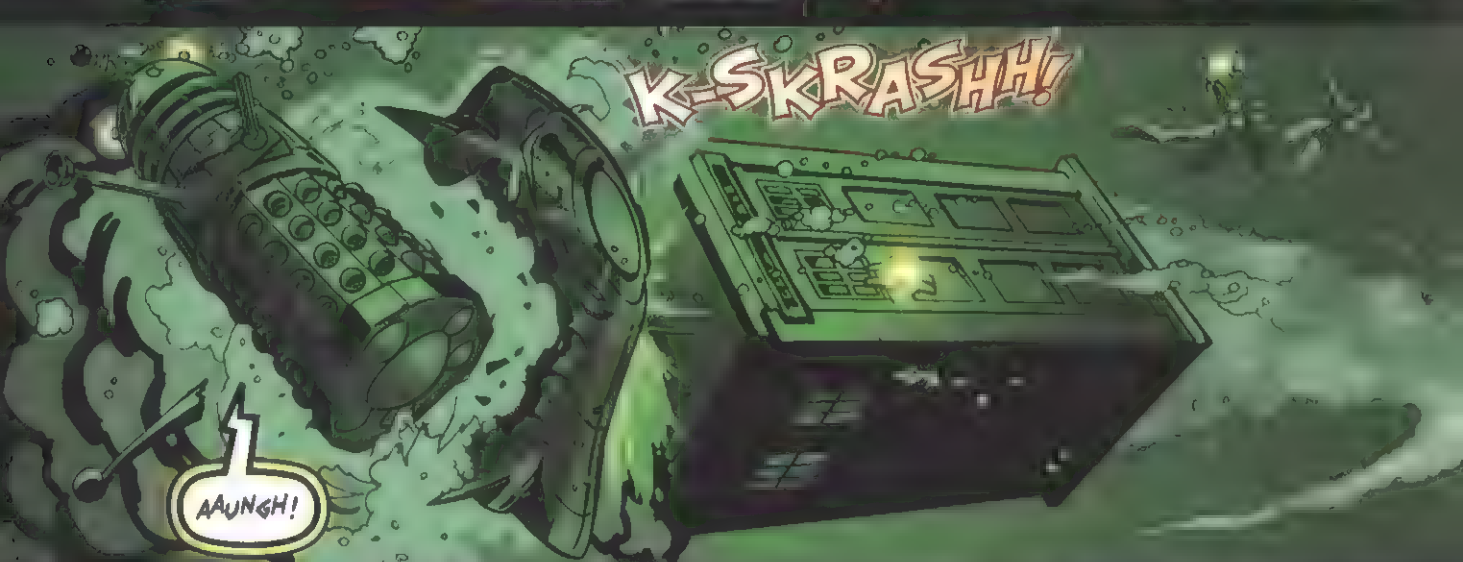
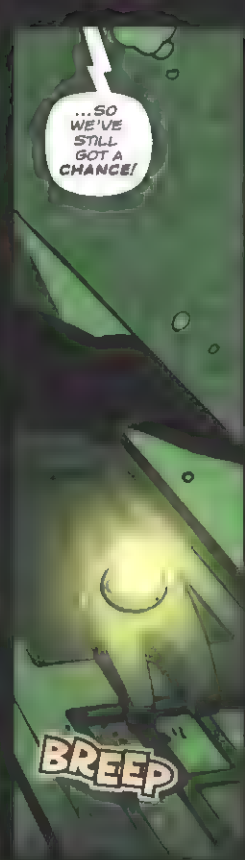
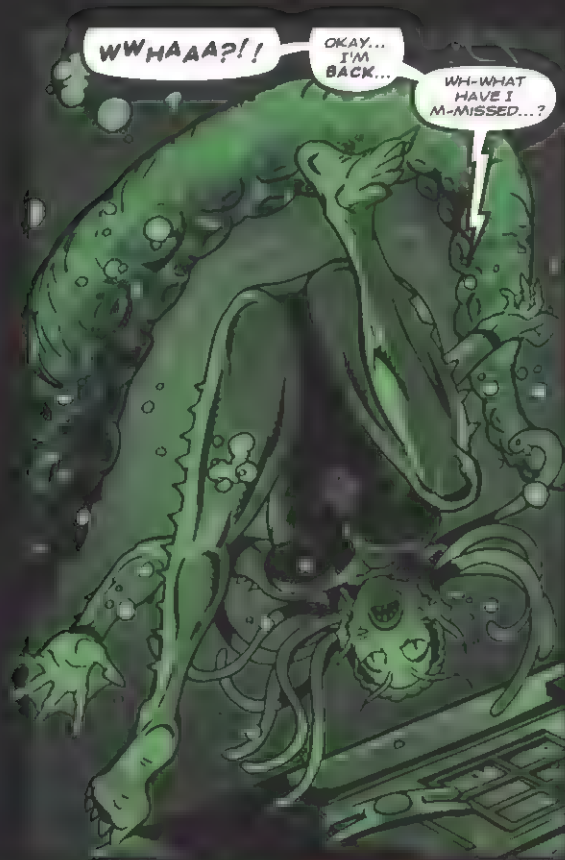
I'M SORRY,
ALPHA...
I WAS
TRYING TO
HELP YOU...

SZRAKKE!

AAIEGGHI!

YOU IGNORANT
LITTLE MUTANT,
YOU HURT
ME!

YOU
HURT
ME!!!



WH--T'S TH-
SITU-T-ON TH-RE?
ID-NT-FY
Y-RS-LV-S...

THEO RANKIN, SIR. PLEASE
TRACE THIS SIGNAL. I DON'T
KNOW HOW LONG I CAN KEEP
TRANSMITTING...

WH-T
DO Y-U
M--N,
"H-VE"?

I ESTIMATE
EIGHT THOUSAND
DALEKS STATIONED
HERE, SIR, MORE
POWERFUL THAN ANY
WE'VE ENCOUNTERED
BEFORE.

CAPTAIN, SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING -- THE
DALEKS ARE LEAVING!
THEY'RE HEADING
FOR THE BAY...

HUHP?

JULIUS OTAGO,
CAPTAIN OF THE
SURVEY SUBMARINE
ARGUS, MY SHIP
WAS DESTROYED
BY A DALEK
ASSAULT SQUADRON...

WE NEED
THE MILITIA
HERE NOW -
THE SURVIVAL
OF THE ENTIRE
COLONY
DEPENDS
ON IT...

THE CREW HAVE BEEN TAKEN
PRISONER IN THEIR HIVE, HIDDEN
INSIDE THE ASAMDA RIDGE.

GUESS
SOMETHING
ELSE GOT THEIR
ATTENTION...

"YEAH...
WONDER
WHAT?"

STOP FIGHTING,
ALL OF YOU!
LOOK!

LOOK...

GOOD EVENING
CITIZENS OF
AZURA KORE. I
TRUST YOU'RE ALL
WELL.

WHAT I'M ABOUT
TO DO WOULD BE
FAR EASIER WITH YOUR
COOPERATION, BUT
YOUR LEADER HAS
JUST INJURED ME,
AND... WELL...

NOW I'M
SIMPLY
FAMISHED.

I'VE ALWAYS HAD QUITE AN
APPETITE, YOU SEE. AFTER I'D
CONSUMED THE LAST REMAINING
MEMBERS OF MY OWN SPECIES,
I WAS FORCED TO LOOK
ELSEWHERE FOR
SUSTENANCE.

PSYCHOKINETIC
ENERGY WAS TOP
OF THE MENU...

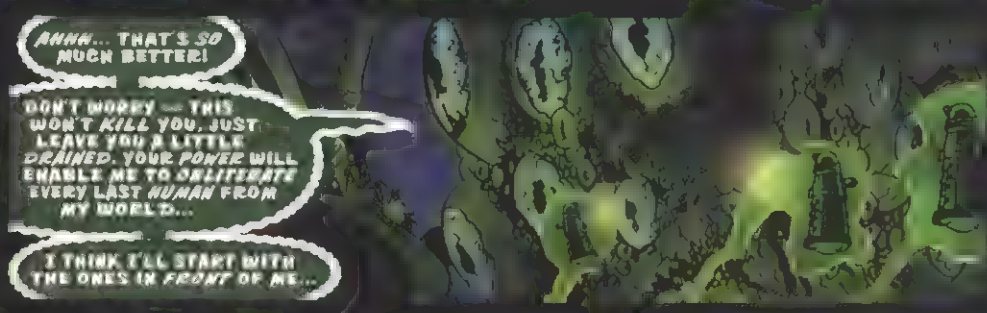
AAIHK!

<-CANNOT...

CANNOT
MOVE...

I COULD SENSE YOUR POTENTIAL AS PSIONIC GENERATORS, SO I SUMMONED YOU HERE. I GAVE YOU ENOUGH TIME TO REPRODUCE IN SUFFICIENT NUMBERS...

I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY I'VE BEEN FARMING YOU...



...AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE HARVEST.

N-N-NO...

ANNN... THAT'S SO MUCH BETTER!

DON'T WORRY — THIS WON'T KILL YOU, JUST LEAVE YOU A LITTLE DRAINED. YOUR POWER WILL ENABLE ME TO ORLITERATE EVERY LAST HUMAN FROM MY WORLD...

I THINK I'LL START WITH THE ONES IN FRONT OF ME...

M-MY PEOPLE... HEAR ME...

WE C-CAME TO THIS WORLD SEEKING FREEDOM. AND WE FOUND IT...

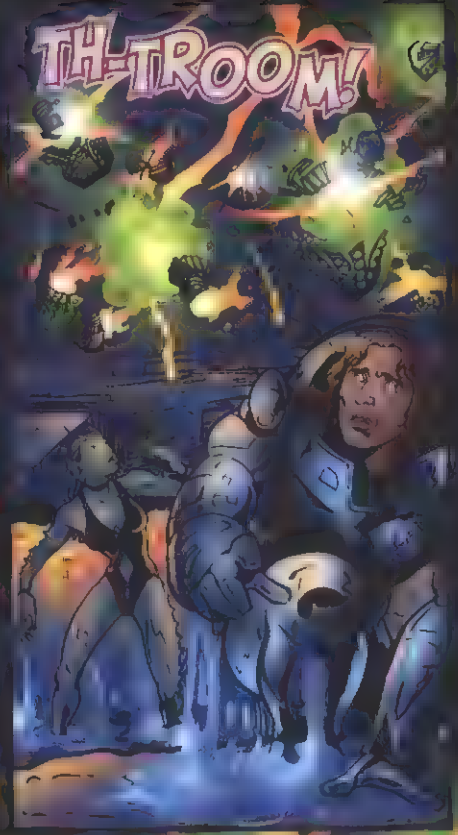
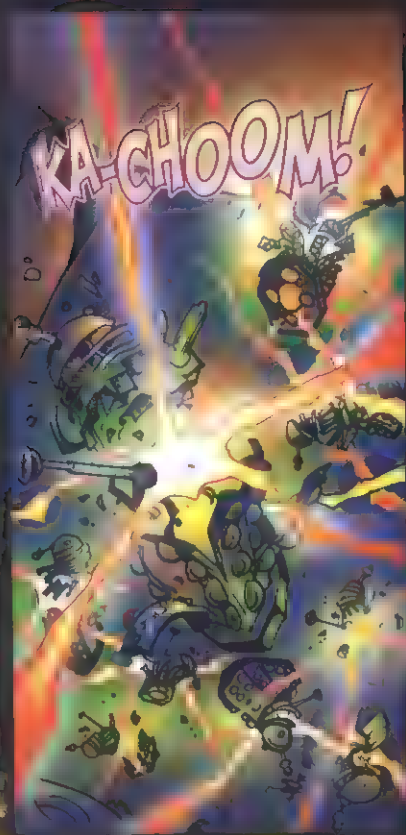
THE FREEDOM TO L-LIVE IN PEACE... TO CHOOSE OUR OWN PATH...

WE MUST N-NEVER BE SLAVES AGAIN... WE M-MUST NEVER BE WEAPONS AGAIN...

W-WE HAVE... ONLY ONE PATH LEFT TO US NOW...

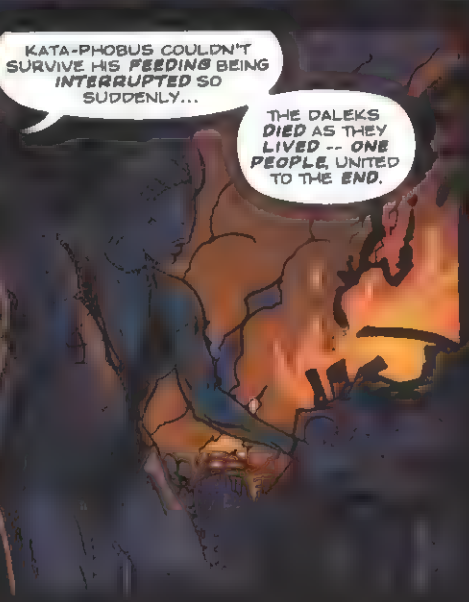
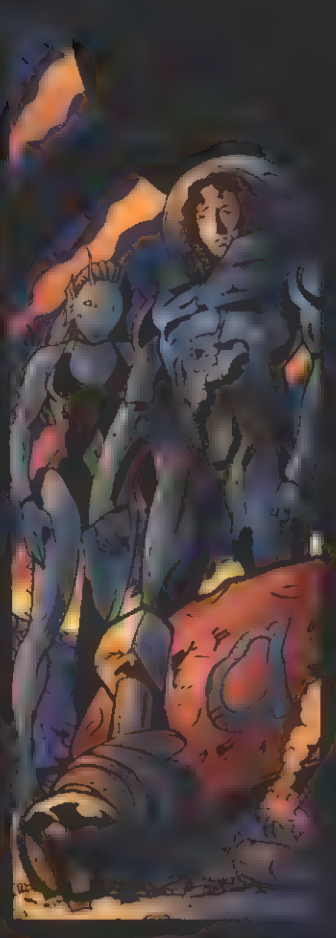
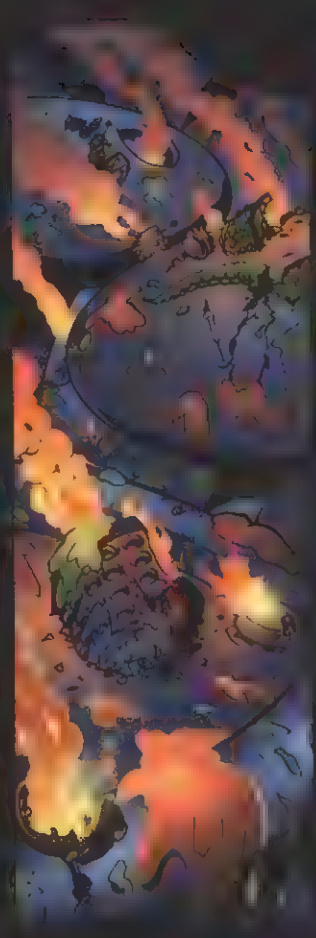
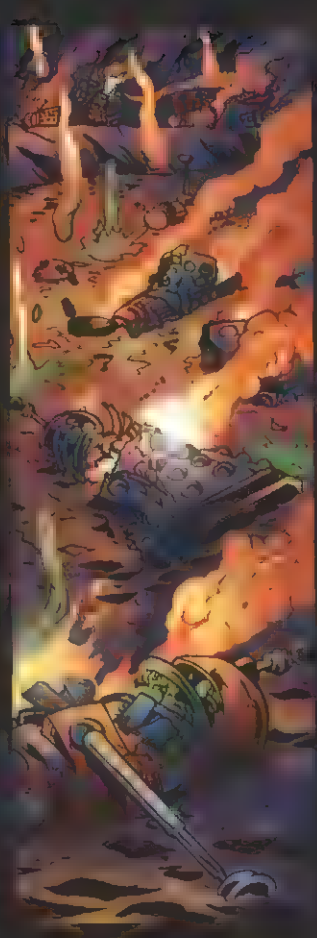
WE MUST... HAVE THE COURAGE TO TAKE IT.

KA-CHOOOM!





SCHA-THROOM!



THEY SELF-
DESTRUCTED --
EVERY SINGLE
ONE.

KATA-PHOBUS COULDN'T
SURVIVE HIS FEEDING BEING
INTERRUPTED SO
SUDDENLY...

THE DALEKS
DIED AS THEY
LIVED -- ONE
PEOPLE UNITED
TO THE END.

THEY DID
THIS...
FOR
US?



WELL, BOO-HOO. BRING ON THE VIOLINS...

IF THE ONLY GOOD DALEK'S A DEAD ONE, THEN I SUPPOSE **THESE** ONES WERE AS GOOD AS THEY **COME**.

YOU...

YOU JUST SHUT YOUR MOUTH.

DOCTOR, I WANT TO GO. RIGHT NOW.

SO DO I.

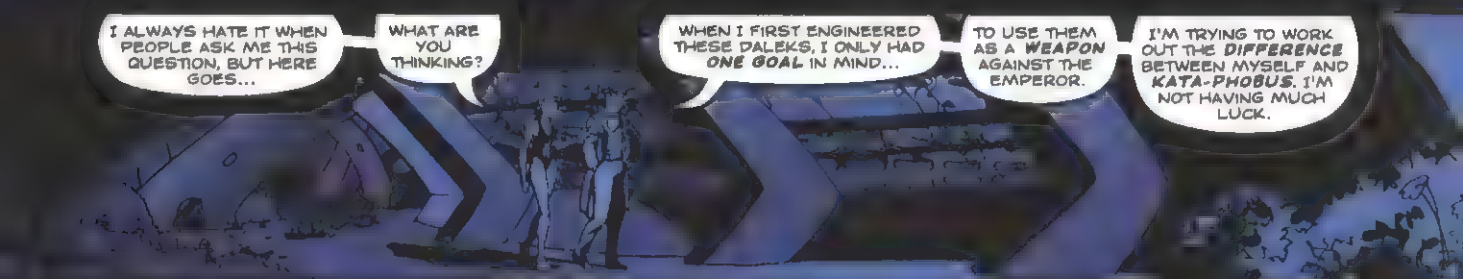
WAIT... PLEASE DON'T LEAVE! LET'S... LET'S TALK ABOUT THIS... **IZZY**, YOU HAVE TO CONSIDER OUR **WORK**...

WE STILL HAVE SO MUCH TO **LEARN**...



YES, ALISON.

WE CERTAINLY DO.



I ALWAYS HATE IT WHEN PEOPLE ASK ME THIS QUESTION, BUT HERE GOES...

WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

WHEN I FIRST ENGINEERED THESE DALEKS, I ONLY HAD **ONE GOAL** IN MIND...

TO USE THEM AS A **WEAPON** AGAINST THE EMPEROR.

I'M TRYING TO WORK OUT THE **DIFFERENCE** BETWEEN MYSELF AND **KATA-PHOBUS**. I'M NOT HAVING MUCH **LUCK**.



SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL DIED TODAY, IZZY. AND I HELPED KILL IT.

THAT'S NOT TRUE.

YOU DID YOUR **BEST**, BUT YOU WERE EVEN MORE **TRAPPED** THAN THE **REST** OF US. ALPHA HAD SET YOU UP IN HIS HEAD AS THIS AMAZING **PERFECT BEING**...

AND YOU'RE **NOT**. **NOBODY** IS.

HE WOULD HAVE GONE BALLISTIC SOONER OR LATER, EVEN IF **KATA-PHOBUS** HADN'T BEEN HERE.

PERHAPS... BUT I STILL SET THIS WHOLE TRAGEDY IN **MOTION**, IZZY. AND THAT'S GOING TO...

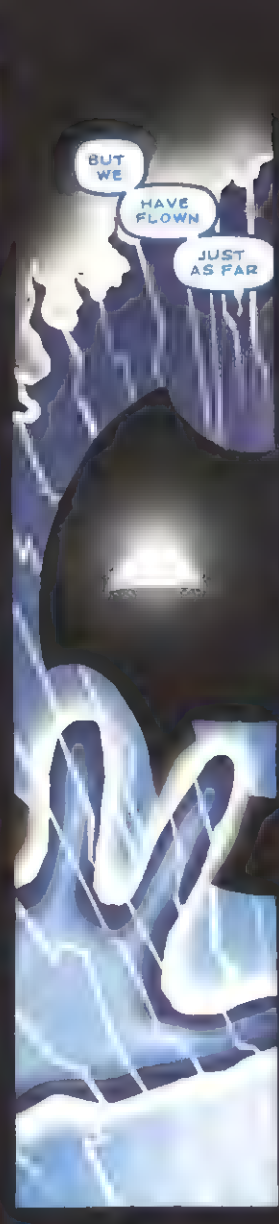
HAUNT ME...

FOR...

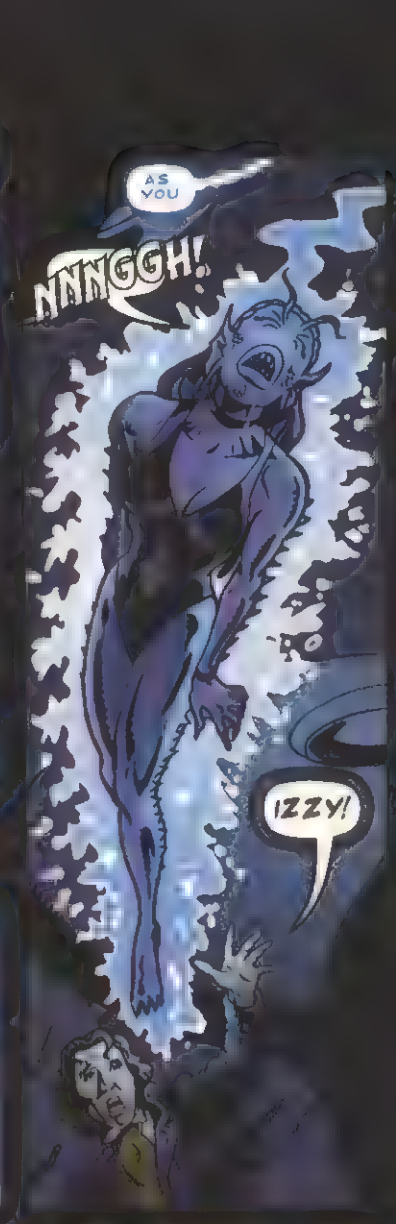


YOU COULD FLY
AWAY LITTLE
DESTRANATOS

YOU THOUGHT



BUT WE
HAVE FLOWN
JUST AS FAR



AS YOU

NNNGGHI!

IZZY!



WHAT DID YOU CALL HER?!

NO! NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE!



YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG G-
AAAAGGHHH!!!

NO WORDS
SPOKEN NO WORDS
NEEDS



HAPPY NOW
GOING HOME
TO OBLIVION

MOVE YOUR **SORRY** CARCASSES, YOU **IDIOTS!** THEY'VE LOST THEIR **TRANSPORT**, THEY CAN'T BE FAR NOW!

IF THEY'RE NOT BOTH FOUND BY THE TIME THE **COLONEL** ARRIVES, YOU'RE ALL ON NIGHT DUTY FOR A MONTH!

THEY'LL BE ON TOP OF US IN **MINUTES**, JACOB. REST-TIME'S OVER, COME ON...

DON'T BE SO **BLOODY** HEROIC. WE'VE GOT A **TRAIN** TO CATCH, AND I HATE TRAVELLING ALONE...

NO, EVEN IF I **COULD** MOVE...

I AM LEAVING A **TRAIL**... A **BLIND** MAN COULD FOLLOW!

BUT...

MUSH... I AM PAST HELP, AND THIS IS TOO IMPORTANT TO GIVE UP

TAKE IT - AND MAY GOD GO WITH YOU

I THINK... WE WERE **SHARING**... BUT MAYBE IT'S **OVER** NOW, NIGHTSALE

HERE IS... WHERE WE SAY GOODBYE

IT HAS BEEN A **PLEASURE** WORKING WITH YOU, NIGHTSALE...

WILL YOU TELL ME YOUR **TRUE** NAME?

YES... YES, OF **COURSE**

IT'S **FEY**.

FEY TRUSCOTT-SADE.

ME AND MY SHADOW

COLONEL
SSLER! FORGIVE
ME, I -- I DID NOT
SEE YOU ARRIVE...

THE OLD MAN
WAS HIT, SIR. I AM
HIGHLY CONFIDENT
THAT WE ARE
CLOSE...

SO IS THE SWISS BORDER,
CAPTAIN. IF THAT AUSLANDER
BITCH GETS THOSE DOCUMENTS
OUT OF AUSTRIA, I WILL SEE
YOUR HEAD ON A PIKE...

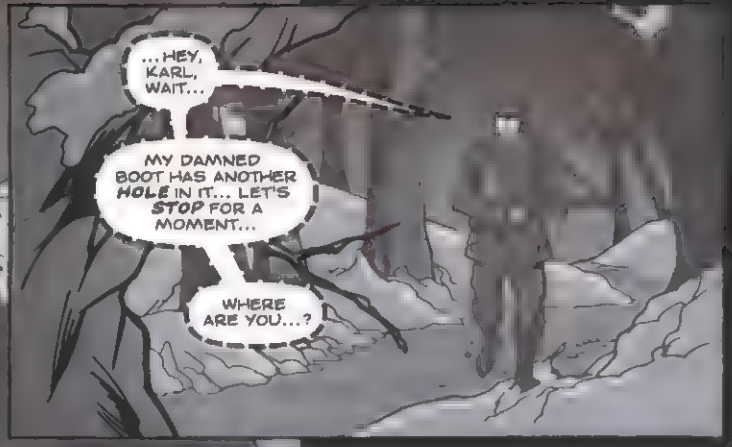
I AM
HIGHLY
CONFIDENT
OF THAT.



...HEY,
KARL,
WAIT...

MY DAMNED
BOOT HAS ANOTHER
HOLE IN IT... LET'S
STOP FOR A
MOMENT...

WHERE
ARE YOU...?



KARL?



WHERE
IS SHE?

ANSWER!



HE HAS
NO PAPERS,
COLONEL.

I'LL HAVE
HIM TAKEN
BACK FOR
QUESTIONING,
SIR.

NO NEED, CAPTAIN.
HE KNOWS NOTHING
THAT CAN HELP
US NOW...



...AND BESIDES,
THOR HAS NOT
BEEN FID
TONIGHT.



GGGRRRRRAARRRR!!!

ANGREIFEN!

NNAAATIEEEEEEEEEEE--

FEY?
WHAT
HAS BEEN
OCCURRING
HERE?

OH, SO
YOU'RE AWAKE
AT LAST,
THEN? FOUND ALL
THAT SCREAMING
A LITTLE
DISTURBING,
DID YOU?

I HAVE
BEEN
REVIVED BY
A SUB-
ETHERIC
TEMPORAL
TRANSM--

BLIND ME
WITH SCIENCE
LATER. I COULD
HAVE USED YOUR
HELP TEN
MINUTES
AGO.

WE AGREED
THAT MY CONSCIOUS
MIND CO-HABITING
WITH YOURS WAS TOO
CONFUSING FOR YOU.
MUST SPEND THE
MAJORITY OF MY TIME
FUNCTIONING ON A
SUBCONSCIOUS
LEVEL.

"FUNCTIONING"?
THE WORD YOU'RE
SEARCHING FOR IS
"SLEEPING", AND IT WAS
JUST AS "CONFUSING"
FOR YOU.

NOW
LISTEN.
WE HAVE
WORK TO
DO...

THOR ACTUALLY SEEMS
TO ENJOY THE TASTE
OF JEWS. BUT THEN,
DOGS ARE SO EASILY
PLEASED, EH?

AH...
COLONEL?
THERE IS...
UH... A CALL
FOR YOU...

INTERROGATION OVER ALREADY.
KESSLER? YES... I DON'T SUPPOSE
YOU WANT ANYONE ELSE LEARNING
HOW POORLY GUARDED YOU LEFT
YOUR HEADQUARTERS...

YOU MIGHT THINK LOSING THE MOVEMENT
SCHEDULE FOR THE ENTIRE FIFTH PANZER
DIVISION IS GOING TO BUY YOU A TICKET
TO LENINGRAD...

BUT DON'T WORRY...YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO LIVE LONG
ENOUGH TO USE IT.



SURRENDER, WOMAN, AND I WILL TREAT YOU TO A FAR MORE MERCIFUL FATE THAN YOUR FRIEND. I WILL NOT MAKE THIS OFFER AGAIN.

THIS IS FOOLISH, FEY. YOU ARE JEOPARDISING YOUR MISSION...

HOW GENEROUS. I ONLY HAVE A RIDDLE TO OFFER YOU, KESSLER...

WHAT'S THE ONE THING YOU CAN NEVER OUTFRONT?

AS LONG AS YOU'RE AWAKE, YOU WON'T LET ME DIE. YOU HAVE YOUR OWN SHINY SKIN TO PRESERVE AS WELL AS MINE.

JACOB GANSMANN WAS A GOOD MAN. HE HAD ONE WIFE, TWO SONS, THREE GRANDCHILDREN.

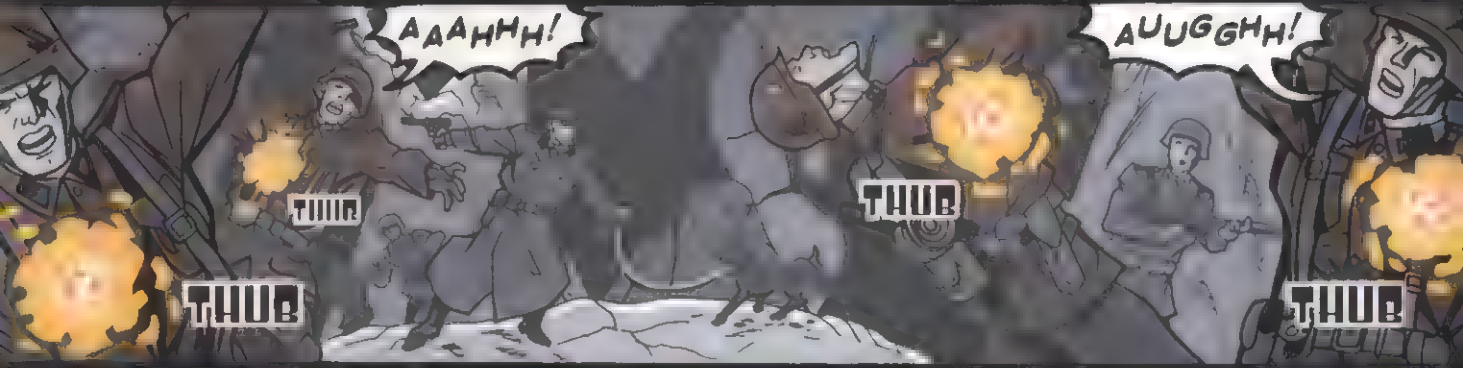
I HOPE THEY'RE TOGETHER NOW...

BUT HE DIDN'T SERVE TO JOIN THEM THAT WAY.



SHE'S NEARBY - SPREAD OUT AND FIND HER!

SHOOT ON SIGHT!



AAAAHHH!

AUUGGHH!

THUD

THUD

THUD



SHE'S THERE, ON THE RIGHT! FIRE! FIRE!

BADDA-BADDA-BADDA!

COLONEL, TH-THERE'S NOTHING THERE! NOTHING!



THEN PERHAPS I'M TO YOUR LEFT, GENTLEMEN...

THUD

NNAGGHH!



PERHAPS I'M BEHIND YOU...

THUD

AAAIEGGH!!!

THUD



...OR PERHAPS
I SIMPLY HAVE YOU
SURROUNDED.

HHHGGG!

GGAAHH!

EEAAARR!

THUD

THUD

THUD

THUD

THUD

ARRROOOOW!!

NO
WOUNDS. NO
BLOOD.

IF THERE'S
SUCH A THING
AS A CLEAN
DEATH, COLONEL,
I PROVIDE IT.

GET - GET THE
ENGINE STARTED,
YOU FOOL!
SCHNELL!

SCHN-

THUD

CHAKROOM!

NO...

N-NO...

NOW,
GETTING
BACK TO THAT
RIDDLE,
COLONEL...



I'M SURE YOU'VE GUESSED THE ANSWER.

AAAH!!



Y-YOU ARE A WITCH! A DEMONESS!

STICKS AND STONES...

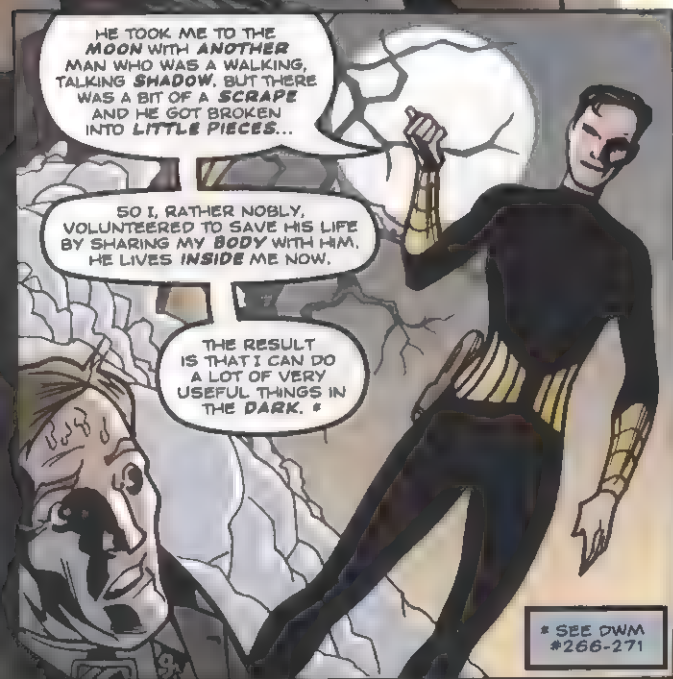
HOW COULD... HOW COULD YOU DO THIS...?



WELL, THANK YOU FOR ASKING. IT'S A FUNNY STORY, ACTUALLY, AND I DON'T OFTEN GET THE CHANCE TO TELL IT.

ARE YOU SITTING COMFORTABLY?

A FEW YEARS AGO I MET THIS INTERESTING CHAP WHO TRAVELS THROUGH THE UNIVERSE IN A TELEPHONE BOX...



HE TOOK ME TO THE MOON WITH ANOTHER MAN WHO WAS A WALKING, TALKING SHADOW. BUT THERE WAS A BIT OF A SCRAPE AND HE GOT BROKEN INTO LITTLE PIECES...

SO I, RATHER NOBLY, VOLUNTEERED TO SAVE HIS LIFE BY SHARING MY BODY WITH HIM. HE LIVES INSIDE ME NOW.

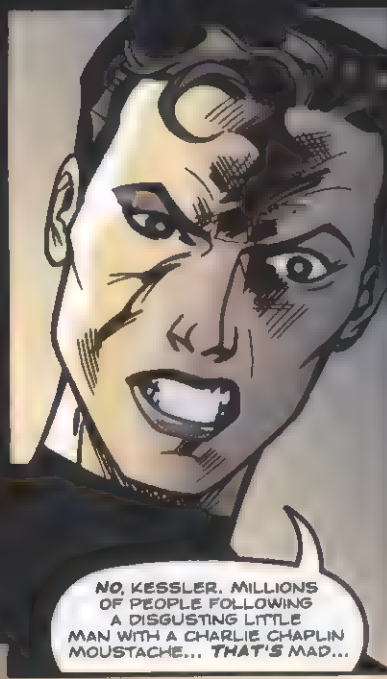
THE RESULT IS THAT I CAN DO A LOT OF VERY USEFUL THINGS IN THE DARK. *

* SEE DWM #266-271



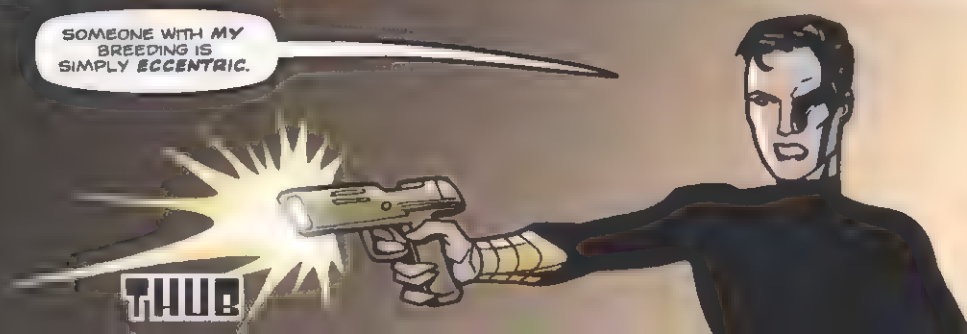
ADMITTEDLY, IT CAN BECOME A TRIFLE CRAMPED INSIDE MY HEAD, BUT EVERY MARRIAGE HAS ITS PITFALLS. DON'T YOU AGREE?

YOU... YOU ARE MAD...



NO, KESSLER. MILLIONS OF PEOPLE FOLLOWING A DISGUSTING LITTLE MAN WITH A CHARLIE CHAPLIN MOUSTACHE... THAT'S MAD...

SOMEONE WITH MY BREEDING IS SIMPLY ECCENTRIC.



THUE

YOUR COMPARTMENT IS READY, MADAME. WE WILL ARRIVE IN ZURICH BY MORNING...

THANK YOU. PLEASE MAKE SURE I'M NOT DISTURBED UNTIL THEN. I WOULD PREFER TO BE ALONE...

BUT WHAT ARE THE ODDS ON THAT?

COME ON OUT, SHAYDE. I WANT A CHAT...

...AND I WANT IT FACE-TO-FACE

IF YOU WISH A DEBATE, THEN I AM PREPARED TO LISTEN. I HAVE NO INTEREST IN ANOTHER BOLT OF ANGRY SHOUTING.

THIS MAY ALL JUST BE A HISTORY LESSON TO YOU, BUT IT'S THE HERE AND NOW FOR ME! FRIENDS OF MINE ARE DYING, SHAYDE...

ALL IT WOULD TAKE TO STOP THIS INSANITY IS ME SHADOW-SLIDING INTO BERLIN AND PUTTING A FEW HOLES IN ADOLF AND HIS CRONIES...

YOUR PASSIONS WILL BE YOUR UNDOING FEY. YOU MUST OBTAIN A WIDER PERSPECTIVE...

MY "PASSIONS" SAVED YOUR LIFE, AND I HOPE I NEVER SHARE YOUR PERSPECTIVE...

BUT YOU WON'T LET ME DO THAT, WILL YOU?

WE HAVE DISCUSSED THIS MANY TIMES. THIS TEMPORAL PERIOD IS A CRUCIAL NEXUS POINT IN YOUR WORLD'S DEVELOPMENT...

I CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO ACCESS MY ABILITIES AND SIGNIFICANTLY ALTER THE COURSE OF THIS WAR. THE WEB OF TIME MUST BE MAINTAINED.

WEBS ARE TRAPS, SHAYDE, AND YOU'RE STUCK TIGHT! IF YOU COULD JUST START TO FEEL, YOU'D SEE THAT!

WE WILL CONTINUE THIS CONVERSATION LATER. I HAVE RECEIVED A SUB-ETHERIC ALERT. WE ARE BEING SUMMONED -

NO.

MR RASSILON CAN GO TO HELL, AND I HOPE HIS BUSHY BEARD CATCHES FIRE THERE.

I'M NOT RUNNING ANY MORE ERRANDS FOR YOUR MASTER. I'M NEEDED HERE, ON TERRA FIRMA, IS THAT CLEAR?

THE SIGNAL HAS NOT COME FROM RASSILON, SET-

IT WAS SENT BY THE DOCTOR.



IT'S MOMENTS LIKE
THESE THAT MAKE
OUR PARTNERSHIP
WORTHWHILE...

IN
WHAT
WAY?

FLYING, SHAYDE,
FLYING! I USED
TO DREAM OF BEING
PETER PAN WHEN I
WAS A CHILD...

I WANTED TO
SWOOP OVER
TROPICAL ISLANDS,
BATTLE PIRATES,
RESCUE
MERMAIDS...

WE ARE SIMPLY
TRANSFERRING
OUR INTERSTITIAL
ESSENCE
THROUGH THE
SPACE-TIME
VORTEX,
FEY...

IT'S ONLY
YOUR LIMITED
CONCEPTUAL
PARAMETERS
WHICH
HAVE YOU
PERCEIVE IT AS
PHYSICAL
FLIGHT.

BUT EVEN
YOU CAN'T
DAMPEN MY SPIRITS
TODAY. NOT WITH A
FIRST-CLASS
REUNION IN THE
OFFING...

BREAK OPEN
THE SUBBLY, DOCTOR,
YOUR GUESTS
HAVE ARRIVED!

YOU HAVE
THE SOUL
OF A POET,
SHAYDE...

uroboros

part one

STORY - SCOTT GRAY ART - JOHN ROSS
COLOUR - ADRIAN SALMON LETTERING - ROGER LANBRIDGE
EDITOR - CLAYTON HICKMAN

AND ABOUT
TIME TOO. I SENT
THAT SUB-ETHER
ALERT THREE
RELATIVE
DAYS AGO.

WHAT HAVE
YOU BEEN DOING,
STOPPING OFF FOR
SOME SIGHT-
SEEING?



WELL! EXCUSE US, WE ONLY HAD TO NAVIGATE THROUGH EVERY POINT IN INFINITY TO FIND YOU...

WHERE'S IZZY? I'M SURE SHE'LL HAVE A MORE CIVIL WELCOME PREPARED...

IZZY'S BEEN ABDUCTED. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE.

TWO ENTITIES ENTERED LINEAR-SPACE FROM THE VORTEX AND KIDNAPPED HER. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TRACE THEIR EXIT ROUTE, BUT THEY'VE SHIELDED IT...

I SEE, WELL, AS YOU'VE ASKED SO POLITELY, HOW CAN I HELP?

YOU CAN'T, BUT SHAYDE MIGHT, TAKE A SEAT...



SHAYDE HAS CAPABILITIES THE TARDIS LACKS. HE MAY BE ABLE TO BACK-TRACK THE KIDNAPPERS' ENERGY TRAILS TO THEIR POINT OF ORIGIN...

AH, SO WHILE WE CAN'T SEE WHERE THEY'VE GONE, WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE WHERE THEY'VE BEEN?

EXACTLY, JUST RELAX, FEY...

...LET YOUR OTHER HALF DO THE WORK.

HELLO, SHAYDE. WHAT DO YOU THINK, CAN YOU LEND ME A HAND?

YES, DOCTOR. I AM SCANNING THE TARDIS' SENSOR ARCHIVES. I BELIEVE I CAN TRACE THE ENTITIES' TEMPORAL RESIDUE...

EXCELLENT...

THEN START HUNTING FOR THOSE BREAD-CRUMBS...

THERE'S A SINGERBREAD HOUSE OUT THERE SOMEWHERE.



WE HAVE ARRIVED AT THE ENTITIES' PREVIOUS LINEAR-SPACE DESTINATION, DOCTOR.

SO SOON? BUT...

WAIT HERE. I'LL TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE...

JUST A MINUTE... I KNOW THIS PLACE... IT'S COYOACAN, MEXICO!

THIS IS THE TOWN IZZY AND I LANDED IN BEFORE WE WENT TO KYROL...

THEY'VE BEEN FOLLOWING US!



TRY AGAIN. IF I'M RIGHT, OUR NEXT STOP SHOULD BE JUST AS FAMILIAR...



WE HAVE LANDED... BUT THERE IS AN OUTSIDE INFLUENCE DRAINING THE TARDIS' POWER SYSTEMS.

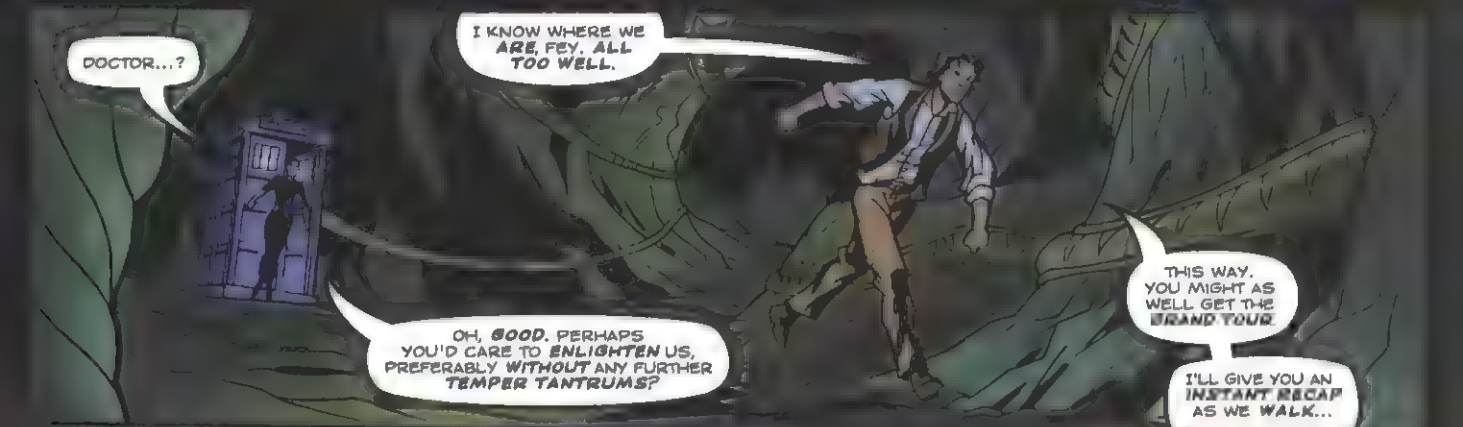
OH DEAR. FORGET TO PAY THE GAS BILL?

WHAT...?



NO!

I'M AN IDIOT. I SHOULD HAVE SEEN THIS COMING!



DOCTOR...?

I KNOW WHERE WE ARE, FEY. ALL TOO WELL.

OH, GOOD. PERHAPS YOU'D CARE TO ENLIGHTEN US, PREFERABLY WITHOUT ANY FURTHER TEMPER TANTRUMS?

THIS WAY. YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET THE BRAND TOUR.

I'LL GIVE YOU AN INSTANT RECAP AS WE WALK...



...ALRIGHT, LET ME GET THIS CRYSTAL-CLEAR IN MY MIND...

WE'RE INSIDE OPHIDIUS; A "TECHNO-ORGANISM" DESIGNED TO KIDNAP SPACECRAFT. IT RECENTLY SWALLOWED THE TARDIS...

ITS CREATORS, THE OPHIDIANS, WERE ATTEMPTING TO STEAL THE BODIES OF A SPECIES CALLED THE MOBOX. YOU THRASHED THEM SOUNDLY, AS ALWAYS...

BUT IZZY HAD BEFRIENDED A YOUNG CRIMINAL NAMED DESTRII WHO TRICKED HER INTO TRADING BODIES WITH HER.

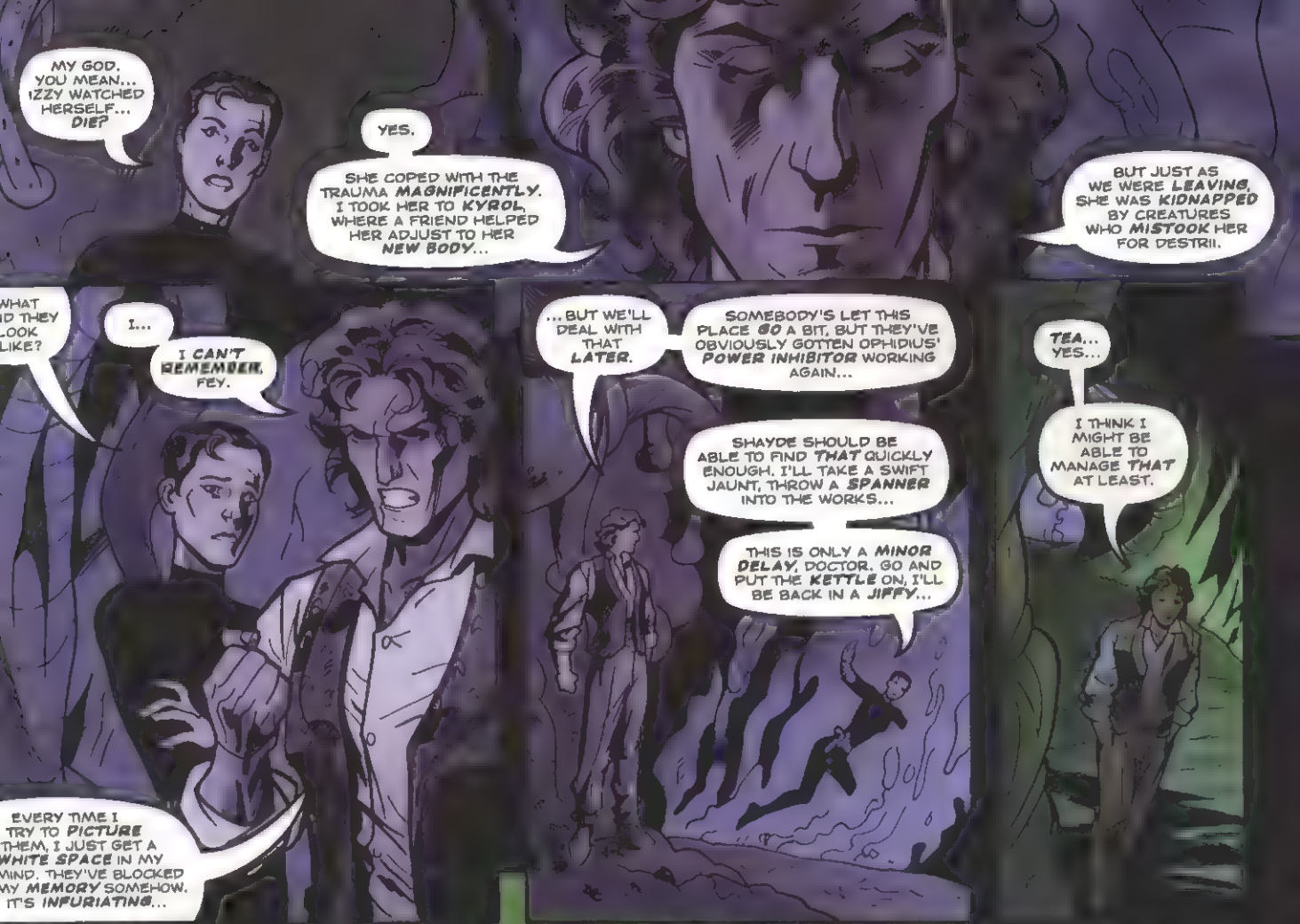
YOU UNCOVERED DESTRII'S CHARADE AFTER SHE KILLED THE OPHIDIANS' LEADER, THE GOROLITH. AND THEN WHAT...?

SOMETHING TERRIBLE...

"THE GOROLITH WASN'T DESTRII'S ONLY VICTIM. SHE HAD ALSO MURDERED ONE OF THE MOBOX..."

"AND WHEN ITS PARTNER FOUND HER, IT KILLED HER."





MY GOD,
YOU MEAN...
IZZY WATCHED
HERSELF...
DIE?

YES.

SHE COPEd WITH THE
TRAUMA MAGNIFICENTLY.
I TOOK HER TO KYROL,
WHERE A FRIEND HELPED
HER ADJUST TO HER
NEW BODY...

BUT JUST AS
WE WERE LEAVING,
SHE WAS KIDNAPPED
BY CREATURES
WHO MISTOOK HER
FOR DESTRII.

WHAT
D THEY
LOOK
LIKE?

I...

I CAN'T
REMEMBER,
FEY.

...BUT WE'LL
DEAL WITH
THAT
LATER.

SOMEBODY'S LET THIS
PLACE GO A BIT, BUT THEY'VE
OBVIOUSLY GOTTEN OPHIDIUS'
POWER INHIBITOR WORKING
AGAIN...

TEA...
YES...

I THINK I
MIGHT BE
ABLE TO
MANAGE THAT
AT LEAST.

SHAYDE SHOULD BE
ABLE TO FIND THAT QUICKLY
ENOUGH. I'LL TAKE A SWIFT
JAUNT, THROW A SPANNER
INTO THE WORKS...

THIS IS ONLY A MINOR
DELAY, DOCTOR. GO AND
PUT THE KETTLE ON, I'LL
BE BACK IN A JIFFY...

EVERY TIME I
TRY TO PICTURE
THEM, I JUST GET A
WHITE SPACE IN MY
MIND. THEY'VE BLOCKED
MY MEMORY SOMEHOW.
IT'S INFURIATING...



HALT!

K'KULLK'S
SHELLS! IT'S
ANOTHER
ALIEN...

OH, NO! I WAS
SURE WE FOUND
THE LAST STRAGGLER
TWELVE DAYS
AGO! DON'T TELL ME
WE HAVE TO START
SEARCHING ALL
OVER AGAIN!

I'M MAJOR H'RACK. I KNOW YOU,
DON'T I? YOU WERE THERE WHEN
WE CRUSHED THE OPHIDIAN
SCOURGE. IT'S BEEN RUMOURED
YOU HELPED B'ROSTT DEFEAT
THE GOROLITH...

WHO'S
B'ROSTT?

NO, I'M A
RECENT
ARRIVAL, AND
BY ACCIDENT.
I'M THE
DOCTOR.

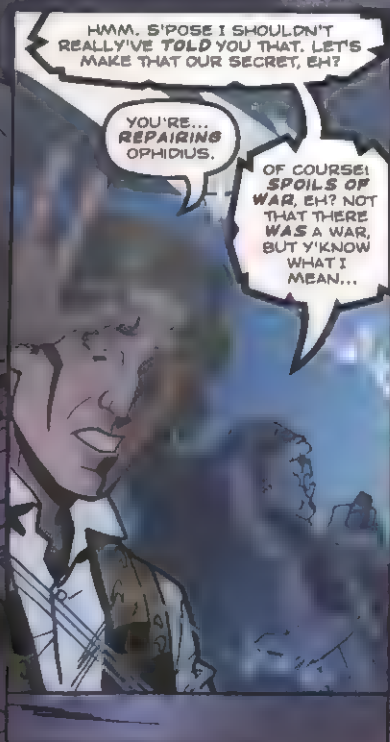
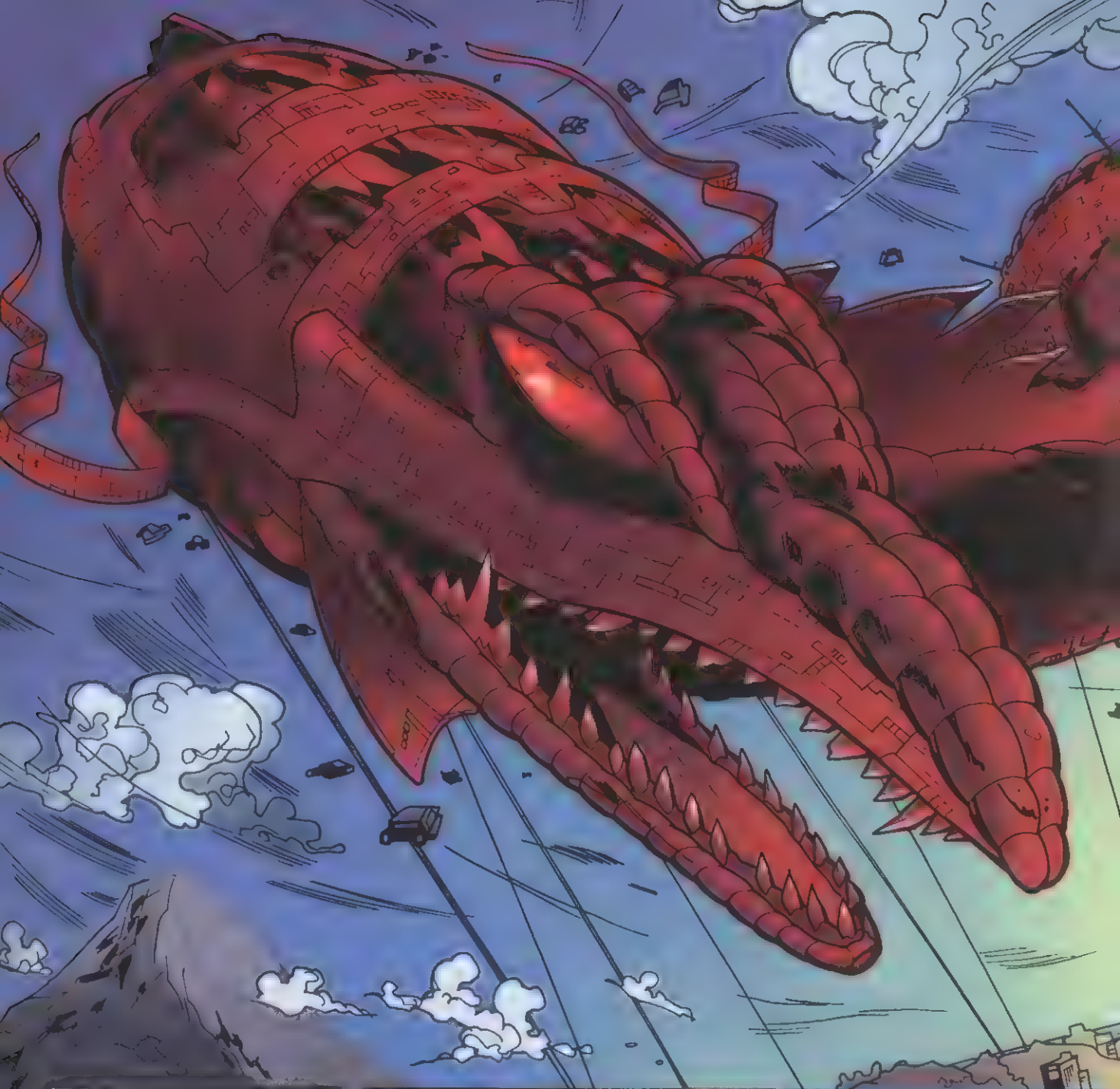
SOMEONE
WHO'LL WANT
A WORD WITH
YOU, I'M
GUESSING...

C'MON, I'VE
ALREADY GOT
A FLYER
PREPPED...

LOOK, THIS ISN'T
NECESSARY. IF
YOU'LL JUST LET
ME LEAVE, I
PROMISE NEVER
TO BOTHER YOU
AGAIN...

I'LL SIGN ANY
FORM YOU WANT,
IN TRIPLICATE...

HEH! Y'JUST SETTLE
YOURSELF IN HERE, SMALL
FELLOW, WE'VE GOT SOME
TRAVELLING T'DO...





GOOD GRIEF.
YOU'VE ACTUALLY
BROUGHT THE
SHIP INTO YOUR
ATMOSPHERE?

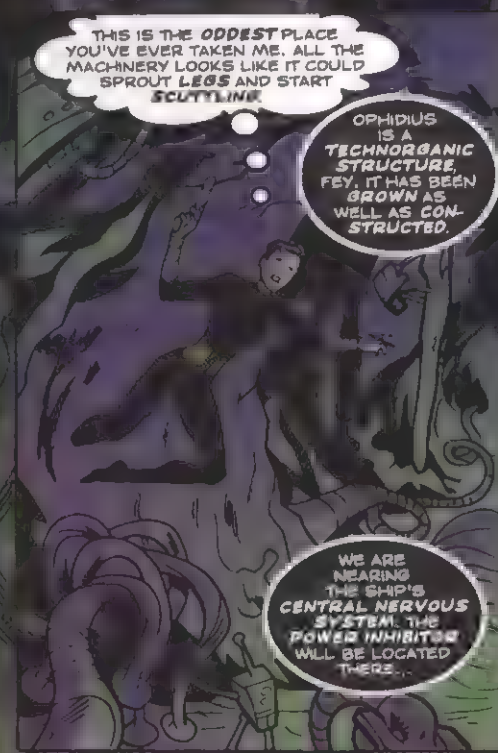
AYE, MAKES THE
REPAIR WORK A
LOT EASIER.
'TIS A BIG JOB...

SOME FOLK DOWN THERE
AREN'T TOO PLEASED ABOUT IT
BEING MOORED SO CLOSE TO
THE CITY -- BLOCKS OUT MOST
OF THE DAYLIGHT.

WE'LL BE
MOVING IT TO
A MORE
REMOTE SPOT
SOON...



JUSTICE
WILL
PREVAIL...



THIS IS THE **ODDEST** PLACE
YOU'VE EVER TAKEN ME. ALL THE
MACHINERY LOOKS LIKE IT COULD
SPROUT LEGS AND START
SCUTTLE.

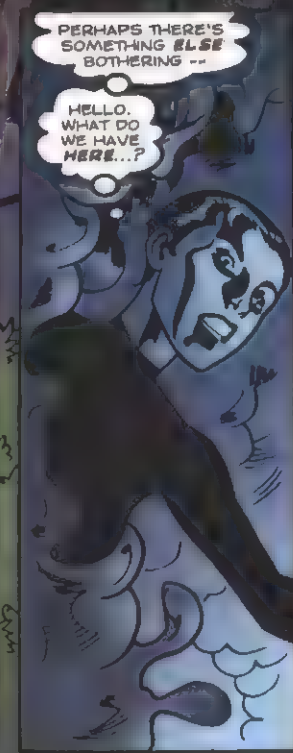
OPHIDIUS
IS A
TECHNORGANIC
STRUCTURE.
FEY, IT HAS BEEN
GROWN AS
WELL AS CON-
STRUCTED.

WE ARE
NEARING
THE SHIP'S
CENTRAL NERVOUS
SYSTEM. THE
POWER INHIBITOR
WILL BE LOCATED
THERE...



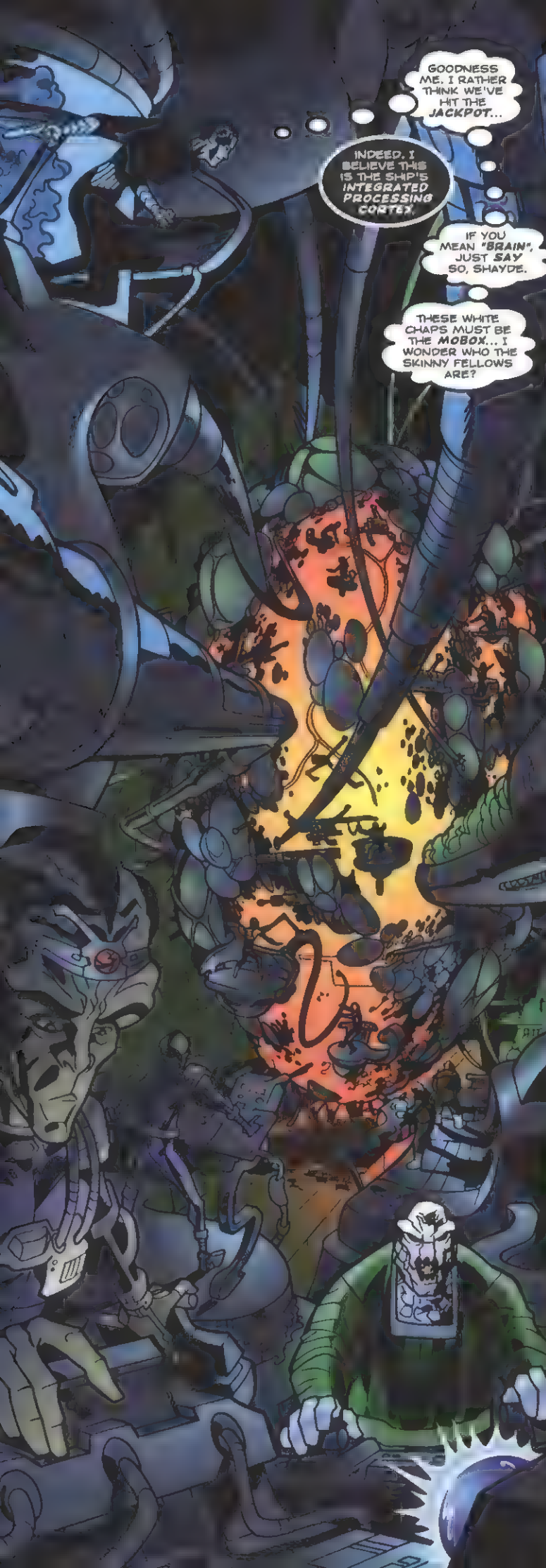
TELL ME, SHAYDE... HAVE
YOU EVER SEEN THE
DOCTOR ACT SO
BRUSQUELY BEFORE? I
COULDN'T BELIEVE THE WAY
HE FLEW OFF THE HANDLE
BACK IN THE TARDIS...

HE
DOES SEEM
UNUSUALLY
AGITATED
BY THIS
SITUATION...



PERHAPS THERE'S
SOMETHING **ELSE**
BOTHERING --

HELLO.
WHAT DO
WE HAVE
HERE...?



GOODNESS
ME. I RATHER
THINK WE'VE
HIT THE
JACKPOT...

INDEED, I
BELIEVE THIS
IS THE SHIP'S
INTEGRATED
PROCESSING
CORTEX.

IF YOU
MEAN 'BRAIN',
JUST SAY
SO, SHAYDE.

THESE WHITE
CHAPS MUST BE
THE *MOBOX*... I
WONDER WHO THE
SKINNY FELLOWS
ARE?



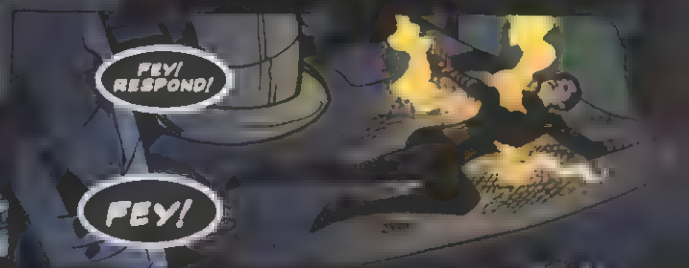
FEY!
BEHIND
Y-

VRROARRR!

AI'NNGH!!



THUMP



FEY!
RESPOND!

FEY!



NOW, THAT'S
INTERESTING. YOU
SHOULD BE LESS
THAN *DUST* NOW,
LITTLE ONE...

YOU DESERVE
A CLOSER
EXAMINATION...

TO BE CONTINUE

OUR ARRIVAL
HASN'T DRAWN MUCH
OF A CROWD, H'RAKK...

OH, THE VILLAGERS'VE
GOT A BETTER SHOW
THAN US T'SEE TODAY...

PRESIDOR
B'ROSTT IS
HERE!

C'MON,
LET'S FIND
A SPOT
T'WATCH...

MY FELLOW MOBOX... I AM PROUD TO SPEAK
TO YOU TODAY, HERE IN THE HUMBLE VILLAGE
WHERE I WAS SPAWNED.

ONCE I SERVED OUR FINE WORLD AS
AN EXPLORER OF SPACE. NOW, THANKS
TO YOUR FAITH IN ME, I FACE AN EVEN
GREATER RESPONSIBILITY...

TO SERVE
AS YOUR
SUPREME
RULER.

YESTERDAY
I RECEIVED A LETTER
FROM A YOUNG HATCHLING WHO
ASKED, "WHY DO THE OPHIDIANS
HATE US?" A GOOD
QUESTION...

THEY ARE JEALOUS.
JEALOUS OF OUR POWER,
JEALOUS OF OUR BEAUTIFUL
WORLD, JEALOUS OF
OUR WEALTH...

THEY ARE AN INVISIBLE,
INSIDIOUS ENEMY WHICH MAY
ALREADY BE AMONGST US, WEARING
THE BODIES OF OUR FALLEN
COMRADES. BUT WE WILL NOT
SURRENDER TO FEAR...

uroboros

part two

WE WILL WATCH OUR
NEIGHBOURS WITH VIGILANT
EYES. WE WILL REPORT ANY
SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITIES. WE
WILL PROTECT OUR FREEDOM
AT ANY COST...

OUR GREAT SOCIETY HAS
NEVER BEFORE COME SO CLOSE
TO TOTAL DESTRUCTION, BUT
OUR SPIRITS ARE STRONG. WE
ARE UNITED IN OUR RESOLVE.
JUSTICE WILL PREVAIL!

GOD
PRESERVE
US!

GOD PRESERVE US!

HE CERTAINLY KNOWS HOW TO WORK A CROWD.

OH, AYE, BIGGEST ELECTION VICTORY EVER. A PRESIDOR FOR THE PEOPLE, THAT'S WHAT B'ROSTT IS...

AND THE PEOPLE SHALL BE REWARDED FOR THEIR DESIRES.

I AM C'SORR.

YOU CROSS THE VALLEY OF THE HOURS IN ANY DIRECTION YOU CHOOSE... YET THE ONE PATH YOU SEEK IS HIDDEN FROM VIEW.

YOU ARE SEARCHING FOR ONE YOU CHERISH.

UH... YES... I AM...

YOU'RE NOT A TIME SENSITIVE BY ANY CHANCE, C'SORR?

HELLO. I'M THE DOCTOR

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE...

AYE. I AM THIS VILLAGE'S SEER, CURSED WITH THE TOMORROW-SIGHT...

THE FUTURE IS A LAND I HAVE BEEN MADE TO TRAVEL SINCE MY YOUTH.

BUT MOMENTS YET TO BE MAY BECOME ENTWINED WITH THOSE DEPARTED. A CIRCLE FORMS. THE FUTURE BEGS TO THE PAST FOR SUCCOUR.

BEWARE THOSE WHO SEE ONLY THEIR OWN FUTURE, DOCTOR...

FUNNY BUNCH, SEERS...

WHY ARE THEY ALWAYS SO BLOODY CRYPTIC?

OOH...

PASS ME THE SMELLING SALTS, TALLULAH...

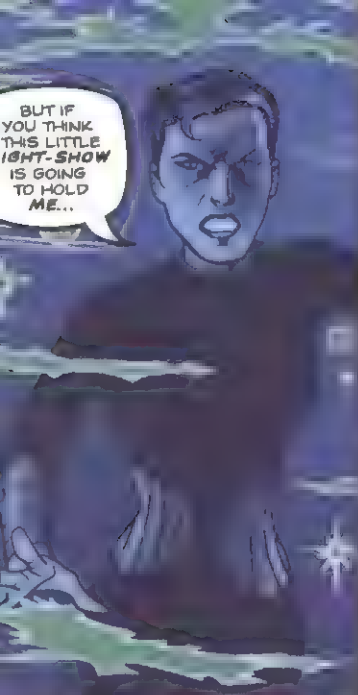
AWAKE AT LAST? EXCELLENT. YOU ARE A REMARKABLE CREATURE...

YOU'RE NOT ENTIRELY CORPOREAL, CORRECT? MY ISOTETRIC BLAST SHOULD HAVE DISINTEGRATED YOU, BUT MOST OF IT SIMPLY PASSED THROUGH YOU...

I'M S'LOKK, BY THE WAY, CHIEF SCIENTIST FOR THE MOBOX EMPIRE. WOULD YOU CARE TO TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE DOING ABOARD OPHIDIUS?

YOU CAN HAVE MY NAME, RANK AND SERIAL NUM...

NO, ON SECOND THOUGHT, I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO GIVE YOU THAT.



BUT IF YOU THINK THIS LITTLE IGH-T-SHOW IS GOING TO HOLD ME...



...THINK AG-

AAAAHHH!



OH DEAR. I WAS GOING TO WARN YOU...

THIS FORCE-FIELD IS A NEURAL-STATIC NET. DISTURB IT AND AN ENERGY SPIKE IS FIRED DIRECTLY INTO YOUR BRAIN...

YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO PASS THROUGH IT, BUT YOU'LL BE A VEGETABLE IF YOU DO.



MAJOR H'RAKK AND DETAINEES TO SEE PRESIDOR B'ROSTT...

THE PRESIDOR HAS BEEN INFORMED OF YOUR ARRIVAL. MOVE FORWARD.



ELDER T'KONN OF THE NORTHERN CLANS HAS REPEATED HIS REQUEST TO SPEAK WITH YOU, PRESIDOR...

T'KONN?

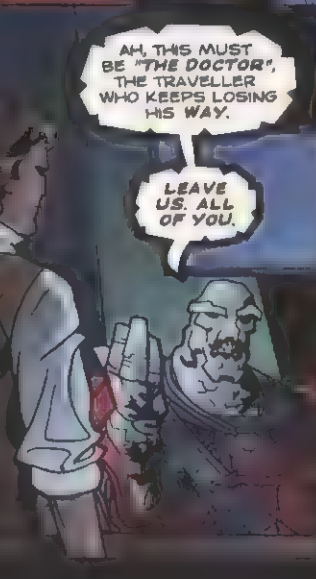
THE OLD FOOL WHO'S BEEN CALLING YOUR CONSCRIPTION PROGRAMME A "BLOW AGAINST PERSONAL LIBERTY"...

TELL THE OLD FOOL I'M BUSY, FOR THE NEXT YEAR.



AH, THIS MUST BE "THE DOCTOR", THE TRAVELLER WHO KEEPS LOSING HIS WAY.

LEAVE US, ALL OF YOU.




WE HAVE MET BEFORE.

YES... UP CLOSE, I SEE IT NOW...

YOU'RE THE MOBOXY WHO KILLED DESTAH.

YOU MEAN THE ALIEN WHO MURDERED MY LIFE-MATE, K'YRUSS? SO I DID, WITH GREAT PLEASURE.





I CAUGHT MOST OF YOUR **SPEECH, B'ROSTT. STIRRING STUFF...** I PARTICULARLY LIKED THE BIT WHERE YOU TORE THE **GOROLITH** APART WITH YOUR **BARE HANDS**.

IT'S FUNNY, I DON'T RECALL YOU EVEN BEING **PRESENT** WHEN IT DIED, BUT THEN MY MEMORY'S **ATROCIOUS...**

AMENDING CERTAIN EVENTS WAS **NECESSARY**. WHEN DETAILS OF THE **OPHIDIAN** INVASION PLAN WERE MADE **PUBLIC**, THERE WAS **WORLD-WIDE PANIC...**

THE **MOBOXY** HAVE FACED NO **SERIOUS THREAT** IN **CENTURIES**. WE HAVE GROWN **COMPLACENT** -- EVEN **CHILDLIKE** -- IN OUR **POWER...**

MY PEOPLE NEED A **HERO, DOCTOR** -- SOMEONE TO **GUIDE** THEM, GIVE THEM **ASSURANCE**.

AND YOU **VOLUNTEERED**. THAT WAS **DECENT** OF YOU.

YOU **MUST** KNOW THAT ANY **OPHIDIANS** WHO MAY HAVE SURVIVED WON'T GIVE YOU ANY **MORE TROUBLE**. WHY BOTHER REPAIRING **OPHIDIUS**?

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE **NEW ENEMIES SOMEWHERE**. WHY NOT TURN THEIR WEAPONS **AGAINST** THEM?

LOOK, I ONLY RETURNED BY **MISTAKE** -- IF YOUR SOLDIERS WILL MARCH ME BACK TO MY **SHIP** I'LL BE ON MY WAY.

VERY WELL, **DOCTOR**. LEAVE AND DO NOT RETURN...

WE HAVE HAD OUR **FILL OF ALIENS**.

DON'T WORRY, **B'ROSTT**. I COULDN'T BE **LESS INTERESTED** IN YOUR **POWER GAMES**.

I'M ON A **PERSONAL MISSION**.

...IT'S A SHAME YOU'RE BEING SO **UNCOOPERATIVE**. WE'RE VERY **BUSY** HERE -- I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANY MORE **TIME**.

STILL, I'D BEST INFORM **B'ROSTT** OF YOUR **PRESENCE...**

ALRIGHT, SHAYDE, TIME TO PAY THE **RENT** -- YOU MUST KNOW A WAY **OUT** OF THIS. LET'S HEAR IT.

I BELIEVE I HAVE DEvised A **METHOD OF ESCAPE**, FEY. HOWEVER...

WELL?

I DO NOT BELIEVE YOU WILL **LIKE** IT...

... OF COURSE, I'LL LEARN MORE AFTER THE **DISSECTION**, BUT I'M INVOLVED WITH THE **FINAL STAGES** OF THE **RESTORATION** NOW...

YOUR PRISONER IS CLEARLY IN LEAGUE WITH THE **DOCTOR**, **S'LOKK**. I SUSPECTED HE WOULD HAVE **ALLIES**.

ONE MOMENT...



MAJOR H'RAKK, THIS IS YOUR PRESIDOR SPEAKING. IS THE DOCTOR WITH YOU?

AYE, SIR...

GOOD. I WANT HIM TO HEAR THIS...

YOUR ACCOMPLICE HAS BEEN CAPTURED, DOCTOR. YOUR PLOT TO STEAL OPHIDIUS IS AT AN END, AS ARE YOU.

WHAT?

H'RAKK, DUMP HIS WORTHLESS BODY INTO THE JUNGLE AND LET THE MYKKADONS FEAST ON HIS CARCASS.

B'ROSTT OUT.

OH... BUT... AH, FROPP'S INNARDS..

SORRY ABOUT THIS, DOCTOR... Y'VEEAM LIKE A REGULAR SORT TIME, BUT... WELL...

ORDERS IS ORDERS.

H'RAKK, THIS IS ABSURD! YOU DON'T HAVE TO KILL ME!

I DON'T WANT -

HEY! HOLD STILL, Y'LITTLE --!

WH-?!

I HATE AUTO-PILOTS, DON'T YOU? NO STYLE, NO IMAGINATION...

FLYING'S AN ARTFORM FILLED WITH SO MANY SUBTLE NUANCES...

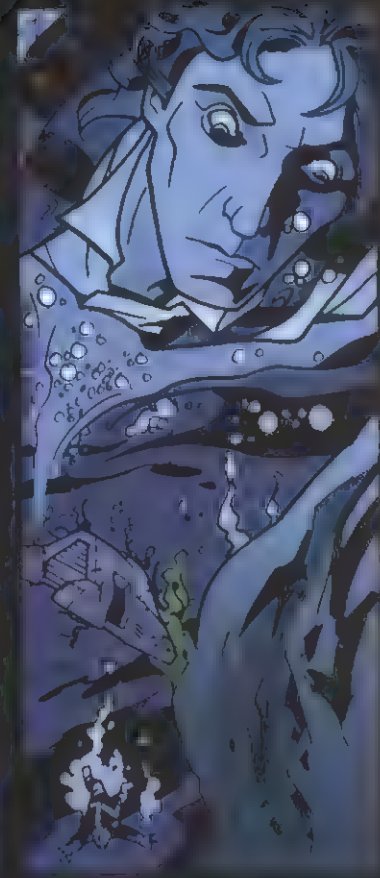
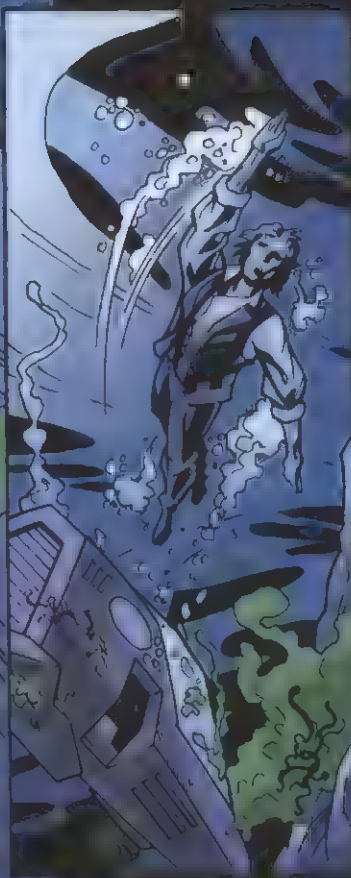
WWHOOAAA!

THIS ONE'S CALLED A BARREL-ROLL, BY THE WAY...

NOW, WHAT WE NEED IS A NICE SOFT LANDING-SPOT...

PERFECT!

THWAK!



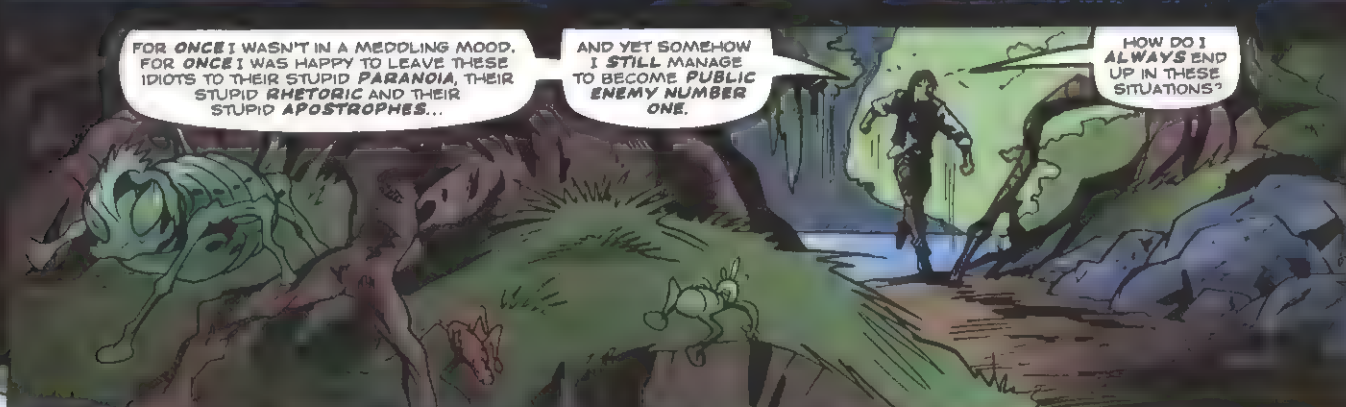
SORRY, H'RAKK.

YOU SEEMED LIKE A REGULAR SORT TO ME, TOO.



SO NOW WHAT, DOCTOR? TRUDGE BACK TO THE VILLAGE? FIND ANOTHER FLYER? DODGE ALL THE TRIGGER-HAPPY SOCIOPATHS YOU'RE BOUND TO MEET ALONG THE WAY?

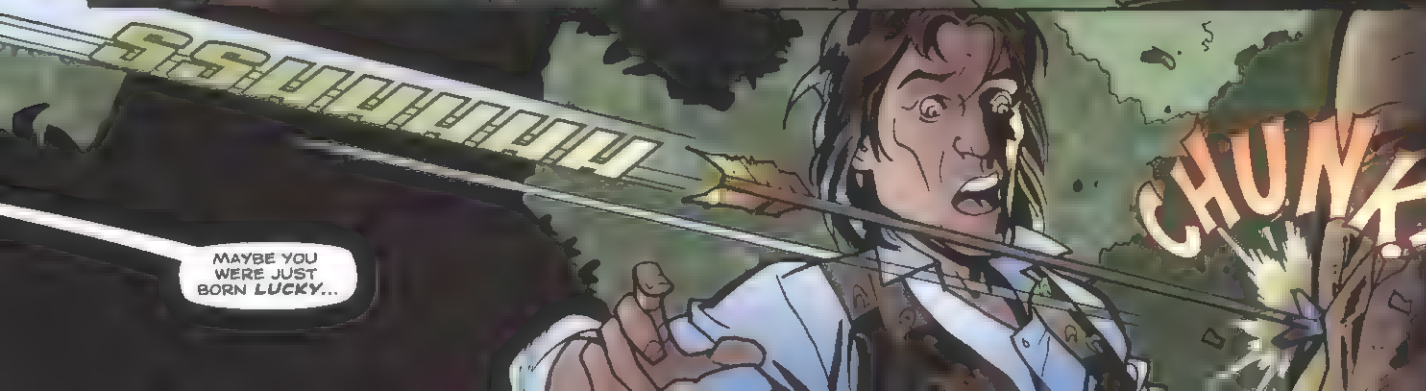
SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN...



FOR *ONCE* I WASN'T IN A MEDDLING MOOD. FOR *ONCE* I WAS HAPPY TO LEAVE THESE IDIOTS TO THEIR STUPID PARANOIA, THEIR STUPID RHETORIC AND THEIR STUPID APOSTROPHES...

AND YET SOMEHOW I STILL MANAGE TO BECOME PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE.

HOW DO I ALWAYS END UP IN THESE SITUATIONS?



MAYBE YOU WERE JUST BORN LUCKY...



ALL WET
AGAIN,
HANDSOME?
I CAN
LIVE WITH
THAT...

DESTR!!?!

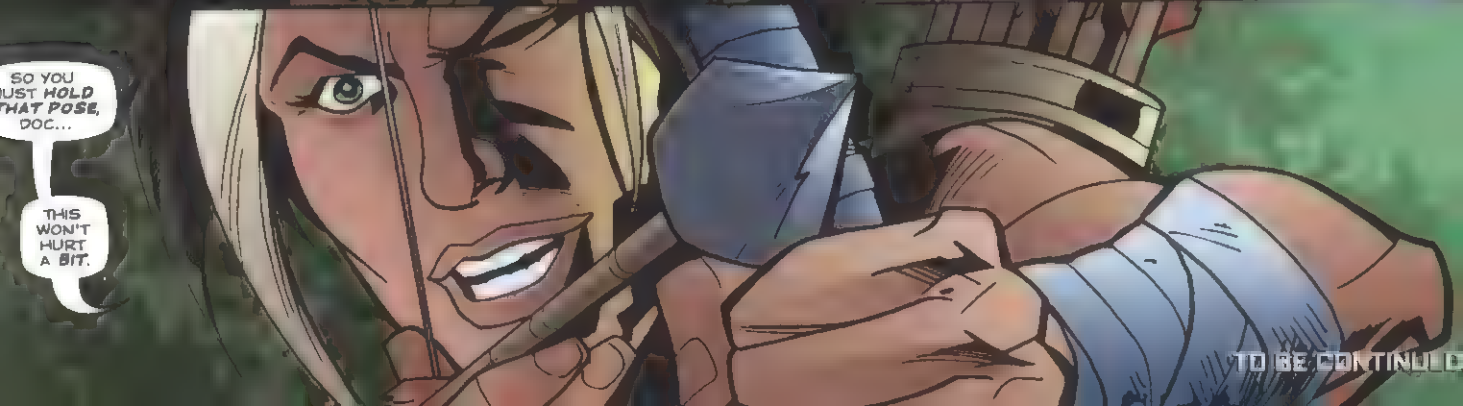
IT...

CAN'T
BE...

AW, SHUCKS, YOU
REMEMBERED!

WELCOME
TO PLANET
DEJA VU,
SWEETIE.
MISS ME?

PERSONALLY,
I HARDLY EVER
MISS, EVEN WITH
THIS CRAPPY
EYESIGHT...



SO YOU
JUST HOLD
THAT POSE,
DOC...

THIS
WOON'T
HURT
A BIT.

TO BE CONTINUED



KRKRKRRRR!

WH-?!



THWKK!



AND SO BIG FURRY BITES THE DUST, NOT THE DOCTOR. PRETTY COOL, HUH? BET YOU'RE GLAD I WATCHED A LOT OF WESTERNS WHEN I WAS A KID...

I SAW YOU KILLED, DESTROY... DISINTEGRATED BY B'ROSTT. HOW CAN YOU BE HERE NOW?



Y'KNOW, THESE CRITTERS AREN'T TOO BAD IF YOU ROAST THEM SLOWLY. SKINNING THEM'S THE ONLY YUCKY PART...

I ASKED YOU A QUESTION. HOW ARE YOU STILL ALIVE?

uroboros

part three



GEE, I THINK YOU'VE MISTAKEN YOURSELF FOR SOMEONE IN CHARGE, DOC. YOU SHOULD WATCH THAT.

C'MON, SWEETIE, LET'S TAKE A WALK...

DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE MY NEW PLACE?



THE OPHIDIANS HAVE COMPLETED RELINKING THE CENTRAL CORTEX, S'LOKK. ALL EXTERNAL SENSORY UNITS ARE NOW RESPONDING.

OH, GOOD, AND BEFORE LUNCHTIME AS WELL. B'ROSTT WILL BE HAPPY.

I THINK WE'RE NEARLY READY TO RESTORE THIS CRAFT TO ITS FORMER GLORY...



I WAS TOLD THE OPHIDIANS HAD ALL BEEN KILLED.

KILLED? WE'RE NOT BARBARIANS, LITTLE ONE. WE MOBOX ARE A HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED SPECIES.

LET ME DEMONSTRATE...

WE ARE NATURAL ISOTETRIC ENERGY GENERATORS. WE CONSUME MATTER BY SHOWERING IT WITH ABSORBENT STREAMS OF CONDUCTIVE PARTICLES.

BUT IF WE CHOOSE, WE CAN MERELY DECONSTRUCT SAID MATTER INTO ITS COMPONENT MOLECULES AND STORE IT INSIDE OUR BODIES...

WOARRR



...AND THEN RECONSTRUCT IT LATER.

IT'S SO MUCH SIMPLER TO DO THIS THAN LOCK THE OPHIDIANS UP EACH NIGHT...



NOW THEN... QUANNULT ISN'T IT? TELL OUR GUEST WHY YOU'RE HELPING US REBUILD OPHIDIUS.

I--I AM P-PROUD TO SERVE THE MOBOX EMPIRE... I D-DEEPLY REGRET MY PEOPLE'S COWARDLY ATTACK ON THIS GREAT WORLD...

GOOD MAN!



SOME OF THE OPHIDIANS WEREN'T SO AGREEABLE, OF COURSE, BUT THAT CHANGED ONCE I'D IMPLANTED SOME NEURAL SCRAMBLERS...

SEE?

AAUUGH!



YES, I DO SEE, S'LOKK. I'VE MET PLENTY OF MEN LIKE YOU.

YOU'RE TORTURING PRISONERS OF WAR. ISN'T THERE A GALACTIC EQUIVALENT OF THE GENEVA CONVENTION TO CONSIDER HERE? THESE MEN HAVE RIGHTS...

THERE WAS NO WAR. THE OPHIDIANS' OFFICIAL STATUS WAS THEREFORE CLASSIFIED AS "INVASIVE DETAINEES".

THEY HAVE THE "RIGHT" TO A CHOICE: OBEDIENCE OR DEATH.

...SO HOW DO YOU
LIKE THE NEW,
IMPROVED **BOD**, DOC?
NOT MUCH TO WORK
WITH, I KNOW, BUT AT
LEAST IT'S ALL
TONED UP NOW...

IT'S **STOLEN**
PROPERTY, **DESTR!!!**
AND I STILL WANT
SOME ANSWERS...

Y'KNOW, I
NEVER GET
BORED OF THAT
SKY. LOOK
AT ALL THAT
BEAUTIFUL
BLUE...

DESTR!!!

JEEZ, JUST
TRYING TO MAKE
CONVERSATION...

OKAY, THIS IS
HOW IT WENT: ONE
SECOND I WAS
GETTING BLASTED
INTO TEENSY-WEENSY
BITS ON THAT
SNAKE-SHIP...

"...AND THE NEXT I WAS
GETTING PUT BACK
TOGETHER IN THIS JUNGLE.

"THING IS, THOUGH,
ROCKY BALBOA
NEVER **REBUILT** ME
RIGHT ABOVE A
REALLY BIG WELL.

THE **MYKKADONS**
CAN BITE THROUGH
EVEN **MOBOX** SHELLS,
ALIEN. IT IS A **SLOW**
DEATH -- AN ANCIENT
FORM OF EXECUTION.

FOR THE
MURDER OF
MY LIFE-MATE,
IT SEEMED
FITTING.

I WILL NOT WATCH YOU
PERISH. YOU BELONG TO
THE PAST, AND I HAVE
ALREADY **FORGOTTEN** YOU.

THE FUTURE --
MY FUTURE --
IS ALL THAT
MATTERS NOW...

"IT WAS FULL OF THESE CUTE
LITTLE FISH-THINGIES...

"THEY SEEMED REALLY
EXCITED TO MEET ME.

AAKKK!!!

"WATER'S SOMETHING
THESE **MOBOX** GOONS
TRY TO AVOID, FOR
OBVIOUS REASONS...

"BUT I WAS BACK IN MY
ELEMENT, EVEN IF I DID
HAVE THE LUNGS OF A WIMPY
LITTLE MAMMAL NOW.

"I DOVE DOWN,
LOOKING FOR
ANOTHER EXIT...

"NO LUCK THERE, BUT THEN SOMETHING ELSE ENTERED THE WATER. MY LITTLE CHUMS DIDN'T SEEM TO LIKE IT..."

"SOMEONE HAD POURED A LIQUID INTO THE WELL. INSTANT MYKKADON MASSACRE."

"MY GUARDIAN ANGEL HAD ALSO LEFT ME A VINE TO CLIMB."

"SO THERE I WAS -- LOST AND ALONE IN A BIG, NASTY ALIEN JUNGLE."

"IN OTHER WORDS, BUSINESS AS USUAL."

I SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT... SHOULD HAVE REALISED...

IF I HAD ONLY BOTHERED TO RESEARCH THE MOBOX, I COULD HAVE SPARED IZZY MONTHS OF ANGUISH...

WHOA! WAIT A SECOND -- ARE YOU SAYING THE DWEEB'S STILL ALIVE?

YES, DESPITE YOUR BEST EFFORTS! IZZY'S GONE THROUGH SEVEN KINDS OF HELL BECAUSE OF YOU!

AND NOW, TO ADD INSULT TO INJURY, SHE'S BEEN CAPTURED BY THE CREATURES YOU WERE RUNNING FROM -- SHE'S PAYING FOR YOUR CRIMES, DESTRI!!

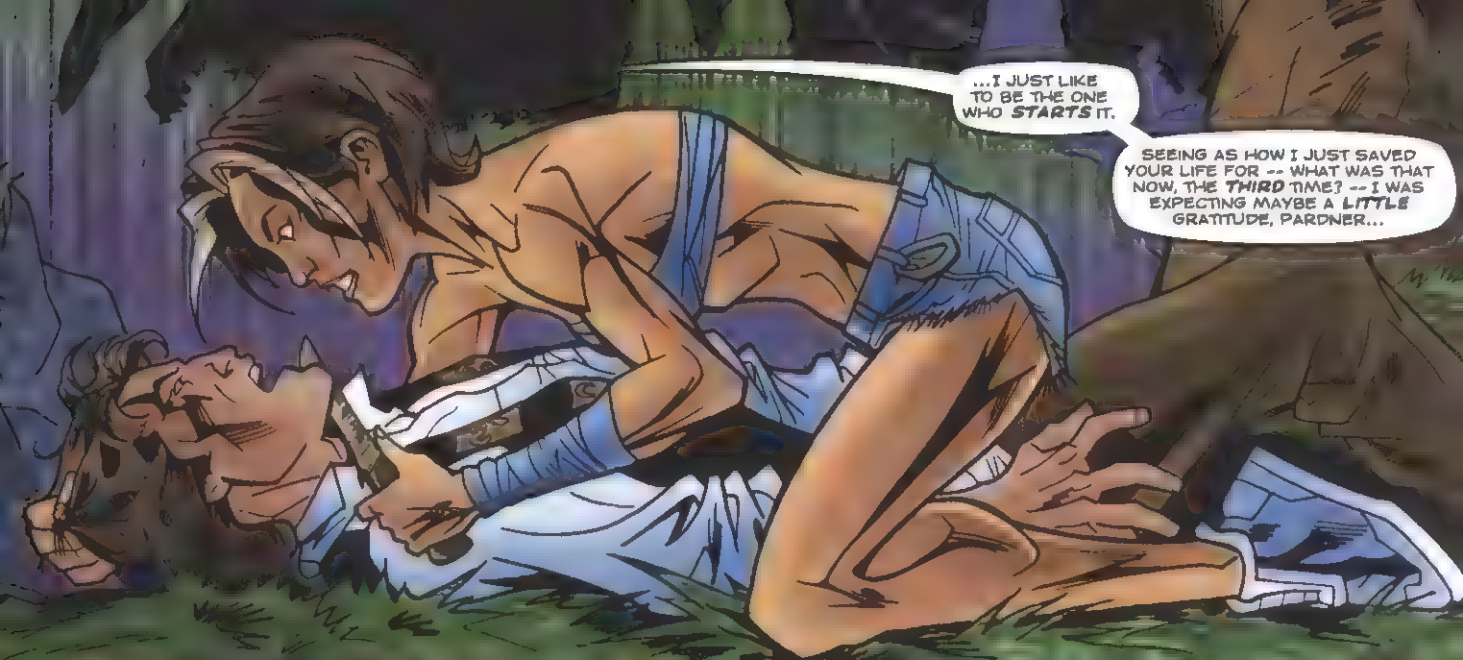
HEY!

I'VE BEEN SUCH A FOOL!

DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP, DOC. NOBODY'S PERFECT -- PRESENT COMPANY EXCLUDED, NATCH...

IT'S NOT THAT I MIND A LITTLE ROUGH-HOUSING, SWEETIE...

NNNGH!



...I JUST LIKE
TO BE THE ONE
WHO STARTS IT.

SEEING AS HOW I JUST SAVED
YOUR LIFE FOR -- WHAT WAS THAT
NOW, THE **THIRD** TIME? -- I WAS
EXPECTING MAYBE A **LITTLE**
GRATITUDE, PARDNER...



BUT I
FORGIVE
YOU...



**GET
OFF!**

**HAH-
HAH-
HAH!**

TOO WEIRD
FOR YOU, DOC?
YOU COULD
TRY CLOSING
YOUR EYES...



YOU ARE A
GENUINELY **TWISTED**
INDIVIDUAL, DESTRII, BUT
I HAVEN'T THE TIME
TO TRY **DECIPHERING**
YOU NOW...

I'M HEADING BACK
TO THE **MOBOX**
VILLAGE. ARE
YOU COMING?

HUH? YOU'RE
EVEN **CRAZIER**
THAN THOSE
BRANITE-HEADS!
THEY CAN
KILL YOU WITH
A **SNEEZE**.
REMEMBER?



FINE. STAY
HERE, AVOID THE
WILDLIFE AND
EAT **BERRIES** FOR
THE REST OF
YOUR LIFE...



...I'M GOING
BACK TO THE
TARDIS.



HEY, Y'KNOW
WHAT? MAYBE I **WILL**
TAG
ALONG. I MEAN, YOU'VE GOT
ZERO CHANCE OF MAKING
IT OUT OF THIS DUMP
WITHOUT MY HELP...

YOU'RE
TOO KIND.

I KNOW.
IT'S MY
ONLY FLAW...

THE FINAL CHECKS
HAVE BEEN VERIFIED.
S'LOKK. THIS CRAFT
NOW COMPLETELY
OPERATIONAL.

EXCELLENT. ACTIVATE
THE PRIMARY NAVIGATION
UNITS AND PREPARE TO
DETACH THE GROUND
MOORINGS...

IT'S TIME WE
GAVE OPHIDIUS A
TEST-FLIGHT.

SHAYDE, YOU SAID
EARLIER YOU HAD A WAY
OUT OF THIS. WHY HAVEN'T
I HEARD A PEEP FROM
YOU SINCE?

I HAVE
BEEN
CONSIDERING
OTHER STRATEGIES,
FEY. YOU WILL
NOT LIKE MY
INITIAL
PLAN...

SO YOU
SAID. TRY
ME.

YOUR MIND
COULD NOT SURVIVE
A PASSAGE THROUGH THIS
NEURAL-STATIC NET. MINE,
HOWEVER, COULD...

IF YOU
ALLOWED MY
CONSCIOUSNESS
TO ASSUME
CONTROL OF YOUR
BODY, WE COULD
ESCAPE THIS
ENERGY FIELD.

YOU
WANT TO...
POSSESS
ME?

YES.

YOU'RE RIGHT, I
DON'T LIKE IT. I'M IN THE
DRIVER'S SEAT. SHAYDE,
THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE...

THERE YOU GO,
KEMOSABE. BACK
TO BEDROCK, AND
IN RECORD TIME...

WE'RE GOING
TO STEAL ONE OF
THE FLYERS,
RIGHT?

LATER, THERE'S SOMEONE I WANT
TO TALK TO FIRST. HE WAS HEADING
FOR A SHELTER OVER THERE...

YOU WANT TO
MEET ONE OF THESE
PSYCHOST?

HE TRIED TO
WARN ME ABOUT
B'ROST...

E'SORR.
I NEED TO
SPEAK WITH
YOU.

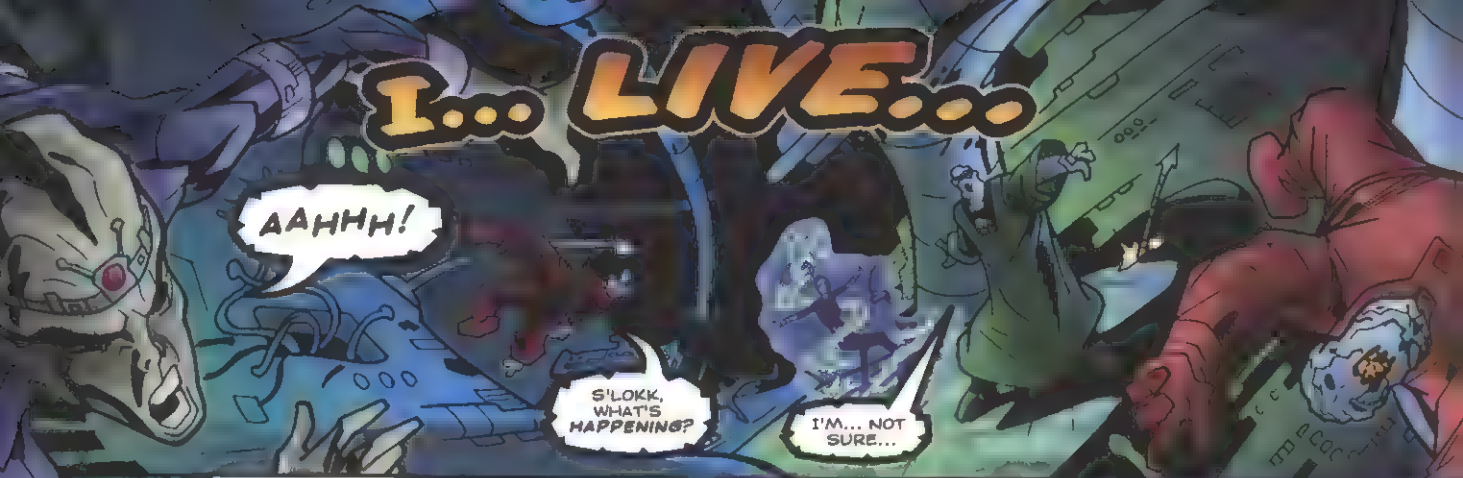
YOU TOLD ME THE FUTURE
AND THE PAST WERE
ENTWINING. I'M STARTING
TO SEE WHAT YOU MEAN...

IT IS AS I
FORESAW...

THE WORLD-
EATER HAS BEEN
WOKEN...

WE ARE
LOST.

I CAST THE SHELLS
OF MY ANCESTORS... BUT
THE SHAPE THEY FORM STILL
REMAINS THE SAME...



I... LIVE...

AAHHH!

S'LOKK,
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

I'M... NOT
SURE...



I THINK I MAY
HAVE MISCALCU -
AAEEGGH!

NNAAIIEE!

SUDDNK

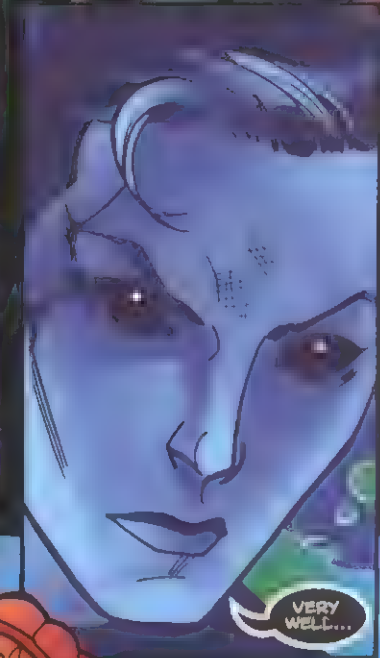
SUDDNK



ARE YOU
CERTAIN?

BLAST IT, I THINK WE'VE JUST
RUN OUT OF OPTIONS -- ALRIGHT,
DO IT -- TAKE OVER!

NO! DO IT
ANYWAY!



VERY
WELL...



I... AM... FURY...

I... AM... RETRIBUTION...

**I... AM...
OPHIDIUS!**

TO BE CONCLUDED...

YOU SOUGHT
TO OWN MY
MIND...

YOU WILL
PAY...

W'BIRRI SQUADRON,
ENGAGE ENEMY!
CONCENTRATE FIRE
ON ITS STARBOARD
SECTIONS!

IT'S USELESS!
THE ENTIRE FLEET
COULDN'T DENT THAT
THING'S ARMOUR!



NNNAA'EE!

THE VILLAGE...

HEAR ME! I HAVE
SEEN THE SIGNS -
DEATH APPROACHES!
SEEK SHELTER IN
THE CAVES!

THE WORLD-
EATER HAS
AWOKEN!



WHAT'S ALL
THE PANIC
ABOUT?

FEEL THE GROUND
TREMBLING? SOMETHING'S
UP... THAT MAD OLD BIRD'S
A SEER, YOU KNOW.
I RECKON -

HELLO,
BOYS!



I'M AN ILLEGAL ALIEN
AND I WANT TO STEAL
YOUR JOBS AND EAT
YOUR BABIES!

BOOGA-
BOOGA!

uroboros

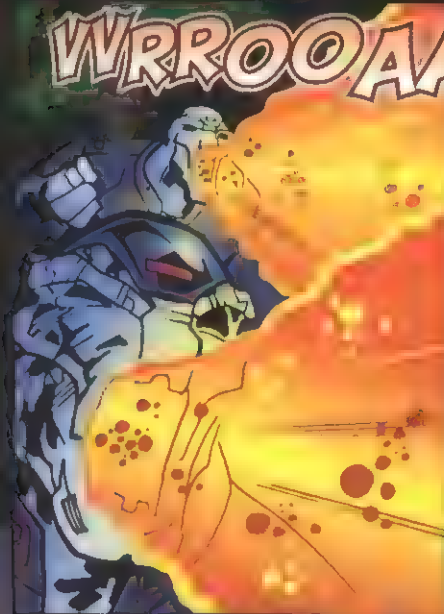
part four

STORY - SCOTT GRAY ART - JOHN ROSS
COLOUR - ADRIAN SALMON
— ROGER LANGRIDGE
EDITOR - CLAYTON HICKMAN



SURE THING, FATSO -- YOU'RE GOING TO CATCH ME. TRY A FEW DECADES IN A SAUNA FIRST...

BUT KEEP ON WADDLING, I COULD USE THE LAUGHS!



WRROOAAARR!

YOOWW!

FORGOT THE DEMON BREATH...



TIME TO GET OUTTA DODGE...

AND THERE'S MY RIDE!

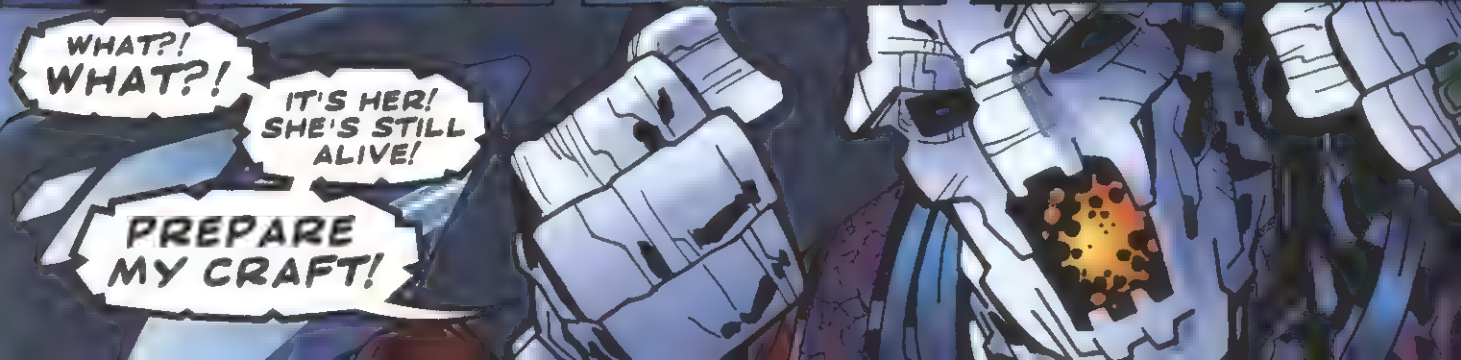
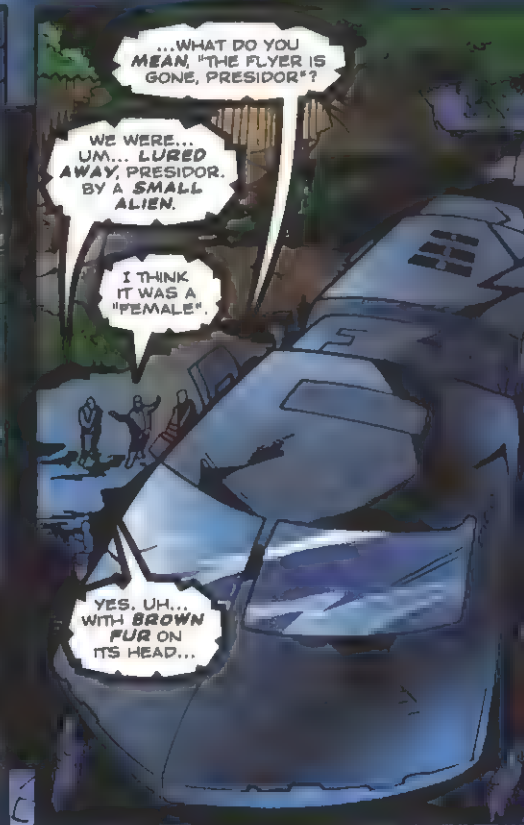


SHE SHOOTS...

...SHE SCORES!

I'M IN, DOC, PUNCH IT!







YOU CONNIVING
TOAD, HOW DARE
YOU MANIPULATE ME
LIKE THIS!

IT IS BEST
THAT I DEAL WITH
THIS SITUATION, FEY --
YOU MAY FIND
DIFFICULTY WITH
THE MORAL
ISSUE HERE...

IT IS CLEAR NOW
THAT OPHIDIUS
IS ALIVE AND
EVOLVING, BUT SHE
MUST BE ELIMINATED
BEFORE SHE
CAUSES MORE
DEATHS.

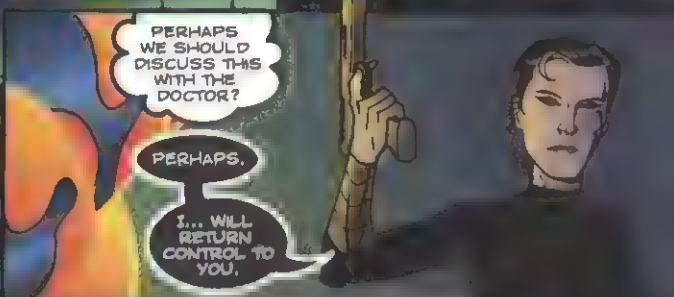
HOWEVER...

SHE IS STILL
A SENTIENT
BEING WHO HAD NO
CHOICE IN HER
CREATION -- OR HER
DESTRUCTIVE
PURPOSE...



RATHER
LIKE YOU,
SHAYDE?

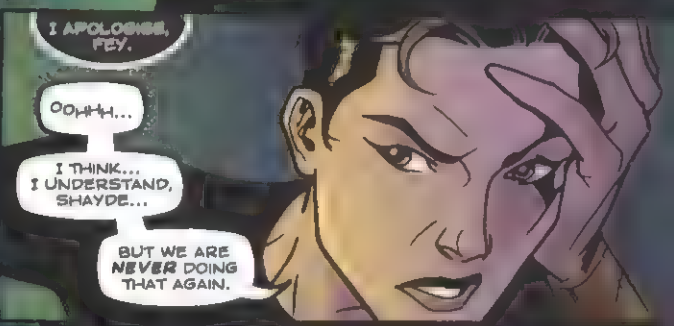
...
YES.



PERHAPS
WE SHOULD
DISCUSS THIS
WITH THE
DOCTOR?

PERHAPS.

I... WILL
RETURN
CONTROL TO
YOU.



I APOLOGISE,
FEY.

OH-HH...

I THINK...
I UNDERSTAND,
SHAYDE...

BUT WE ARE
NEVER DOING
THAT AGAIN.



WOW!
SOMEONE
CALL **TOHO**
STUDIOS!

QUIET,
DESTR...



THE MOBOX MUST HAVE ACCIDENTALLY
TRIGGERED OPHIDIUS' AUTONOMIC
RESPONSE SYSTEMS -- SHE'S
AWAKE AND ANGRY, WITH ENOUGH
FIREPOWER TO DESTROY THE
ENTIRE PLANET...

SO? I THOUGHT
YOU SAID YOU
DIDN'T CARE
ABOUT THESE
GEEKS...

I CHANGED
MY MIND.



WHERE...
IS... THE
SAVIOUR...?



"THE SAVIOUR"? BUT...

NO... NOT ME. NOT THIS TIME...

OF COURSE!



YOU ARE COMPLETELY INSANE!

ONLY JUST NOTICED, DESTRII? HOLD ON!



PRESIDOR, THE ENEMY FLYER HAS, UH, ENTERED OPHIDIUS...

FOLLOW IT!

SIR, I M-MUST RESPECTFULLY -

NOW!



LOOKS LIKE THE POWER INHIBITOR'S DOWN -- THAT'S A STROKE OF LUCK...

FEY, COME IN. HOME IN ON MY SIGNAL AND JUMP ABOARD...



AYE-AYE, CAPTAIN...

HEY! WH-WHAT THE HELL?!



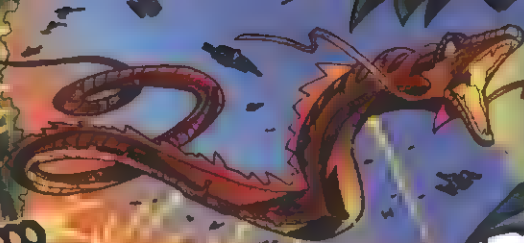
DOCTOR... IS THIS...?

YES. NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW. WE HAVE TO GET TO OPHIDIUS' INTEGRATED PROCESSING CORTEX...



WE'VE JUST COME FROM THERE. FOLLOW THE MAIN ARTERIAL CONDUIT ON THE RIGHT...

**YOUR WORLD...
WILL BURN...
BENEATH ME...**



PERHAPS...

"PERHAPS
NOT."

...SO YOU'RE
GOING TO CALM
OPHIIDIUS DOWN?
HOW, EXACTLY?

YOU,
DESTRIL.

YOU CAN STOP OPHIDIUS'
RAMPAGE. AS ABSURD AS IT
SOUNDS, YOU'RE THE ONLY
ONE SHE'LL TRUST.

HEY, JUST WATCH ME
NOT GIVE A DAMN, DOC.
SNAKEZILLA WANTS TO
WASTE THE MOBOX?
GREAT, I'LL BRING
THE POPCORN...

DESTRIL...

NOT ME... OPHIDIUS
WANTS THE "SAVIOUR".
IF I'M RIGHT, SHE MEANS
THE PERSON WHO KILLED
THE GOROLITH AND
RELEASED HER FROM
ITS CONTROL...

AND FORGET THE
THREATS. WE BOTH KNOW
YOU WON'T HURT LITTLE
MISS PERFECT'S BODY...

WHICH IS WHERE
I COME IN.

UHH...

THE DOCTOR
MAY CARE ABOUT
THIS "IZZY", BUT SHE
MEANS NOTHING TO
ME. DO AS HE SAYS,
GIRL. OR DIE.

HEY, IF YOU
DESTROY IZZY'S
BODY, YOU
WILL -

IT'S CALLED A
BLUFF, SHAYDE.
DON'T THEY
PLAY POKER ON
GALLIFREY?

NO.

DOUBLE
SURPRISE.

OKAY, OKAY!
LET'S ALL
PRETEND IT
MATTERS...

OPHIIDIUS?
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

SAVIOUR...

YEAH, THAT'S
ME. THAT GOROLITH
THING WAS GOING
TO FRY YOU,
BUT I DUSTED HIM.
YOU OWE ME A
BIG ONE...

**THEY MADE
ME... A
SLAVE...**

AND YOU'RE SICK
OF BEING PUSHED
AROUND, RIGHT? I CAN
RELATE. I DON'T BLAME
YOU FOR WANTING TO
CARVE THE MOBOX UP
SOME OF THEM
DESERVE IT...



...BUT MAYBE NOT ALL OF THEM. YOU'VE PROVEN YOU'RE THE BIGGEST AND THE BADDEST. GOING CRAZY NOW JUST MAKES YOU LOOK STUPID...

KNOW WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANYTHING, OPHIDIUS? EVEN REVENGE?

TELL ME... SAVIOUR...

KEEPING YOUR COOL.

SO HOW ABOUT NOT KILLING ANYONE ELSE, HUH?



THERE THEY ARE! FIRE! FIRE!

EXCEPT FOR THEM!



AARGGH!

SHHUNK!

SHHUNK!

GGAHHH!



PHEW!



THE SERPENT'S HUNGER IS QUELLED. THE GREAT DECEIVER IS DEAD.

MOMENTS PAST AND YET TO BE ARE RELEASED FROM THEIR BONDAGE.

THE CIRCLE IS BROKEN.



GOOD NEWS ALL AROUND, EH, C'SORR...?

YOU SAVED DESTRII FROM THAT WELL -- YOU WARNED ME ABOUT B'ROSTT -- YOU FORESAW THIS WHOLE AFFAIR AND ARRANGED US LIKE PIECES ON A PLAYING BOARD...

I AM NO LESS A PAWN, DOCTOR. THE FATES HAVE DIRECTED US ALL.



FIND WHAT ABOUT OPHIDIUS?

"THE WORLD-EATER'S DESTINY LIES ELSEWHERE. I HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF IT..."



WELL, GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE. C'SORR, TRY TO BE A BIT LESS OBLIQUE NEXT TIME YOU WANT YOUR PLANET SAVED...

NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M OFF TO GET MY FRIEND BACK.

YOU WILL FAIL.

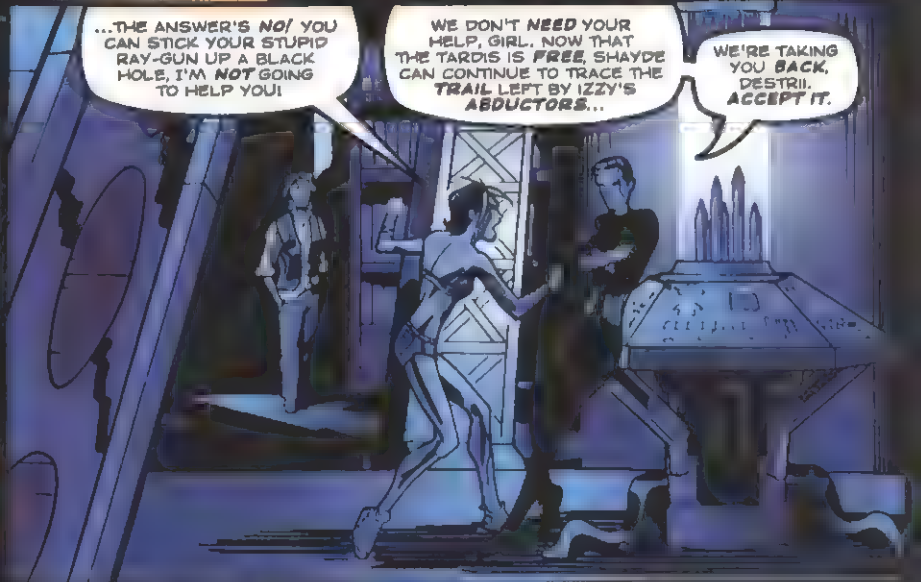
WHAT?

THE ONE YOU SEEK IS LOST TO YOU NOW. SHE WILL REMAIN SO.

WE'LL SEE.



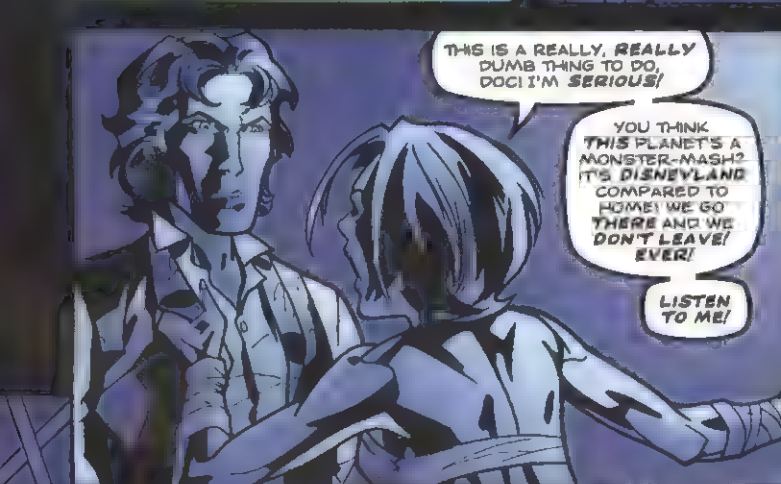
SEVERE LIES! BLATANTLY FALSE... STUCK-UP BUNCH... NEVER WILLING TO ADMIT WHEN THEY'RE WRONG...



...THE ANSWER'S NO! YOU CAN STICK YOUR STUPID RAY-GUN UP A BLACK HOLE, I'M NOT GOING TO HELP YOU!

WE DON'T NEED YOUR HELP, GIRL. NOW THAT THE TARDIS IS FREE, SHAYDE CAN CONTINUE TO TRACE THE TRAIL LEFT BY IZZY'S ABDUCTORS...

WE'RE TAKING YOU BACK, DESTRII. ACCEPT IT.



THIS IS A REALLY, REALLY DUMB THING TO DO, DOC! I'M SERIOUS!

YOU THINK THIS PLANET'S A MONSTER-MASH? IT'S DISNEYLAND COMPARED TO HOME! WE GO THERE AND WE DON'T LEAVE EVER!

LISTEN TO ME!



YOU LISTEN.

WE'RE GOING TO SAVE IZZY. YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE HER BODY BACK. AND IF ANYONE OR ANYTHING GETS IN MY WAY, THAT'LL BE THEIR MISTAKE.

YOU SEE, DESTRII, I'M NOT SCARED OF MONSTERS...



...THEY'RE SCARED OF ME.

Next:
OBLIVION

HELLO.

I KNOW YOU, LES AND SANDRA SINCLAIR... YOU'RE MY PARENTS, SORT OF...

I'M ONLY EIGHT, BUT I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. I'M REALLY CLEVER. I CAN READ GROWN-UP BOOKS.

YOU'RE TELLING ME I'M SPECIAL.

VERY, VERY SPECIAL.

I'M SPECIAL BECAUSE YOU CHOSE ME, BUT NOTHING'S REAL AFTER YOU TELL ME THAT.

NOTHING AT ALL.

IT'S ALL JUST ONE BIG, MAD DREAM.

OBLIVION

PART ONE

STORY - SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART - MARTIN GERASHTY
INKING - DAVID A. ROACH COLOURING - ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING - ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR - CLAYTON HICKMAN

THIS DREAM'S FUNNY. I LOOK LIKE A FISH IN IT. LITTLE OLD LADIES ARE PUTTING BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES ON ME.

"DESTRIANATOS."

THEY TAKE ME UP OUT OF MY BEDROOM (SO WET!) AND DOWN A LONG, COLD HALLWAY CARVED OUT OF STONE.

AND WE WALK FOR A WHILE, UNTIL WE COME TO A VERY BIG DOOR...

THEY SEEM EXCITED. THEY CALL ME A SILLY NAME...

MY NAME'S REALLY ISABELLE, THOUGH. I'M PRETTY SURE OF THAT.

AND THE DOOR CREEEEAKS OPEN...

AND I WAKE UP...

BUT THE DREAM DOESN'T STOP.

ALL PRAISE TO THE PRIMATRIX INCARNATE!

YOUR RADIANCE, IT IS SO WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU WELL AGAIN...

THE VERY PORTRAIT OF YOUTHFUL VITALITY...

WHAT INDOMITABLE SPIRIT...

UH... THANKS...

THIS IS OFF-THE-SCALE WEIRD. THEY THINK I'M DESTRI... THAT MUCH MAKES SENSE. BUT THEY'RE ACTING LIKE SHE'S...

ROYALTY?

HOW DID I GET HERE, ANYWAY?
THE LAST THING I CAN REMEMBER
IS THE DALEK CITY...

AM... PRIMATRIX? I
HAVE NO WISH TO HURRY
YOU, BUT... THE Matriax
awaits your divine
presence.

OH, UH...
RIGHT.

UH-OH.

DESTRII'S
MUM,
GOT TO
BE.

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO SAY TO HER? "HI,
GUESS WHAT? I'M NOT REALLY YOUR
DAUGHTER... WE SWAPPED BODIES AND SHE
GOT BLOWN TO BITS BY AN ANGRY ROCK-MAN"?

SHE'S BOUND TO BE
DEVASTATED NO MATTER
HOW I EXPLAIN IT.

UM...

GOOD EVENING, YOUR
MAJESTY. I'M NOT SURE
HOW TO SAY THIS... BUT...



EIGHTEEN
YEARS OF
COURTIERS,
ADVISORS AND
TUTORS...

EIGHTEEN
YEARS OF
TRAINING IN
EVERY DETAIL
OF COURTLY
ETIQUETTE...

AND YOU
STILL HAVE
NO IDEA HOW
TO ADDRESS
YOUR Matriax.

YOU ARE AN
UNGRATEFUL,
UNDISCIPLINED
CHILD,
DESTRIIANATOS.

OH GOD.
SHE'S
INSANE.

WHAT DO I DO?
TELL HER THE
TRUTH? SHE
MIGHT KILL ME
ON THE SPOT!

OH
NO...

WHAT A
NERVE...

LET THE BELLS
RING OUT! LET
THE TRUMPETS
SOUND! LET THE
CHILDREN SCREAM
WITH JOY!

WOULDN'T
DARE...

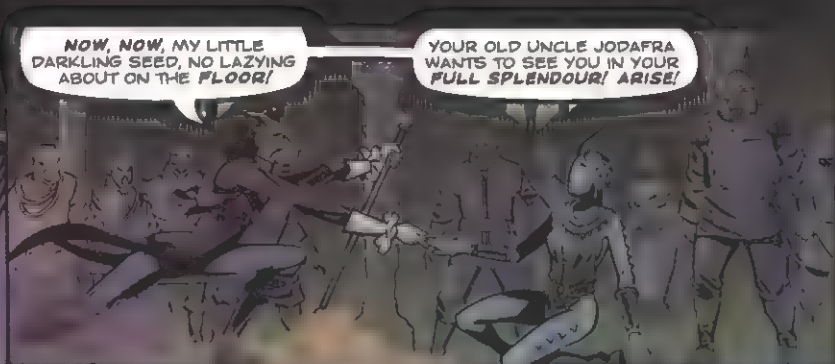
NOT
HIM...

THWAFF-THWAFF-
THWAFF!



OUR BELOVED
DESTRIANATOS
WALKS AMONGST
US ONCE MORE!

**CALLOOH!
CALLAY!**



NOW, NOW, MY LITTLE
DARKLING SEED, NO LAZING
ABOUT ON THE FLOOR!

YOUR OLD UNCLE JODAFRA
WANTS TO SEE YOU IN YOUR
FULL SPLENDOR! ARISE!



I DO HOPE YOU
ENJOYED YOUR
BRIEF TASTE OF
FREEDOM, MY
SWEET. I'M DYING
TO HEAR ALL
ABOUT YOUR
ADVENTURES...

Y-YES...
THANK
YOU...



JODAFRA.

AH, **SCALAMANTHIA**! YOU
GROW MORE RAVISHING WITH
EACH PASSING YEAR! IS THAT
A HINT OF BLOOD-BLOSSOM
I SCENT?

MY INVITATION WAS
TRAGICALLY LOST IN
THE POST, BUT I KNEW
YOU'D BE **CRUSHED**
IF I DIDN'T POP IN
TO CELEBRATE
DESTRIANATOS'
HOMECOMING...

OH, A
THOUSAND
PARDONS... I
MEANT
"RECOVERY".



YOU DARE TO ADDRESS THE
MATHIAH BY NAME, FOOL?
APOLOGISE FOR YOUR
INSOLENCE IMMEDIATELY!

HMM?



I'LL SHOW YOU
MY BLADE, YOU
PRANCING LOU!

SWWWSSH

**HAH-HAH-
HAH!**

I SEE MY STATUS
AS COURT JESTER
IS UNDER THREAT...

DID THEY DO THAT...
TO THE DOCTOR?

BRAVO!

WHAT A
DISPLAY!

SHEER
SPECTACLE!

KLAP-KLAP-KLAP-KLAP

HARDLY *NECESSARY*, WAS
IT, SCALA? THE BUFFOON
NEEDED HIS *BRITCHES*
TWISTED, NOT HIS
ATOMS SCATTERED.

THAT WAS A
DEMONSTRATION,
JODAFRA, FOR
YOU.

I KNOW YOU
ENGINEERED MY
DAUGHTER'S...
ABSENCE.

I TOLERATE YOUR INDULGENCES --
TO A *DEGREE*. YOUR TALENTS
HAVE PROVEN *USEFUL*, BUT IF
YOU THINK YOURSELF
INDISPENSABLE,
THINK TWICE.

YOU KNOW AS WELL AS
I THAT THIS WORLD HANGS
BY A *THREAD*, JODAFRA.
TRY TO CUT IT AGAIN...

AND ALL YOUR
SKILLS WILL NOT
SAVE YOU.

SHE'S SEEN ME
TRYING TO BACK
OUT -- HERE
SHE COMES...

OH LORD, THAT *STARE* COULD
DRILL THROUGH *CONCRETE*.

NO MORE *GAMES*, YOU
WORTH-LESS LITTLE
WRETCH. YOU'RE BACK
FOR *GOOD*. TOMORROW'S
RITUAL *WILL* TAKE PLACE
AND YOU *WILL* ABIDE
BY IT, FOR THAT IS
YOUR *SOLEMN*
DUTY.

DO YOU
UNDERSTAND ME,
DESTRIANATOS?

Y-YES...

...YOUR *WEDDING*
COMMENCES AT
DAWN.

BECAUSE IF YOU
DON'T, YOUR
PRECIOUS *UNCLE*,
YOUR SENILE
HANDMAIDENS AND
ANYONE YOU'VE
EVER *SMILED* AT
WILL SHORTLY BE
SHRIEKING FOR
DEATH'S *SWEET*
CARESS.

NOW GO TO
YOUR ROOM...

WELL, NOW,
WHAT'S
THIS...?



...A "WANTED:
DEAD OR ALIVE"
POSTER,
PERCHANCE?

CARE TO
COMMENT,
DESTRII?

I'M A
POPULAR
GIRL, DOC.
WORK OUT
THE REST
YOURSELF.

DON'T
WORRY, I
INTEND TO.

STILL UPSET ABOUT
BEING TAKEN HOME,
YOUNG LADY? I'M SURE
WHICHEVER PRISON
YOU TUNNELED OUT OF
WILL BE THRILLED TO
HAVE YOU BACK...

THAT SMILE'S
GOING TO BE SLIDING
CLEAN OFF YOUR
FACE SOON, MRS PEELE.
THAT'S A GUARANTEE.



HMMMPH.

THIS CITY'S
HUGE, BUT I STILL
FEEL NEMMED
IN. CURIOUS...

I TAKE IT WE HAVE A PLAN OF
ACTION WHEN WE ACTUALLY FIND
IZZY? WE'LL STILL HAVE TO RETURN
HER MIND TO HER BODY...

BEFORE WE LEFT
OPHIUS, I DID
SOME DOWNLOADING.
I HAVE ENOUGH DATA
TO RECREATE ONE OF THE
OPHIANS' RECIPROCATOR
MACHINES. A LITTLE
PSYCHIC SURGERY
AND IZZY WILL
BE FINE.

THAT PART
DOESN'T
WORRY ME...

THEN WHAT
DOES?

AND THE AIR
SEEMS DEAD
SOMEHOW...

ACCORDING TO THE TARDIS
STAR-CHARTS, WE SHOULD
BE WALKING THROUGH DEEP
SPACE RIGHT NOW. THERE'S NO
RECORD OF A PLANET AT THESE
CO-ORDINATES -- NOT IN
ANY TIME PERIOD.

SO WHERE
ARE WE?



YOU
REALLY
WANT TO
KNOW?

YOU'RE ON THE
WRONG SIDE OF
NOWHERE, KIDS.
THE END OF THE
PUNCHLINE.

YOU'RE IN
OBLIVION.

DON'T SAY
I DIDN'T
WARN YOU...

TO BE CONTINUED...

ANY SIGN, SHAYDE?

THE ENERGY TRAIL LEFT BY IZZY'S KIDNAPPERS HAS GROWN DISTORTED, BUT WE ARE CLOSE. THE ONLY CONCENTRATION OF ACTIVITY IS HERE...

A FAR WEALTHIER PART OF TOWN... QUITE PALATIAL, IN FACT...

OBLIVION

PART TWO

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: DAVID ROACH COLOURING: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANBRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN

I WOULD SUGGEST --

A SWIFT RECCE. YES, I AGREE.

LET'S SLIDE IN UNDER THE DOOR...

Y'KNOW, SITTING AROUND HERE ISN'T SMART -- NOT EVERYONE IN THIS PROVINCE STAYS INSIDE AT NIGHT...

FEY'S SCOUTING AHEAD. WE'LL WAIT FOR HER TO RETURN.

IZZY TOLD ME YOU HAD A GIRLFRIEND ON EARTH. PLEASE TELL ME IT ISN'T LADY LEOTARD-SMYTHE...

IZZY TOLD YOU A LOT OF THINGS, IT SEEMS. THAT MUST HAVE HELPED WHEN YOU TRIED TO KILL HER. BETRAYING A TRUST IS A VERY SPECIAL KIND OF CRIME, DESTRI...

BELIEVE ME, I KNOW.

UH-HUH. WELL, I'D LOVE TO STAY AND SOAK IN THE GUILT, DOC, BUT THERE'S SOMEONE I NEED TO FIND TONIGHT...



...AND THEN THE
MATRIX JUST
POINTED AT LORD
KALUTHIS, AND
THEY BOILED 'IM
INTO PORRIDGE!

TCH. STILL, I
DARE SAY IT'LL
MEAN US LOT'LL
GET SOME PEACE
FOR A WHILE...

NOBODY IN THE
COURT CAUSES
MUCH FUSS AFTER
HELIOTH AND
HASSANA HAVE
DONE THEIR
BUSINESS...

BUT WHAT ABOUT
THE PRIMATRIX?

WELL, THAT'S THE
FUNNY THING --
NORMALLY SHE
JUST IGNORES
THAT PAIR WHEN
THEY APPEAR,
BUT TONIGHT
SHE SEEMED
QUITE UPSET...

SHE JUST
WASN'T
ERSELF AT
ALL...

HE'S
CORNERED!

SLICE
'IM UP!

HONESTLY,
YOU'RE MAKING A
BIG MISTAKE!

I CONCUR...

WH --?

THIS IS ALL A
MISUNDERSTANDING
YOU KNOW...

OOOFF!

THWAFF-
THWAFF!

AAAGHHH!

...ALTHOUGH
I'D CALL IT
A GRAVE
ERROR.

ZZRAAKK!

UUNGHH!



WELL, GENTLEMEN? WHO'S NEXT?

HE'S ON HIS OWN! WE CAN -

THAT'S JODAFRA, Y'FOOL. HE'S FIRST CIRCLE FAMILY. IF WE TRY AN' KILL HIM, THEY'LL TORCH THE WHOLE PROVINCE.

I CAN THINK OF A BETTER REASON... IF WE TRY AN' KILL HIM, HE'LL KILL US.



THE RABBLE ARE DEFINITELY GROWING WISER. IT'S ALMOST ALARMING, REALLY...

THANK YOU VERY MUCH. I'M THE DOCTOR.

ARE THESE MEN DEAD?



DO YOU KNOW, I'M NOT SURE! IF IT'S IMPORTANT, I CAN GIVE THEM ANOTHER ZAP...

NO! NO! THANK YOU...



WHAT A MAGNIFICENT COAT! I TAKE IT, SIR, THAT YOU ARE A BOLD EXPLORER OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION?

WHAT AN UTTERLY EXEMPLARY FELLOW YOU MUST BE! COUNT JODAFRA AT YOUR SERVICE!

WELL, THAT WAS THE PLAN AT THE BEGINNING, YES...



YOU SEEM TO HAVE COME PREPARED. WAS I EXPECTED?

OH, I DETECTED YOUR ARRIVAL WITH CERTAIN DEVICES OF MY OWN INVENTION. I SPIED YOUR PREDICAMENT FROM AFAR AND RACED TO THE SCENE!

MY MEN WILL SWIFTLY LOCATE YOUR LITTLE FRIEND, NEVER FEAR...



I WAS THRILLED WHEN I REALISED OUR FAIR CITY HAD GUESTS. IT'S BEEN AN ABSOLUTE AGE...

COME, LET ME SHOW YOU THE SIGHTS! MY CHARIOT AWAITS!

YOU'RE VERY KIND, COUNT, BUT I'D PREFER TO STAY AND FIND MY "LITTLE FRIEND"...

OH, NO-NO-NO, THESE DARK STREETS HOLD FAR TOO MANY PERILS FOR THE UNWARY TRAVELLER, DOCTOR.

I REALLY MUST INSIST...

ZZZKKT

GOT TO HOTWIRE
SOME TRANSPORT --
I DON'T FANCY
TREKKING THROUGH THIS
NEIGHBOURHOOD
ON FOOT...

HMM. SOUNDS
LIKE SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING
UP AHEAD...

MY-MY-MY,
LOOK AT ALL THE
LITTLE PEOPLE... WHY
ARE THEY RISKING THEIR
SPLEENS BY STAYING
OUTSIDE...?

HEY, LOOK WHAT'S
ON. THEY MUST BE
SHOWING RE-RUNS.
NO, WAIT... THAT'S
NOT ME, IS IT? IT'S
THE DWEBB.

FUNNY. I NEVER
GOT TO DO MUCH
MEETING AND
GREETING WITH THE
PEASANTS...

WHY
NOT
NOW?

SHE'S WELL
AGAIN! PRAISE
THE PALACE!

A FULL
RECOVERY,
THEY SAID!

"RECOVERY"? OH,
I GET IT - THAT MUST
HAVE BEEN THE COVER
STORY AFTER I
SKEDADDLED...

LOOK! SHE'S WEARING
HER INVESTITURE
HEADDRESS!

I'VE BEEN PRAYING
FOR THE PRIMATRIX
EVER SINCE HER
ILLNESS CAME! I'VE
KEPT HER IDOL WITH
ME EVERY DAY!

WOW, I
BET THAT
HELPED.
THAT'S
REALLY...

PATHETIC

TERRIFIC.

ISN'T SHE
BEAUTIFUL?

YEAH, SHE'S
THE GROOVIER
CHICK IN TOWN.
BUT WHY ARE
YOU GAWPING AT
HER NOW?

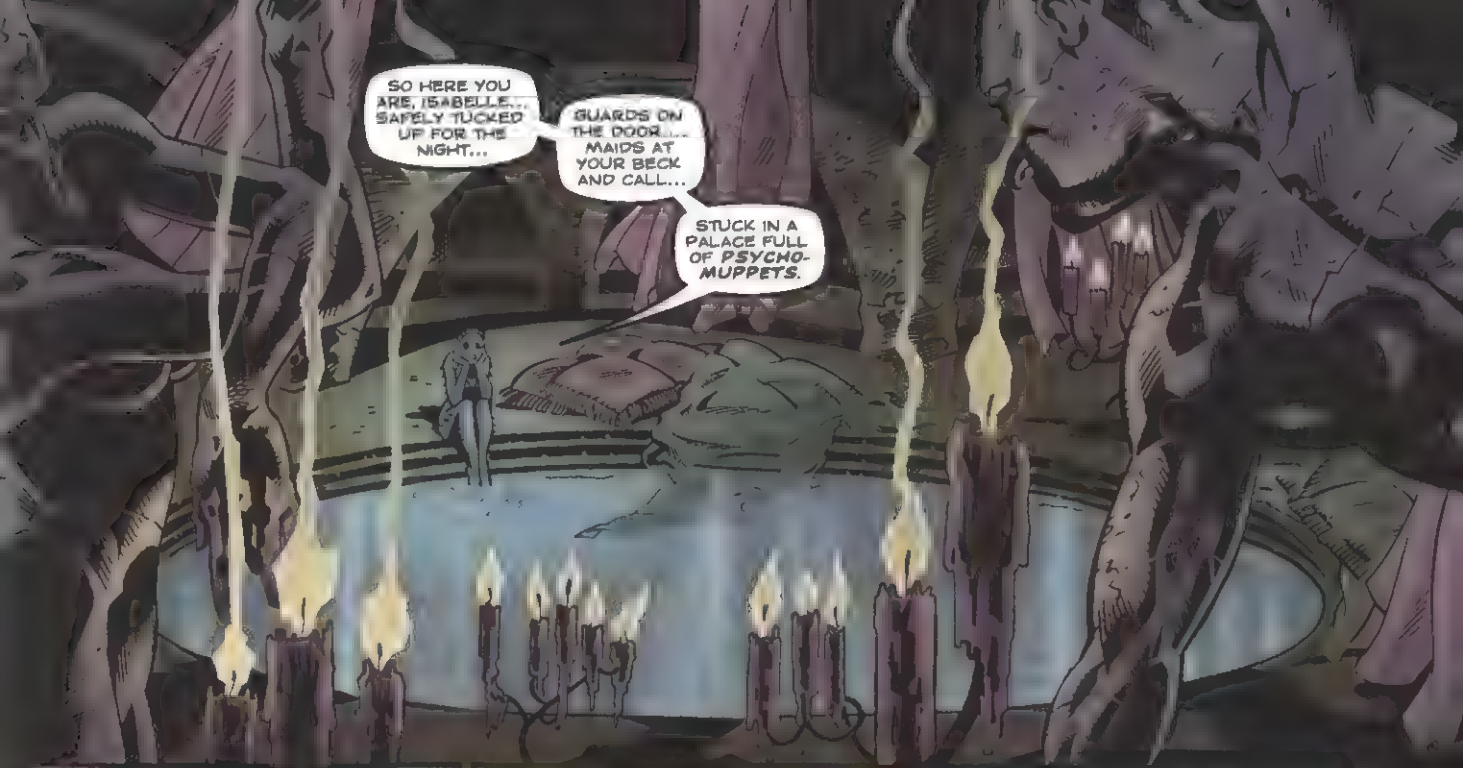
ARE Y'MAD,
GIRL? DON'T
Y'KNOW?

THE
ROYAL
WEDDIN'
STARTS
IN AN
HOUR!

CRAP-CRAP-
CRAP!

I'VE BEEN GONE
A WHOOOLE LOT
LONGER THAN I
THOUGHT. FINDING
UNCLE CAN WAIT.
TOP PRIORITY
HAS TO BE...

"SAVE
OWN
SKIN"...



SO HERE YOU ARE, ISABELLE... SAFELY TUCKED UP FOR THE NIGHT...

GUARDS ON THE DOOR... MAIDS AT YOUR BECK AND CALL...

STUCK IN A PALACE FULL OF PSYCHO-MUPPETS.



AND YET ANOTHER CULTURAL REFERENCE SOARS GRACEFULLY OVER MY HEAD...

HUH...?



FEY!!!

OHMYGODTHISISAMAZING!!!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S REALLY YOU!



IT'S WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU TOO, IZZY. IT'S BEEN FAR TOO LONG...

IS... IS THE DOCTOR ALRIGHT? THERE WERE THESE TWO CREATURES...

HE'S FINE. HE'S WAITING OUTSIDE WITH THE ENGINE RUNNING...



THANK HEAVEN, I WAS SO WORRIED. I...

OH.



WHAT'S WRONG?

NOTHING... THIS IS FANTASTIC...

I... I JUST DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, THAT'S ALL.

LIKE THIS, I MEAN.

I'M... PRETTY GRUESOME, I KNOW...



FEY, YOU MUST
FOCUS PAST THE
PAIN. WE HAVE ONLY
SECONDS UNTIL TOTAL
DISINTEGRATION...



OBLIVION

PART THREE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURING: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANSBIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN

C-C-CAN'T...

YOUR WEAPON
IS NOT A PHYSICAL
OBJECT. IT IS AN
EXTENSION OF
YOUR WILL.

...AND IT
WILL BE
THERE.

CONCENTRATE
ON IT. FEEL ITS
WEIGHT IN
YOUR HAND...



TH-THANK
YOU, SHAYDE...

YOU NEVER
CEASE TO
IMPRESS.



THUB
THUB
THUB

YOU ARE
CLEVER
BUT
YOU
CANNOT
HURT
US

THUB
THUB

THUB



STOP PLAYING
WITH IT, YOU
SIMPLETONS!

THUD
THUD

FEY, YOU'VE GOT
TO GO! PLEASE!
I'LL BE ALRIGHT,
BUT YOU'LL DIE
IF YOU STAY!

BLAST
IT...

I'LL BE
BACK,
IZZY...

YOU
HAVE MY
WORD...

WE
ARE
VERY

SORRY
GREAT

MATRIX
THE

SHADOW
CHILD

IS VERY
STRONG

WHAT WAS THAT THING,
DESTRIANATOS? A LITTLE
FRIEND YOU PICKED UP ON
YOUR TRAVELS? HOW
DID IT GET HERE?

N-NONE
OF YOUR
BUSINESS...

NNGGH!

YOU
INSOLENT --!

NO
EXCUSES!
TRACK IT
DOWN AND
FINISH IT!

NO... THE
WEDDING COMES
FIRST. YOU CAN PAY
FOR THAT REMARK
LATER.

GET READY...

WELL, DOCTOR?
WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF OUR
FAIR CITY?

I THINK IT HAS MORE
THAN ENOUGH HUNGRY
PEOPLE IN IT...

I KNOW, SHOCKING, ISN'T IT? THE
POOR CAN ALWAYS BE RELIED
UPON TO BREED AND STARVE.
THE OBVIOUS SOLUTION IS
CANNIBALISM, BUT THEY SEEM
QUITE RESISTANT TO THE
NOTION...

I KNOW IT ISN'T
MUCH TO LOOK
AT NOW, BUT
OBLIVION WAS ONCE
A GRAND AND NOBLE
PLACE -- A REALM OF
DARING AND
DELIGHT.

ALAS, THE
OLD VALUES
SEEM TO HAVE
PERISHED...

ARE YOU A NATIVE OF OBLIVION, JODAFRA?

OH, MY DEAR FELLOW, OF COURSE!

I WAS JUST WONDERING WHY YOU SEEM SO DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER INHABITANTS...

AH! WELL, ALL THOSE OF ROYAL BLOOD ARE CLEARLY SET APART FROM THE MASSES...

WE WERE VISITED BY A RATHER NASTY LITTLE PLAGUE SOME TIME AGO, YOU SEE. IT HAD CERTAIN... SIDE EFFECTS...

I AM OF THE FIRST CIRCLE, THE MOST IMPERIOUS HOUSE OF ENDOSKIIA! MY LINEAGE CAN BE TRACED FOR THREE MILLENNIA!

OH, SPLENDID! YOUR CRAFT HAS PRECEDED US!

MY TARDIS!

WHAT AN INTRIGUING NAME...

AS I SAID, I DETECTED ITS ARRIVAL. AND WE COULDN'T LEAVE SUCH A WONDERFUL DEVICE SITTING UNPROTECTED OUT IN THE PROVINCES, NOW COULD WE?

I LOOK FORWARD TO DISCUSSING ITS INNERMOST WORKINGS OVER SUPPER...

WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE ABODE, DOCTOR; THE SINGLE OASIS OF SCHOLARLY PROGRESSION IN THIS DESERT OF UNCHANGING MEDIOCRITY.

DO MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME...

BUT FIRST, LET ME SHOW YOU MY OWN MODEST EFFORT IN OUR MUTUAL FIELD OF ENDEAVOUR...

IS THAT A CHRONON CAPSULE? THAT'S A FASCINATING DESIGN...

YOU HONOUR ME, SIR!

I NAMED HER "SALVATION". SHE IS THE PRODUCT OF A THOUSAND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS. SHE IS MY PASSION. MY OBSESSION...

SOMEDAY SHE'LL BE READY. SOMEDAY SHE'LL SWEEP ME AWAY FROM THIS VEIL OF MUNDANE CAUSALITY FOREVER.

I PROMISE YOU, DOCTOR, I SHAN'T LOOK BACK...

THIS IS DESTRII'S WEDDING OUTFIT? I WAS EXPECTING A GOWN... NOT A WHITE ONE, BUT A GOWN. WHAT'S WITH THE RED SONJA ENSEMBLE?

JUST STAY COOL, ISABELLE... PLAY ALONG UNTIL THE DOCTOR AND FEY MAKE THEIR MOVE.

TONIGHT, MATTHEW, I'M GOING TO BE ..

...THE PRIMATRIX INCARNATE, DESTRIIANATOS!

OH

MY

GOD.

ON THIS PROUD DAY TWO MIGHTY HOUSES WILL BE JOINED TOGETHER IN BLOOD. A NEW ERA FOR THE EMPIRE IS DAWNING.

WE ARE HERE TO CELEBRATE THE WEDDING BETWEEN THE SOLE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE OF ENDOSKHIA...

...AND THE MOST NOBLE FIRST-BORN SON OF THE HOUSE OF DREGGANON...

DUKE BORVATHORIUS!

SH-H.

OUR BELOVED DAUGHTER HAS COME OF AGE. WE ARE FILLED WITH JOY, AS WE TRUST ARE YOU ALL.

IT IS OUR MOST FERVENT HOPE THAT WHAT YOU SEE NEXT WILL PLEASE YOU AND BRING YOU HAPPINESS.

AS TRADITION DICTATES, BEFORE THE PRIMATRIX CAN BE WED, SHE MUST PROVE HERSELF WORTHY. A CHALLENGER HAS BEEN SELECTED...

DESTRIIANATOS SHALL FACE THE LADY TETRONNIA IN MATRIMONIAL COMBAT -- TO THE DEATH!

PARDON ME?

HELLO, DESTRII. REMEMBER ME?

I'VE BEEN PRAYING TO THE FORGOTTEN SONS FOR A CHANCE TO FACE YOU IN THE ARENA...



...EVER SINCE THE DAY YOU
GUTTED MY SISTER!

ER... MATRIAX,
THERE APPEARS TO
BE A PROBLEM...

I HAVE EYES, DOLT. WHAT IS
THAT GUTTERSNIPE UP TO NOW?
IS SHE TRYING TO SPITE ME?

I-I'M REALLY, REALLY
SORRY ABOUT THAT...

YOU DON'T EVEN
REMEMBER HER
NAME, DO YOU?

OF
C-COURSE
I DO! JUST...
JUST GIVE
ME A
SECOND...

OR BETTER
YET, A
COUPLE OF
HOURS.

TETRONNIA IS NO
MATCH FOR HER.
WHY ISN'T SHE
FIGHTING...?

WHY ISN'T SHE
FIGHTING?

SHE'S STILL
ILL! OH NO!

NAH, IT'S A TRICK!
NOBODY CAN BEAT
THE PRIMATRIX...

NOBODY!

I WANTED A FIGHT, NOT
A RACE. BUT IF YOU WON'T
GIVE ME THAT...

UUNGH!

THE GAME'S OVER FOR
YOU, DESTRII -- BUT LOOK
AT IT THIS WAY...

AT LEAST
I'VE SPARED
YOU YOUR
WEDDING
NIGHT.

WAIT!
WAIT!
WAIT!

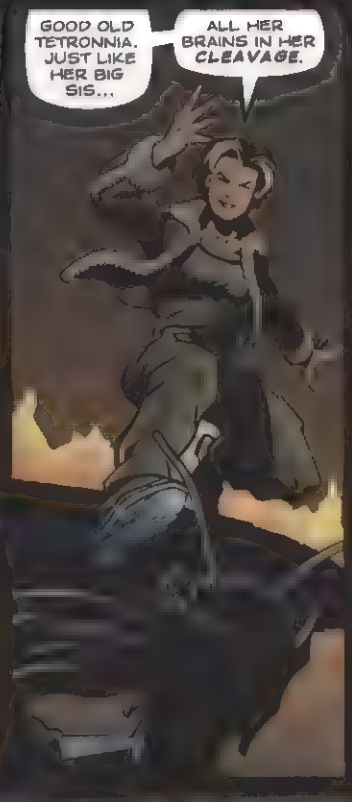
I'LL LEARN TO
LIVE WITH THE
DISAPPOINTMENT.

WICK--?



GOOD OLD
TETRONNIA.
JUST LIKE
HER BIG
SIS...

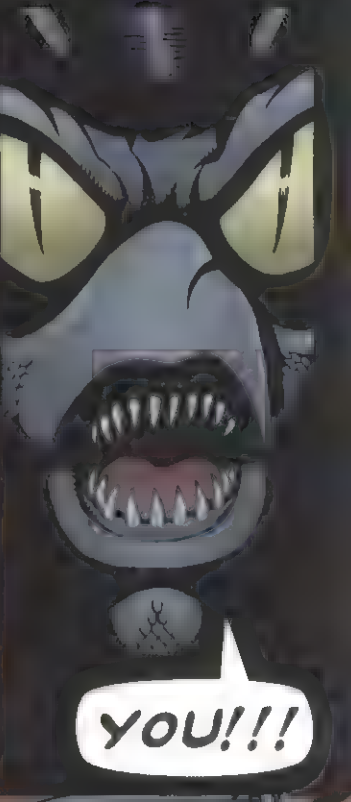
ALL HER
BRAINS IN HER
CLEFTAGE.



SO HEY, DWEEB, WHAT'S
NEW? STILL TRIPPING OVER
YOUR OWN FEET? OR SHOULD
I SAY MY FEET?



SORRY
I MISSED
THE BRIDAL
SHOWER...



YOU!!!



IS THAT ALL Y-
NNGGHH!

YAAARRGGHH!



AAHHHH!

IT'S ALL
YOUR FAULT!
YOU DID THIS!
YOU DID ALL
OF THIS!

I
HATE
YOU!

FWAKK



JUST WAIT
A MIN-
UUGGHH!

SHWOKK

I
HATE
YOU!

MATRIX,
SHOULD WE
STOP THE
CEREMONY?
THIS
INTRUDER --

-- HAS SAVED
THE DAY. DO NOT
INTERFERE. THE FIRE
IN MY DAUGHTER'S
HEART HAS BEEN
REKINDLED...

SHE'S
FINALLY
PUTTING ON
A SHOW...

**DESTR!!
DESTR!!
DESTR!!**

...BELIEVE ME, JODAFRA, I'D BE ONLY
TOO HAPPY TO DISCUSS YOUR WORK AT
ANOTHER TIME -- BUT I HAVE PRESSING...

BUSINESS...

WHAT'S
GOING ON
OUTSIDE...?

**DESTR!!
DESTR!!**

OH, MY NIECE IS
GETTING MARRIED
TODAY. IT ISN'T
IMPORTANT.

STRANGE... I WASN'T
EXPECTING HER TO FIGHT
A COMMONER IN THE
RITUAL...

NO!

WHATEVER'S
THE MATTER?

YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND!
SHE'S LOST
CONTROL!
SHE DOESN'T
KNOW WHAT
SHE'S DOING!

IZZY!

**I'M GOING
TO KILL
YOU, YOU
BITCH!**

OBLIVION

PART FOUR

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURING: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANBRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN

FEELS LIKE... EVERY INCH
OF ME... WAS JUST FED
INTO A SAUSAGE MINCER...

WE WERE
SUBJECTED TO A HIGH
DENSITY TELEKINETIC
DISRUPTION -- A
MOLECULAR-LEVEL
ATTACK.

I HAVE
SHIFTED US AS
FAR AS MY ENERGY
RESERVES WILL
ALLOW...

LET'S
SUSPECT IT
WILL NOT
BE FAR
ENOUGH.

WHERE
ARE WE,
SHAYDE?

ABOVE THE
CITY, IT SEEMS TO
BE ENCASED WITHIN
A DOME. ITS
COMPOSITION IS...
DIFFICULT TO --

FEY! I AM
DETECTING
ANOTHER
SPATIAL
FLUX...

OUR
OPPONENTS
HAVE
FOLLOWED
US...

SHADOW

CHILD
WE NO

LONGER WISH

YOU
HARM

WE
ARE
BEYOND
THE
EMPIRE
NOW

WHAT...?

ARE YOU SAYING YOU
ONLY OBEY THAT
GROTESQUE CREATURE --
YOUR "MATRIAX" -- WHEN
YOU'RE INSIDE THE CITY?

WHY DO

YOU

WISH TO
STEAL

DESTRIANATOS

YES

YOU
ARE

LIKE US
TWO

MINDS
AS

ONE

TRY TO
UNDERSTAND...
THAT ISN'T YOUR
PRINCESS. HER
BODY IS HOUSING
THE MIND OF A GIRL
FROM EARTH
CALLED
ISABELLE.

THEY'VE
EXCHANGED
FORMS...

IF
THE

PRIMATRIX

IS
BROKEN
WE

MUST
FIX

HER

WAIT!
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN...

"...WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?"

NNNAAGH!

FWAKK

...BUT I'VE STILL GOT THE MOVES. HOW ABOUT COOLING IT FOR A SECOND AND -

SHUT UP!

I'M NOT LISTENING TO A SINGLE FILTHY WORD FROM YOUR LYING MOUTH! YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR WHAT YOU DID TO ME!

OKAY, WHATEVER. I JUST WANT TO KEEP MY BODY BREATHING...

THAT DOESN'T STOP ME SLAPPING DOWN THE STUPID LITTLE BRAT INSIDE IT.

THWAKK

ANNNG

YOU MAY HAVE THE MUSCLES NOW, DWEEB...

...OH, WHAT A DELIGHT MY NIECE IS! A BODY-THEFT! WE HAVEN'T HAD ONE OF THOSE IN DECADES!

I DON'T SEE WHY YOU'RE SO AMUSED BY THIS, JODAFRA -- IF WE DON'T REACH THEM IN TIME --

DESTR!!
DESTR!!

WHY DO THE PEOPLE NEED THIS KIND OF SAVAGE ENTERTAINMENT, JODAFRA? AND WHY DO THE ROYALS PROVIDE IT?

OH, MY DEAR BOY, YOU'VE COMPLETELY MISUNDERSTOOD THE SITUATION...

WE DON'T DO IT FOR THE PEASANTS...

NEVER FEAR, DOCTOR, I KNOW A WAY INTO THE ARENA -- I SHOWED DESTRIANATOS EVERY SECRET PASSAGEWAY IN THE PALACE WHEN SHE WAS A TODDLER...

GREETINGS TO

THE BROKEN

PRIMATRIX AND

THE BROKEN

FOUNDLING

WH--?

OH, GREAT. HELIOTH AND HASSANA, THE TWINKLY TWINS...

GET LOST, KIDS, WE'RE BUSY...

BOTH ARE

DESTRIANATOS

BOTH ARE

SABELLE BOTH

MUST SEE

AAUUNGH!!

I'M HAPPY.

HOME IS GOLDEN
AND WARM AND
SOFT.

MUM AND
DAD LAUGH
ALL DAY.

THEN THE COLD DAY COMES,
AND EVERYTHING CHANGES.
THEY TELL ME I'M NOT REALLY
THEIRS. I'M A LIE.

I WONDER WHAT
ELSE COULD BE A
LIE? WHAT CAN I
TRUST AFTER THAT?

THE COLD DAY STAYS
INSIDE ME AS I GET OLDER.
OLDER AND COLDER.

SHOUTING MIXED
WITH SILENCE. LOTS
OF SLAMMING DOORS
AND TALK OF "REAL"
PARENTS.

"MUM AND DAD"
BECOME "SANDRA
AND LES". I DECIDE
TO HURT THEM.

I BLAME
THEM FOR
FEELING
LIKE SUCH
A FREAK.

THE GEEK. THE
WEIRDO. THE
BOOKWORM. THE
PUNCHLINE TO A
THE PLAYGROUND
JOKES.

FRAGILE FRIENDSHIPS ARE
BUILT AND BROKEN. TOO
MANY FEELINGS I CAN'T
BRING MYSELF TO SHARE.

SHY GLANCES AND
UNFINISHED SENTENCES.
DIARIES STARTED AND
THEN BURNT.

SECRETS INSIDE
SECRETS INSIDE
SECRETS.

MY LIFE IS
A CAGE.

I HIDE IN MY ROOM.
I HIDE FROM THE WORLD.
I HIDE FROM MYSELF...

I DREAM OF
ESCAPE.

I'M THE PRIMATRIX.

SHE GIVES ME A PET. LETS ME CARE FOR IT. THEN MAKES ME KILL IT.

"LOVE WILL ONLY HURT YOU, DESTRIANATOS."

SO MANY LESSONS TO LEARN.

I'M RAISED TO FIGHT. TO BE AN EXAMPLE. TO BE A HEROINE.

FIRST TIME IN THE ARENA IS AT TEN. I HOLD MY BLADE HIGH.

THE PEASANTS ROAR.

A THOUSAND RULES I'M NEVER TAUGHT GET BROKEN. THE PUNISHMENTS ALWAYS COME FROM HER.

SHE HATES ME. IT TAKES YEARS BEFORE I SEE WHY...

THEY WANT ME, NOT HER.

THEY THINK I'LL SAVE THEM. ALWAYS WATCHING, ALWAYS HOPING. I JUST WANT TO BE FREE OF THEM.

BUT THERE'S ALWAYS MAGICAL UNCLE WITH ANOTHER ADVENTURE PLANNED...

HE LAUGHS AT EVERYTHING. NOTHING SCARES HIM.

HE SHOWS ME THE WORLD OUTSIDE. HE PROMISES HE'LL GIVE IT TO ME SOMEDAY...

HE LETS ME WATCH IT FOR HOURS AND HOURS AND HOURS...

I DREAM OF ESCAPE.



AH, I HAVEN'T BEEN THROUGH HERE SINCE I WAS A CUB...

COME ON, QUICKLY!

IZZY!

THE PRIMATRIX AND THE FOUNDLING ARE FIXED

YOU TWO! I REMEMBER NOW! KEEP AWAY FROM HERE!



IZZY, ARE YOU ALRIGHT? I'M SO SORRY I'M LATE... I CAME AS SOON AS I COULD...

SAY SOMETHING, PLEASE!

I'M... OVER HERE... DUMMY



WHAT...? OW. OW. OW. IS IT... REALLY...?

YEAH... IT'S ME, MELIOTH AND HABANA... SWAPPED US BACK... SLEEPY...

IT WAS A ROUGH TRIP.



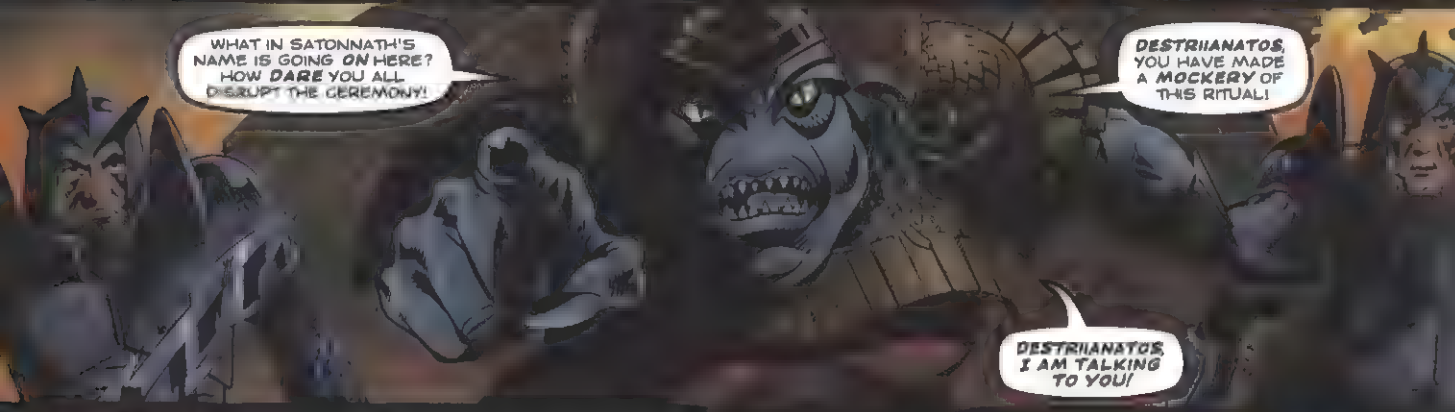
THIS... THIS IS WONDERFUL! HOW DO YOU FEEL?

DEEPLY... REGRETFUL. I REALLY... DID A NUMBER... ON ME.

BUT VERY KNOW WHAT, DOCTOR...? I DON'T CARE



THAT'S SO CLOSE LIKE HOME



WHAT IN SATONNATH'S NAME IS GOING ON HERE? HOW DARE YOU ALL DISRUPT THE CEREMONY!

DESTRIANATOS, YOU HAVE MADE A MOCKERY OF THIS RITUAL!

DESTRIANATOS, I AM TALKING TO YOU!

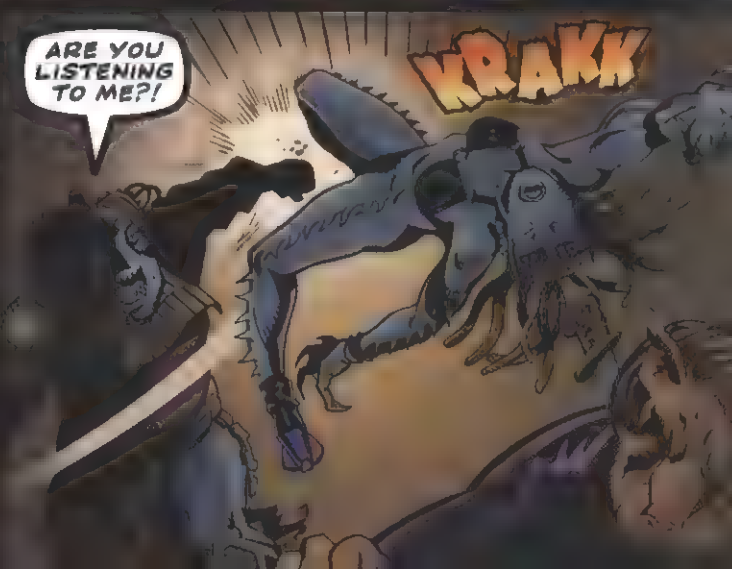


SCALA, WAIT -- HEAR ME OUT --

I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER, JODAFRA!

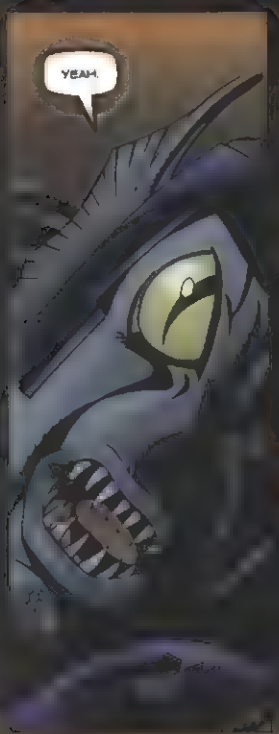
I GAVE YOU FAIR WARNING, GIRL! YOU'VE SULLIED OUR TRADITIONS FOR THE LAST TIME!

I'LL HAVE YOU HOWLING TONIGHT, DESTRIANATOS! HOWLING!



ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?!

KRAKK



YEAH



I FINALLY AM



UUULLKK!



THAT...

THAT WAS...

A M-MIST--



SHOULD HAVE DONE THAT WHEN I WAS SIX...

I REALLY LIKED THAT DOG.



VERY VERY

VERY SAD NOW

THE BELOVED

MATRIX IS

EXPIRED

OBLIVION IS

OVER



NO! NO, THIS ISN'T HOW IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE!

JODAFRA, WHAT IS IT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THE END, DOCTOR! THE END OF US ALL...

"THE THREAD
HAS BEEN CUT..."

SHAYDE...
THERE'S
SOMETHING ON
THE HORIZON.
WHAT IS IT?

I AM...
RECEIVING
CONFLICTING
INFORMATION...

WELL,
HURRY
UP AND
WORK IT
OUT...

I THINK
IT'S GETTING
CLOSER.

"SO MANY MINDS...
BUT ALL LINKED...
ALL PARALLEL..."

"AN OCEAN OF PSIONIC
ENERGY, STRETCHING FOR
THOUSANDS OF MILES..."

"THE TERRAIN IS...
SHIFTING TO MAKE
WAY FOR THEM..."

"DIFFERENT AGES...
GENERATIONS OF
THOUGHT ENTWINED..."

"THE RAW POWER,
FEY... IT... IT IS
OVERWHELMING..."

"CLUSTERS OF
CONSCIOUSNESS...
MELTING AND
REFORMING LIKE
MOLTEN STEEL..."

"THERE IS TREMENDOUS
GRIEF... BUT IT IS
GIVING WAY..."

"...TO A GREAT
ANGER."

"HOW MANY OF
THEM ARE OUT
THERE?"

"IT... IS DIFFICULT TO
ASCERTAIN... I CAN
ONLY ESTIMATE..."

"WELL?"

"TEN BILLION..."

TO BE CONTINUED

OBLIVION

PART FIVE

THE
MATRIX
IS

SILENT

YOU
HAVE
NO

MEANING
NOW

OBLIVION
IS

NO
MORE

THEY'VE COME
AT LAST!

EEEEIAHH!

THE
HORDE!
THE
HORDE!

THEY ARE SCATTERING THE
MOLECULES OF ANYTHING IN
THEIR PATH -- PEOPLE AS
WELL AS OBJECTS.

ISN'T THERE
ANYTHING
WE CAN DO,
SHAYDE?

AAAHIEEE!

WE
CANNOT
FIGHT AN
ARMY, FEY.
WE MUST
FIND THE
DOCTOR.

THE MATRIX!
WH-WHERE IS THE
MATRIX?

SAVE US!



FEY!

DOCTOR, WE HAVE A SLIGHT PROBLEM - OUR GLOWING FRIENDS HAVE ALLIES, AND I DON'T THINK THEY'VE COME FOR TEA...

I SUGGEST WE DEPART, DOCTOR - YOUR YARDIS IS OUR ONLY -

NOBODY WILL EVER LEAVE OBLIVION NOW



OH, SHAME. ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH...

DON'T BOTHER, MY DEAR - HELIOTH AND MASSANA ARE PART OF THE HORDE. THE ENERGY THEY WIELD COULD TEAR PLANETS FROM THEIR ORBITS...

FEY, FIRE AT THEIR HANDS!

SEPARATE THEM!

ENERGY... OR SYNERGY?

YES, THAT'S IT...

THUB THUB



SHAP

NOOOO

BLIND BLIND BLIND

EVERYONE MOVE!

NOW, WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?



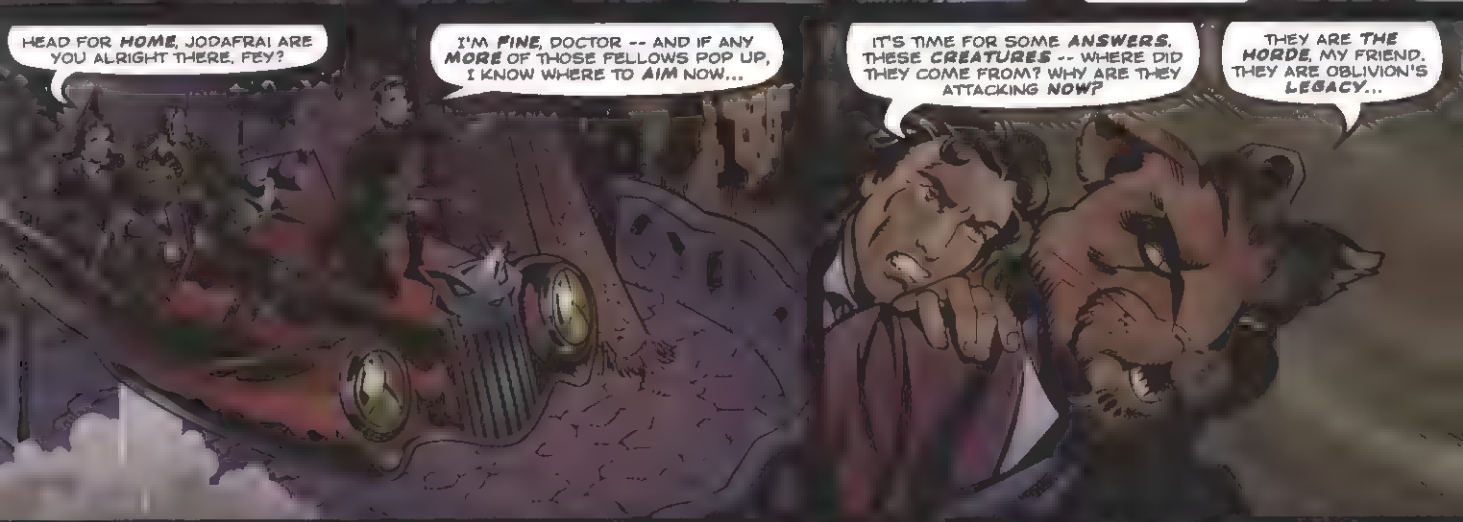
THIS WAY -- WE'RE PARKED NEARBY...

THE HORDE HAVE BREACHED THE BARRIER! THEY'RE APPROACHING!

D-DO YOUR DUTY, YOU IGNORANT DOGS!

GET TO YOUR POSTS! PROTECT THE PALACE!

WH-WHERE IS THE MATRIAX?! SOMEONE FIND THE MATRIAX!

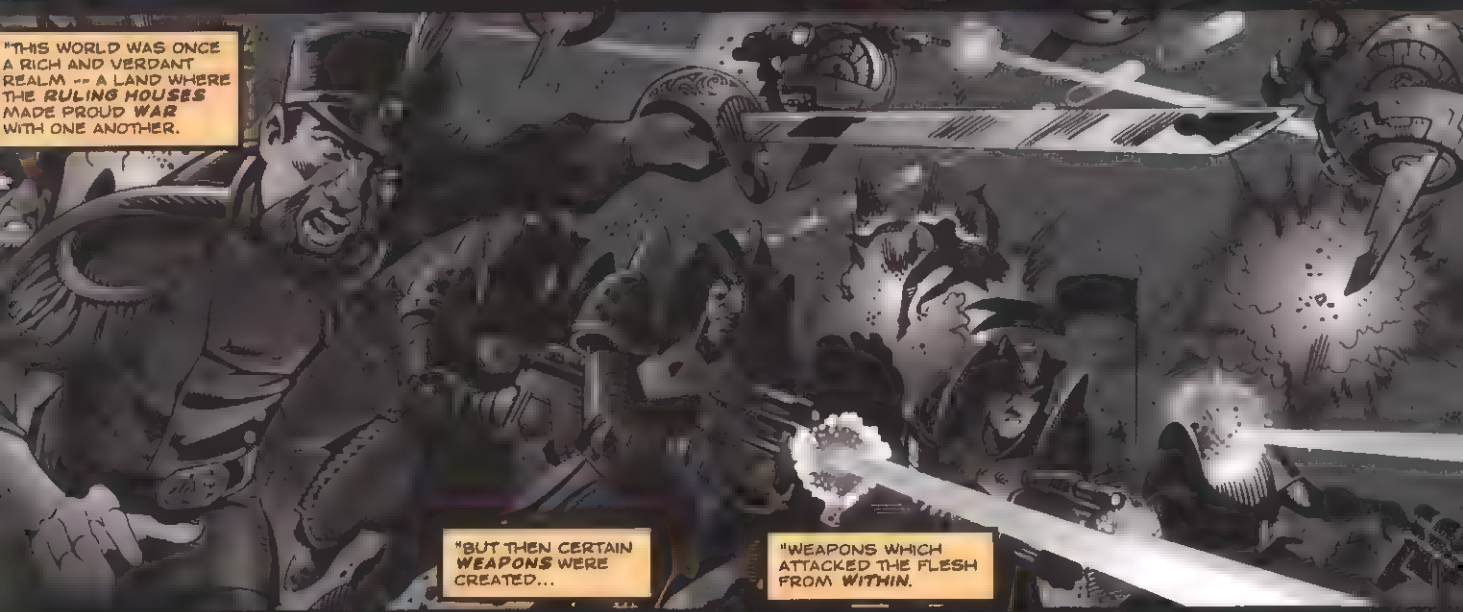


HEAD FOR HOME, JODAFRAI ARE YOU ALRIGHT THERE, FEY?

I'M FINE, DOCTOR -- AND IF ANY MORE OF THOSE FELLOWS POP UP, I KNOW WHERE TO AIM NOW...

IT'S TIME FOR SOME ANSWERS, THESE CREATURES -- WHERE DID THEY COME FROM? WHY ARE THEY ATTACKING NOW?

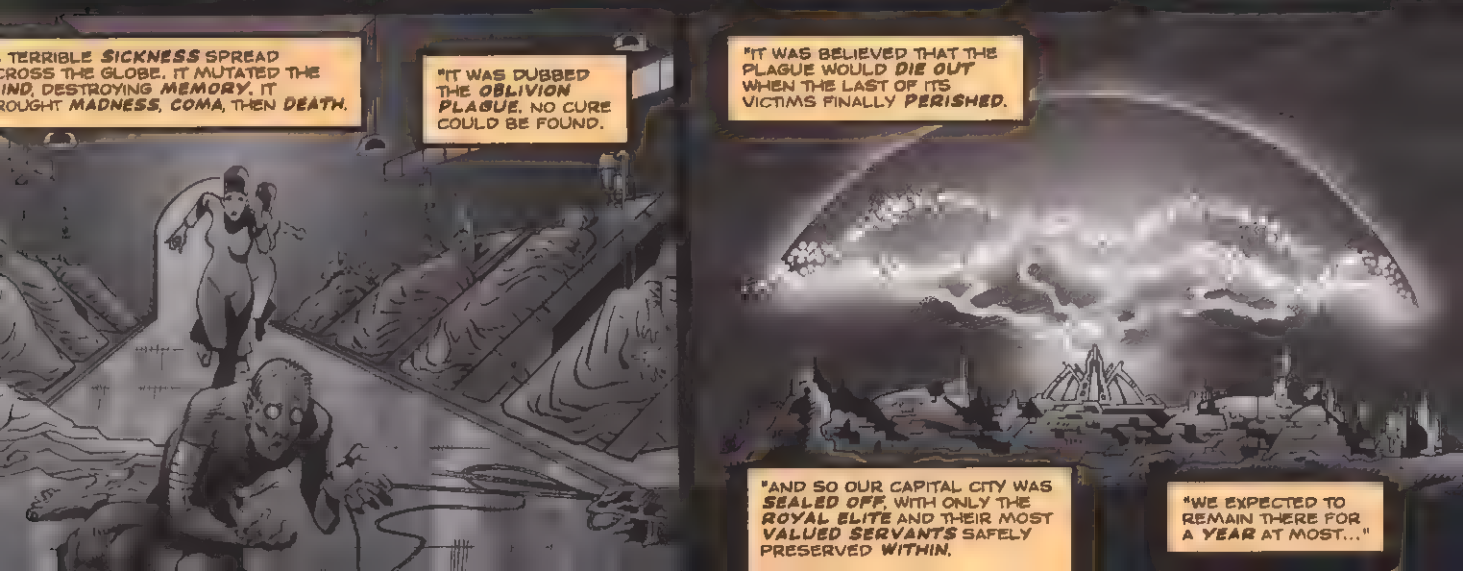
THEY ARE THE HORDE, MY FRIEND. THEY ARE OBLIVION'S LEGACY...



"THIS WORLD WAS ONCE A RICH AND VERDANT REALM -- A LAND WHERE THE RULING HOUSES MADE PROUD WAR WITH ONE ANOTHER.

"BUT THEN CERTAIN WEAPONS WERE CREATED...

"WEAPONS WHICH ATTACKED THE FLESH FROM WITHIN.




A TERRIBLE SICKNESS SPREAD ACROSS THE GLOBE. IT MUTATED THE MIND, DESTROYING MEMORY. IT BROUGHT MADNESS, COMA, THEN DEATH.

"IT WAS DUBBED THE OBLIVION PLAGUE. NO CURE COULD BE FOUND.

"IT WAS BELIEVED THAT THE PLAGUE WOULD DIE OUT WHEN THE LAST OF ITS VICTIMS FINALLY PERISHED.

"AND SO OUR CAPITAL CITY WAS SEALED OFF, WITH ONLY THE ROYAL ELITE AND THEIR MOST VALUED SERVANTS SAFELY PRESERVED WITHIN.

"WE EXPECTED TO REMAIN THERE FOR A YEAR AT MOST..."



SO YOU JUST LEFT
ALL OF YOUR PEOPLE --
THE ENTIRE PLANET --
TO DIE?

OH, NOT ME
PERSONALLY --
I WAS A MERE CHILD
AT THE TIME, BUT YES,
IT SEEMED THE
WISEST COURSE...

ALAS, THERE WERE
COMPLICATIONS...



"SIX MONTHS LATER,
A BALL WAS HELD
IN THE PALACE.

"EVERYONE CAME IN THE
GUISE OF A BEAST. IT
SEEMED A MERRY PRANK



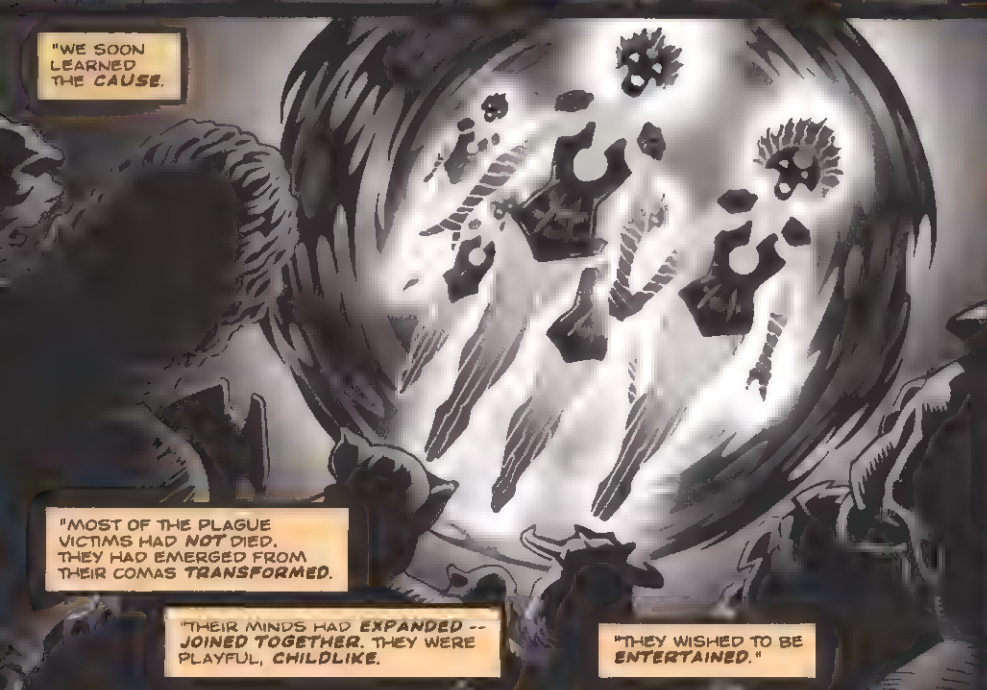
"BUT AS MIDNIGHT TOLLED, WE FELL
ABOUT IN AGONY. OUR SKIN WRITHED
BENEATH OUR MASKS LIKE MAGGOTS.

"WE WERE
THE PRANK

"IT WAS THEN
WE DISCOVERED
THE TRUTH...



"OUR MOLECULAR STRUCTURES
WERE RESHAPED BY A PSYCHOKINETIC
PULSE. IN A HEARTBEAT WE BECAME
FISH AND FOWL AND FANG AND FUR...



"WE SOON
LEARNED
THE CAUSE.

"MOST OF THE PLAGUE
VICTIMS HAD NOT DIED.
THEY HAD EMERGED FROM
THEIR COMAS TRANSFORMED.

"THEIR MINDS HAD EXPANDED --
JOINED TOGETHER. THEY WERE
PLAYFUL, CHILDLIKE.

"THEY WISHED TO BE
ENTERTAINED."



THE GLADIATORIAL
BATTLES...?

YES, ALL
FOR THEM. CAN
YOU APPRECIATE
THE IRONY, DOCTOR?
THIS CITY HAD
BEEN THE CAPITAL
OF MY WORLD'S
GREATEST
EMPIRE...

AND OVERNIGHT
IT BECAME
NOTHING MORE
THAN A ZOO.

HOW CAN THE HORDE HAVE REMAINED SO WELL HIDDEN?

I BELIEVE THEY HAVE MANIPULATED THE TEMPORAL FIELDS SURROUNDING THIS PLANET, ERASING IT FROM THE MEMORY OF THE UNIVERSE.

THEY WERE SO FIXATED ON SCALAMANTHIA... I THINK SOME VESTIGE OF THEIR FORMER SELVES LEFT THEM DEFERENTIAL TO HER. BUT NOW SHE IS FINALLY GONE...

THEY SEEM RATHER UPSET ABOUT THAT.

WAIT -- IF ALL THIS IS TRUE, HOW DID DESTRII MANAGE TO LEAVE OBLIVION?

EVEN ITS TRUE NAME HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM US. THEY WISH IT CALLED OBLIVION, AND THUS IT IS SO.

ALL MY EFFORTS HERE HAVE BEEN CENTRED ON FINDING A WAY OF OPENING A HOLE IN THE SPACE-TIME VORTEX AND ESCAPING IN MY CHRONON CAPSULE.

AT FIRST I COULD ONLY OBSERVE THE OUTER UNIVERSE, BUT THIS YEAR I WAS ABLE TO SEND A SMALL OBJECT THROUGH THE VORTEX. MY NIECE INSISTED ON ATTEMPTING THE JOURNEY...

WHY DIDN'T YOU GO YOURSELF?

DESTRII?

YOU HAVEN'T SAID A WORD SINCE YOU...

SINCE WE LEFT THE PALACE.

I GUESS YOU'RE FEELING THE SAME AS ME... **CONFUSED**. OUR MINDS SEEMED TO KIND OF MEET IN THE MIDDLE WHEN THEY GOT SWAPPED BACK.

YOU SAW MY LIFE, AND I SAW YOURS.

MY DEAR, I AM A SCHOLAR, A SCIENTIST AND A MAGICIAN. AND ALL MAGICIANS WILL AGREE ON ONE POINT...

THE KEY TO THE ART IS MISDIRECTION.

I KNOW HOW YOUR MOTHER TREATED Y -

DON'T TOUCH ME!

NNAAGHH!

THE HORDE ARE A **GROUP MIND** --
SUPREMELY **POWERFUL** BUT WITH
NO **INTELLIGENT DIRECTION** --
THEY'RE LIKE AN **INSECT COLONY**
WITH NO **LEADER...**

NO **QUEEN!**

DESTRIANATOS!
THEY'RE **KILLING HER!**

NO! DON'T
YOU **SEE,**
JODAFRA...?

YOU THOUGHT THE
CONTESTS IN THE
ARENA WERE FOR THEIR
ENTERTAINMENT BUT
IT WAS A **PROCESS**
OF **SELECTION!**
SCALAMANTHA
DIDN'T **MEASURE UP** --
BUT **DESTRII** DID!

YOU MEAN...
THEY WERE
WAITING FOR
DESTRIANATOS
TO **KILL HER?**

WELL,
HEY,
GUYS...

AND NOW THAT SHE HAS...
SHE'S **PROVEN HERSELF**. SHE'S THE
MATRIX THEY'VE BEEN **WANTING** --
SOMEONE TO **GUIDE** THEM,
GIVE THEM A **PURPOSE...**

SHE HAS THE POWER OF
TEN BILLION TELEPATHS
AT HER **DISPOSAL...**

SHE'S **VIRTUALLY**
A **GODDESS!**

SHE'S **SAW**
THAT ONE
COMING

TO BE CONCLUDED...

WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID, DOC, BEFORE WE LANDED IN OBLIVION? SOMETHING ABOUT MONSTERS BEING SCARED OF YOU...?

HOW SCARED DO WE LOOK NOW?

AND USING THE ROYAL "WE" NOW, IT SEEMS. OR PERHAPS THE HORDE HAVE ALREADY STARTED TO ALTER YOU?

IS YOUR INDIVIDUALITY FADING?

WHO CARES...?

WE HAVE POWER NOW... WE CAN FEEL THE PLANET'S HEARTBEAT.

LOOK, EVERYONE! THE WHOLE WORLD'S OUR TOY!

THE HORDE ARE FEEDING ME!

NO, THEY'RE DROWNING YOU! THIS ISN'T WHAT YOU WANTED, DESTRII! FIGHT THEM!

THAT'S IT, IZZY, KEEP HER TALKING. KEEP HER ON OUR LEVEL...

WAIT A MINUTE... WHERE'S JODAFRA...?

DESTRII, WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT, WE'VE GOT A CONNECTION NOW. WE LOOKED INTO EACH OTHER'S LIVES! I KNOW YOU!

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS... YOU GET FUSED AND SUDDENLY EVERYONE KNOWS YOU.

OBLIVION

PART SIX

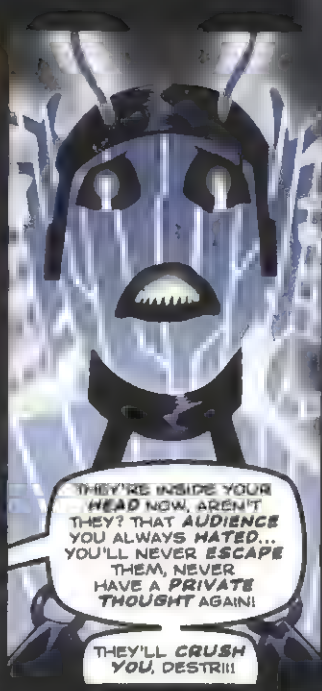
STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERASHTY
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURING: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGBRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN



SHUT UP AND LISTEN!

YOU GREW UP IN A PRISON -- IT DIDN'T MATTER IF YOU WERE BEING ABUSED OR APPLAUDED, YOU WERE ALWAYS TRAPPED!

THE HORDE HAVEN'T CHANGED THAT -- THEY'VE MADE IT WORSE!



THEY'RE INSIDE YOUR HEAD NOW, AREN'T THEY? THAT AUDIENCE YOU ALWAYS HATED... YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE THEM, NEVER HAVE A PRIVATE THOUGHT AGAIN!

THEY'LL CRUSH YOU, DESTRII!



ACTIVATE THE CHRONON SAIL, QUICKLY NOW, MY FAITHFUL FRIENDS...

THE CURTAIN HAS RISEN, AND THERE'LL BE NO SECOND PERFORMANCE...

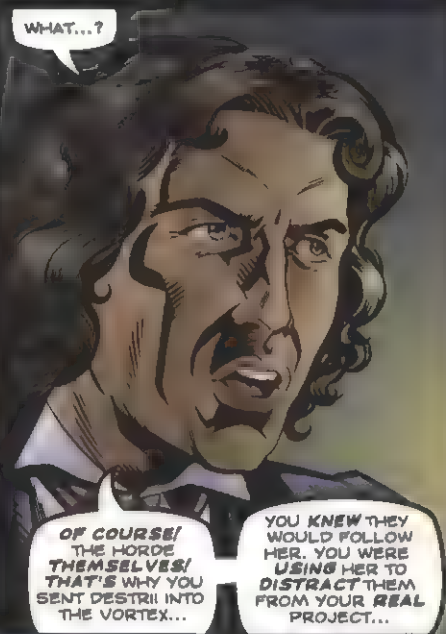


EXIT STAGE LEFT, JODAFRA? I'M DISAPPOINTED.

IT WON'T WORK, ANYWAY. A CHRONON WAVE WON'T GIVE YOU NEARLY ENOUGH ENERGY TO SHIFT YOUR TIME CAPSULE...

WHAT...?

THEN PERHAPS I SHOULD BE LOOKING FOR ANOTHER POWER SOURCE, EH, DOCTOR...?



OF COURSE! THE HORDE! THEMSELVES! THAT'S WHY YOU SENT DESTRII INTO THE VORTEX...

YOU KNEW THEY WOULD FOLLOW HER. YOU WERE USING HER TO DISTRACT THEM FROM YOUR REAL PROJECT...



A PSIONIC EXTRACTOR -- MY CAPSULE'S ENGINE, AND THE HORDE HAVE JUST PROVIDED ME WITH THE IDEAL OPPORTUNITY TO USE IT...

ON MY NIECE

VREED VREED VREED



EVERY DECISION IN YOUR LIFE HAS BEEN MADE FOR YOU, DESTRII! STOP LETTING YOURSELF BE USED!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A FIGHTER!

NO-NO-NO-NO



WE D-DON'T WANT TO TALK TO YOU ANYMORE!

UNCLE!

W-WE CAN HEAR UNCLE THINKING...

DESTRII!

NO, IZZY, LET HER GO!

THE EXTRACTOR MIGHT
KILL HER, JODAFRA! ARE
YOU REALLY PREPARED
TO CONDEMN YOUR
OWN NIECE?

YES! THIS
IS NO EASY
DECISION
FOR ME,
DOCTOR.

BUT FAR BETTER
THAT DESTRIANATOS
DIE NOW THAN EXIST
TO SERVE THOSE
SOULLESS DEMONS!

OH,
UNCLE.

ALL THOSE HOURS
IN FRONT OF THE
TELE SCREEN
FEEDING ME THOSE
WONDERFUL
STORIES... MAKING
ME DREAM OF
THE OUTSIDE

YOU WERE
USING ME
EVEN THEN?

THEY ARE
CLOUDING YOUR
MIND, MY SWEET!
TRUST ME, ONLY
I CAN SAVE YOU!

WE.

I

I MAKE MY OWN
CHOICES, UNCLE.

WH--?!

CH-KRANNGG!

EXPASHH!

HAH-
HAH-HAH!

I'M IN
CHARGE
NOW!

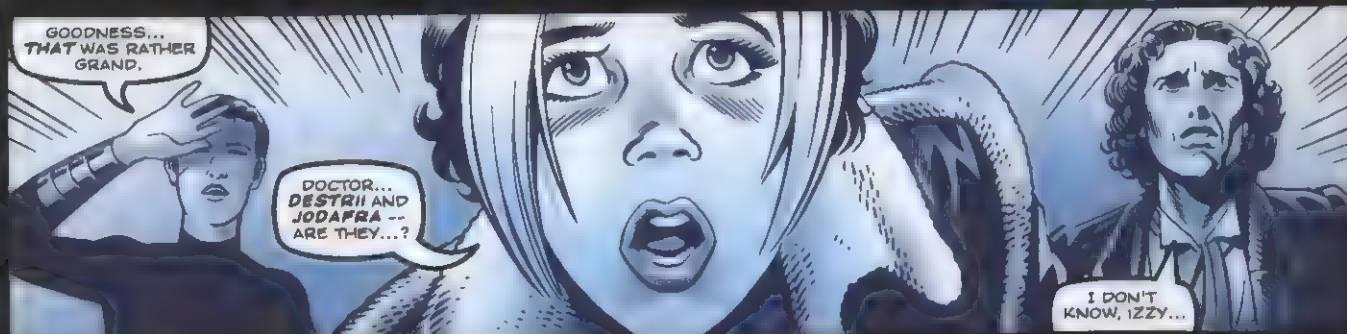
ALL OF
YOU
FOLLOW
ME!

FOLLOW
YOUR
MATRIAX!

FOLLOW
ME UP

TOP OF THE
WORLD, MA!

UUUUSSSHH



GOODNESS...
THAT WAS RATHER
GRAND.

DOCTOR...
DESTRII AND
JODAFRA --
ARE THEY...?

I DON'T
KNOW, ISZY...



"...WE MAY
NEVER KNOW."

OOH-WAH...

WHERE...?

HUSH,
CHILD... IT'S
OVER...



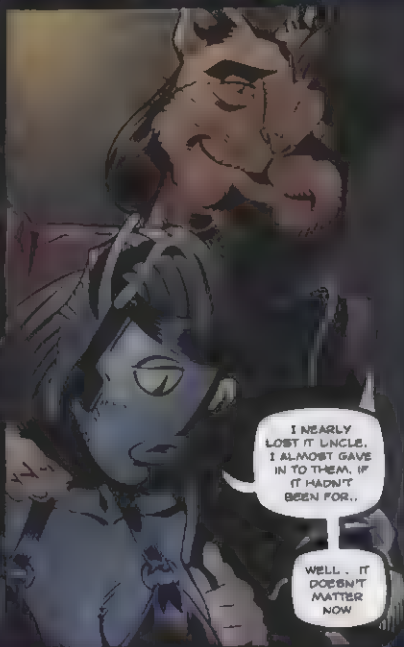
YOU DIDN'T RESIST THE EXTRACTOR'S
ENERGY DRAIN -- YOU'RE FLESH
AND BLOOD ONCE MORE.

YOU ALLOWED GODHOOD TO SLIP
THROUGH YOUR FINGERS. I AM SO
PROUD OF YOU, MY DEAR...

THE
HORDE...?

THEY ALL
FOLLOWED YOU
LIKE CATTLE. THEIR
LIFE-FORCES NOW
FUEL OUR CRAFT.

WE ARE FREE,
DESTRIANATOS!
FREE!



I NEARLY
LOST IT UNCLE.
I ALMOST GAVE
IN TO THEM. IF
IT HADN'T
BEEN FOR...

WELL... IT
DOESN'T
MATTER
NOW



INDEED! LET THE PAST BE
BURIED. WE HAVE ONLY THE
FUTURE AHEAD OF US, CHILD...

A THOUSAND
FUTURES...

LATER...

NO MORE
HORDE... NO MORE
BARRIER... NO
MORE BOWING AN'
SCRAPING...

READY TO
SHARE THE
WEALTH,
M'LORD...?

GET THIS
THING IN
THE AIR, YOU
FOOL!
HURRY!

WHERE ARE
WE GOING,
MY LORD?

AWAY!
JUST...
AWAY!



IT SEEMS THE
ELITE ARE FLYING
THE COOP. I
WOULDN'T BE AT
ALL SURPRISED
IF OBLIVION
BECAME A
REPUBLIC...

I HOPE
IT WORKS
OUT. AT
LEAST
THEY'VE
ALL GOT
A CHANCE
NOW.



WELL, I'M AFRAID I **ALSO**
HAVE TO LEAVE -- SHAYDE
AND I ARE NEEDED BACK ON
EARTH. AND I THINK YOU AND
THE DOCTOR MIGHT PREFER
SOME TIME **ALONE**...

DO YOU
THINK HE'S
GOING TO
BE... **OKAY**
WITH THIS?

HE'LL BE FINE,
ISABELLE.
YOU'LL SEE.



YOU ACTUALLY FELT **SORRY** FOR
DESTRII, DIDN'T YOU? DESPITE
EVERYTHING SHE **DID** TO YOU...

YOU KNOW, NOBODY
GETS TO **CHOOSE** HOW
THEY GROW UP. **PARENTS...**
HOME... IT'S ALL A
LOTTERY.

I GOT
LUCKY.
DESTRII
DIDN'T.

WHATEVER
HAPPENED
TO THAT SHY
LITTLE WAIF
I MET ON
VARNEY'S
BEACH?



I GUESS SHE LEARNED
A FEW **LESSONS**, LIKE,
FOR EXAMPLE...

PEOPLE
CAN'T HELP
BEING WHO
THEY ARE.

AND PEOPLE
SHOULDN'T BE
FRIGHTENED OF
WHO THEY ARE,
EITHER. HAVE YOU
LEARNED **THAT**?



YES.



GOODBYE,
FEY.

NO, IZZY.
ALWAYS
AU REVOIR...



THERE YOU ARE! FEY NIPPED OFF, HAS SHE? DIDN'T EVEN GET THE CHANCE TO **THANK** HER...

NEVER MIND, WE'LL BUMP INTO HER AGAIN, IT'S A SMALL CONTINUUM...

YOU'LL **LOVE** IT, **IZZY**! I'LL AIM FOR THE PRE-ARISTARCHOS ERA SO I CAN AVOID ALL THOSE **OVERDUE FINES**...

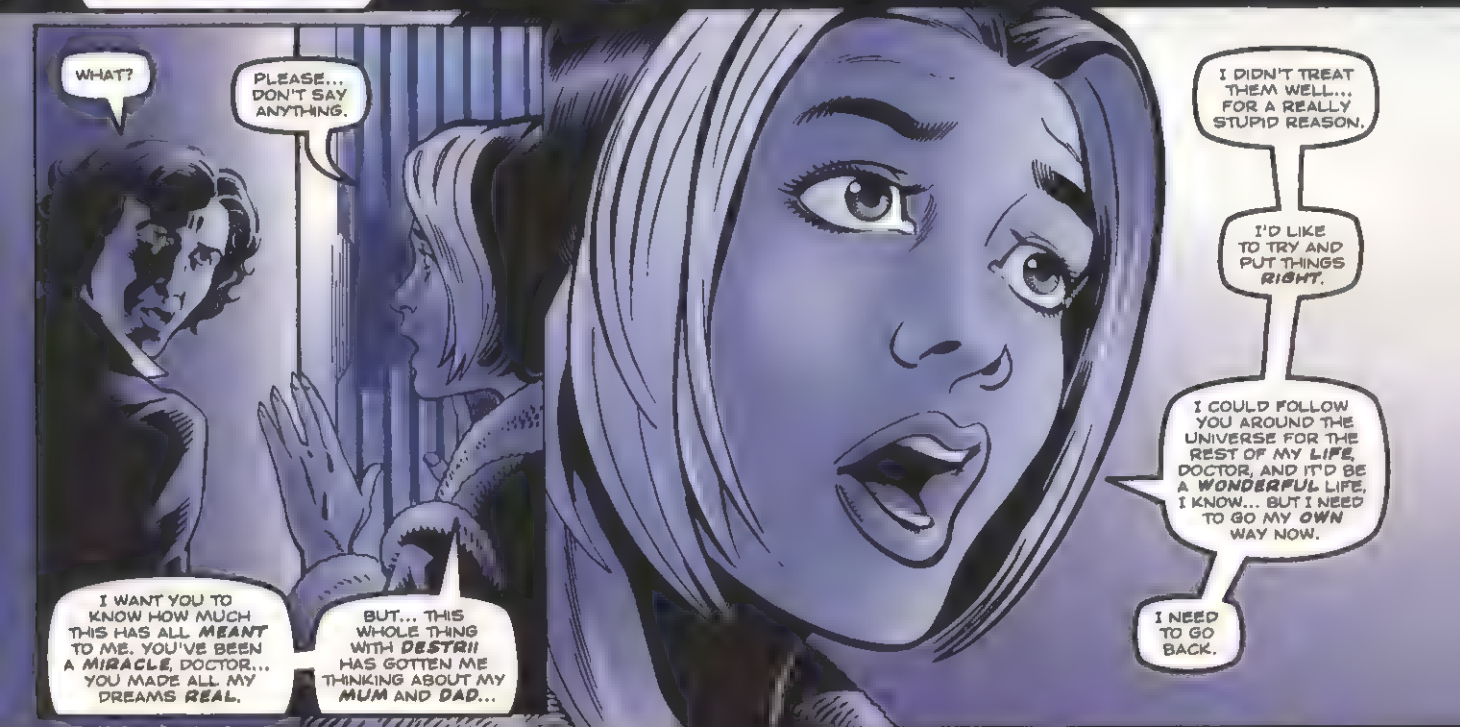
DOCTOR...

I... I'D LIKE TO GO HOME NOW.

NOW THEN, WHERE TO NEXT...?

DOCTOR...

WAIT-WAIT-WAIT, I'VE GOT IT! THE **LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA**! I PROMISED YOU THAT AGES AGO, DIDN'T I?



WHAT?

PLEASE... DON'T SAY ANYTHING.

I DIDN'T TREAT THEM WELL... FOR A REALLY STUPID REASON.

I'D LIKE TO TRY AND PUT THINGS RIGHT.

I COULD FOLLOW YOU AROUND THE UNIVERSE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE, DOCTOR, AND IT'D BE A **WONDERFUL** LIFE, I KNOW... BUT I NEED TO GO MY OWN WAY NOW.

I NEED TO GO BACK.

I WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW MUCH THIS HAS ALL MEANT TO ME. YOU'VE BEEN A **MIRACLE**, DOCTOR... YOU MADE ALL MY DREAMS REAL.

BUT... THIS WHOLE THING WITH **DESTRII** HAS GOTTEN ME THINKING ABOUT MY MUM AND DAD...



PLEASE DON'T HATE ME.

NOW **THAT'S** THE SILLIEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD YOU SAY, I UNDERSTAND, BETTER THAN YOU MIGHT THINK.

WHAT AM I GOING TO SAY TO THEM, THOUGH? HOW CAN I EXPLAIN? I'VE BEEN GONE SO LONG...

COME AGAIN? TO QUOTE A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY...

"YOU REALLY HAVEN'T GOT THIS TIME-TRAVEL LARK **SUSSED** YET, HAVE YOU?"

STOCKBRIDGE,
DECEMBER 19TH,
1996...

FANCY A
QUICK SPIN,
MAX?

ER, I'D LOVE TO --
BUT I'VE JUST HEARD
ABOUT SOME CROP
CIRCLES IN THE
MEADOW OVER BY
LIMESTONE LANE...

I QUITE
UNDERSTAND.
THE TRUTH IS OUT
THERE. THAT I
PROMISE YOU.

OH MY GOD, IT'S US! THIS IS
JUST AFTER WE FIRST MET!

HAH-HAH!
LOOK AT YOUR
SIDEBURNS
MR 1972!

SHHH! KEEP YOUR
VOICE DOWN, OR
WE'LL HAVE A VERY
MESSY PARADOX
ON OUR HANDS!

RUPERT THE BEAR
WANTS HIS TROUSERS
BACK, BY THE WAY...

YOU...
YOU WILL
COME
BACK,
WON'T
YOU?

I MEAN, YOU KNOW
STOCKBRIDGE -- WEIRDSVILLE
UK. THERE'S BOUND TO BE
ANOTHER TWILIGHT ZONE
EPISODE COMING OUR WAY...

THAT'S YOUR
DEPARTMENT NOW.
BUT YES, I'LL
BE BACK.

SOMEDAY.

IZZY... I
DON'T SUPPOSE
YOU'D BE
INTERESTED
IN -

YOU
BET!

GOOD
MOVE,
KID...

HAVE
FUN!

THERE WE GO... AND
HERE WE ARE. RIGHT
BACK WHERE WE
STARTED.

WORP-WORP

WOW. THAT'S
WHAT I CALL A
ROUND TRIP...

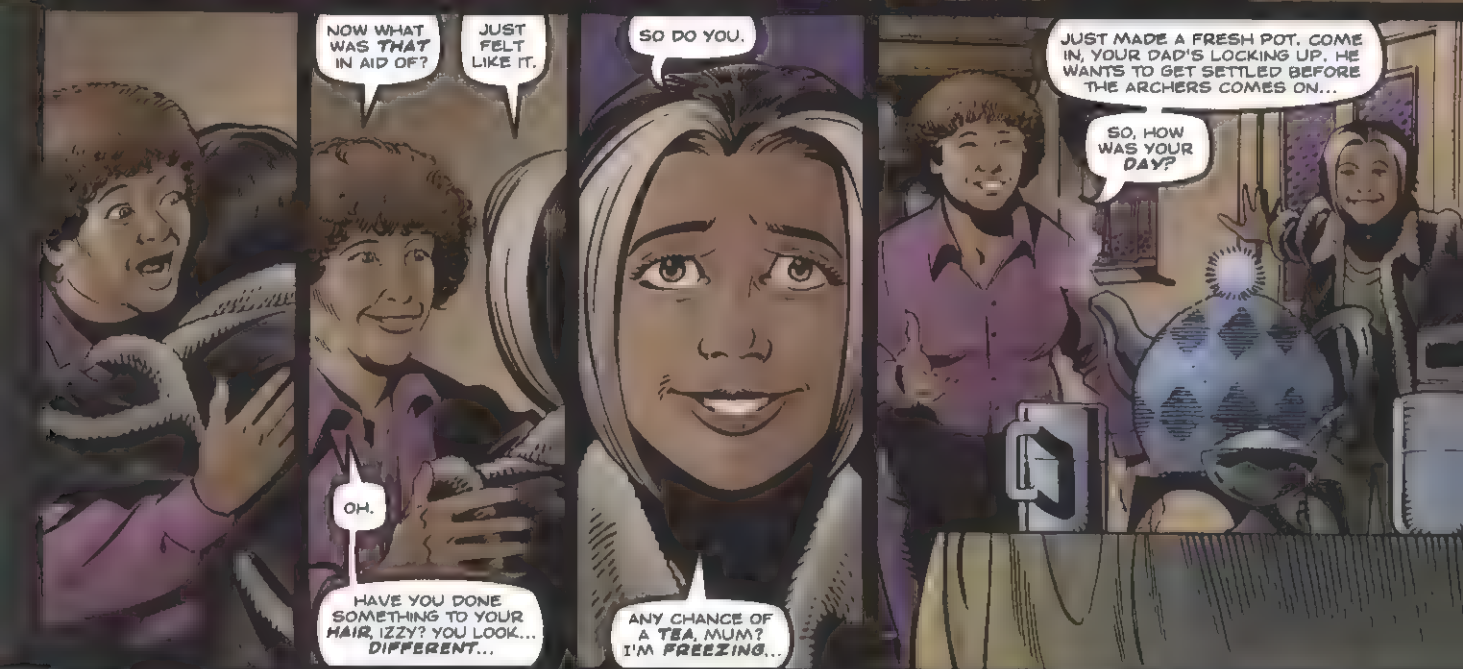
KNOK-KNOK-KNOK-KNOK

HANG ON,
HANG ON, I'M
COMING!



OH, HELLO, LUV. DID YOU FORGET YOUR KEY?

YOU KNOW, I'VE TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES...



NOW WHAT WAS THAT IN AID OF?

JUST FELT LIKE IT.

SO DO YOU.

JUST MADE A FRESH POT. COME IN, YOUR DAD'S LOCKING UP. HE WANTS TO GET SETTLED BEFORE THE ARCHERS COMES ON...

SO, HOW WAS YOUR DAY?

OH.

HAVE YOU DONE SOMETHING TO YOUR HAIR, IZZY? YOU LOOK... DIFFERENT...

ANY CHANCE OF A TEA, MUM? I'M FREEZING...



MY... DAY...?

OH... PRETTY BUSY.

I WENT FOR A RIDE. I MET A FEW PEOPLE...

"...AND I MADE A NEW FRIEND."

WOW! WOW!

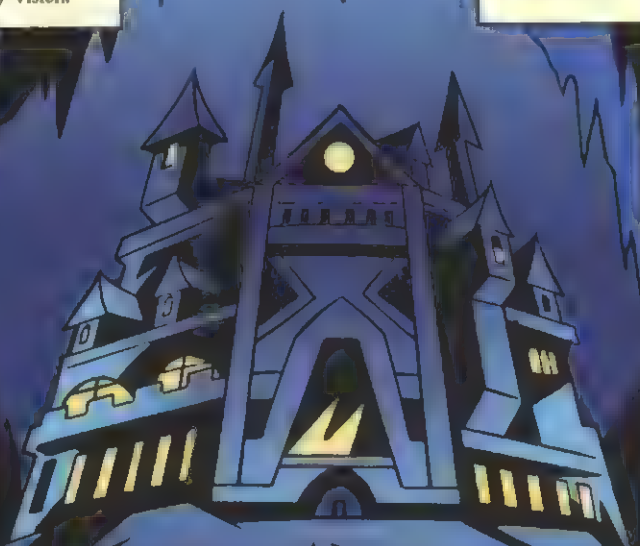
THE END.

CHARACTER ASSASSIN

The mansion loomed before me like a defiant fist, raised in anger at the cage of rock surrounding it. It signalled my journey's end, and my hearts quickened as it grew larger in my vision.

My quest had taken me across a land overflowing with idle absurdities and notional truths. As the weeks passed, I had encountered many of its colourful natives. I confess I found their eccentricities somewhat entertaining...

But as I neared my goal, I found myself descending ever deeper into this world's cold underbelly, a region which few spoke of and fewer still dared to tread...



SCOTT GRAY - WRITER ADRIAN SALMON - ARTIST
ROSIE LAMMISSE - LETTERS
ALAN BARNES & CLAYTON HICKMAN - EDITORS

The
Sisyphean
Society

RAK-
RAK-
RAK

YUH?

I DESIRE AN
AUDIENCE WITH THE
RESIDENTS. YOU
WILL ANNOUNCE
ME.

UH... NO.
NO-ONE
COMES INSIDE
HOUSE.
AGAINST LAW.

YOU
GO AWAY
N-

UUMMM...

LOOK AT ME,
YOU INSOLENT
MONGREL. LOOK
INTO MY EYES...

I AM THE
MASTER.

I GO WHEREVER
I PLEASE.

The beast led me through an interminable corridor and eventually to the lounge. And there they were - legends of a sort, bold figures who had captured the collective imagination of a world.

I stifled an urge to laugh.

...SO THEN **HYDE** DECIDED TO PICK A FIGHT WITH **SILVER**... BUT ONLY AFTER HE'D GOTTEN HIM DRUNK ON THE RUM HE'D STOLEN FROM **SMEE**...

THAT MAN IS AN ABSOLUTE DISGRACE - WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE ALLOWED HIM INTO THE SENIOR CIRCLE...

OH, CERTAINMENT! DO YOU KNOW, HE ONCE TOLD ME MY DON JUAN TRIUMPHANT WAS TURBID! CAN YOU BELIEVE TH-

WELL NOW, WHO'S THIS?

GREETINGS, GENTLEMEN. I AM KNOWN SIMPLY AS **THE MASTER**. UPON MY TRAVELS I HAVE HEARD MUCH OF YOUR FINE ESTABLISHMENT...

I AM HERE TO PETITION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

IMPUDENT SWINE, I AM THE ONLY **MASTER** HERE! I DOMINATED THE ENTIRE WORLD WITH MY BRILLIANT MACHINES, MY **GENIUS** IS -

CERBERUS, WHY DID YOU LET THIS FOOL THROUGH THE DOOR? I DESIGNED YOU TO KEEP THE RABBLE OUT...

OH, WHAT A **JEST**! POOR MOREAU, YOUR LAPDOG'S FOUND ANOTHER HAND FOR HIS LEASH!

WATCH YOUR MOUTH, FRENCHMAN, OR YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF IN MY SURGERY...

BE SILENT, ROBUR, YOUR SO-CALLED "TERROR" WAS AN UNRELIABLE BAG OF BOLTS, AND WE ALL KNOW IT. NOW, THE **NAUTILUS** ON THE OTHER HAND...

THE... MASTER... GOES... WHERE... HE... PLEASES...

Origin of Species

A FELLOW MESMERIST,
THEN? YOU BEGIN TO
INTRIGUE ME, SIR...

PERHAPS WE
SHOULD CONSIDER
ADDING SOME NEW
BLOOD TO OUR
RANKS.

THANK YOU,
MY DEAR COUNT.
MY ONLY DESIRE
IS TO STATE MY
CASE TO YOUR
ASSEMBLY...

...AND MEET
WITH YOUR
CHAIRMAN.

...NOT UNTIL YOU'VE
PROVEN YOUR
CREDENTIALS."

EH-P

HEH-HEH-
HEH... I
THINK **NOT**,
SIR...

In an instant, my surroundings had transformed. I found myself facing still more of these bizarre beings in some form of arena...

LITTLE MAN, YOU SEE
BEFORE YOU THE **FINEST**
INTELLECTS THE WORLD HAS
EVER PRODUCED. OUR EXPLOITS
HAVE CHANGED THE FACE OF
NATIONS AND CARVED THE PATH
OF **HISTORY**.

WE STAND
REMOVED FROM
COMMON **MORALITY**.
OUR NAMES STRIKE
TERROR INTO THE
HEARTS OF
MANKIND.

SO TELL
US, "MASTER"...

WHY SHOULD
WE ALLOW **YOU**
ENTRY INTO OUR
SOCIETY?

WHERE IS YOUR
CHAIRMAN?

FIRST
YOU MUST
FACE OUR
RULING.

NO! I WILL
NOT BE JUDGED
BY SUCH
INSUBSTANTIAL
CREATURES!

YOU MUST
ADMIT, VLAD, HE'S
MAD ENOUGH TO BE
ONE OF US...

YOU ARE ALL
PSEUDONOMIC ENTITIES,
EXISTING IN A REALM OF
TOTAL FICTION. I SEE ONLY
WORDS ON A PAGE,
CLOTHED IN THE
ILLUSION OF REALITY!

YOU ARE THE
BY-PRODUCT OF A FEW
FEEDLE IMAGINATIONS
FROM A TINY BACKWATER
PLANET, NOTHING MORE!

SILENCE,
GRIFFIN.

WE SHALL PUT
THIS TO A VOTE...



"WHITE-BALLED", EH?
SHOULD I TAKE THAT TO BE A "NAY"...?

AH, EVIDENTLY SO.
AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE?

CALL ME JAS, LITTLE MAN! DON'T BE SHY, HOLD STILL FOR A MINUTE...

...SO'S WE CAN SHAKE HANDS!

I'M AFRAID MY HAND HAS A PRIOR ENGAGEMENT, SIR...



...MEETING YOUR NECK.

KRAK!

AAUUNNGH!

OH, WHAT STYLE!
WHAT POISE! I TELL YOU, THIS MAN'S A MARVELOUS!

I CAN'T STAY IN THE AUDIENCE, I SIMPLY CAN'T!



THIS IS MY PUNJAB LASSO, ALL THE WAY FROM INDIA! I USED TO ENTERTAIN THE SWEET LITTLE SULTANA OF MAZENDERAN WITH IT...

BY THROTTLING THE COMMON FOLK!

AAKKK!

BUT DON'T WORRY, MONSIEUR MASTER, I'M NOT IN A STRANGLING MOOD - I'M JUST ENTERTAINING YOU UNTIL MY FRIEND ARRIVES...

HE'S FROM INDIA TOO!

GGRRRRR

WHERE HAVE ALL
THE SOFT YOUNG MAN-CUBS
GONE? MUST I BE CONTENT
WITH THE GRIZZLED FLESH
OF THE AGED?

VERY WELL.
IF THIS BE
ALL THE MEAT
ON OFFER...

...IT
SHALL
FILL MY
BELLY
NOW!

AAIROOWW!!!

YOU'RE NO
DOUBT USED
TO MORE
INTIMIDATED
PREY, BEAST...

ZZZEEEEEE

... BUT I
FEAR NO
PAPER
TIGERS.

NNNGH!

THWAK!

ENOUGH! I AM A BUSY
MAN AND WILL BROOK NO
FURTHER DELAYS --
ANSWER ME NOW...

AH.
NEARBY,
I THINK...

I SMELL
THE BLOOD --
AND THE
FEAR -- OF AN
ENGLISHMAN.

WHERE IS
YOUR
CREATOR?

THIS IS
NO WALL. IT IS A
CURTAIN...



...LET IT BE
PULLED
BACK.

HOW -- HOW IS SUCH AN
ACHIEVEMENT POSSIBLE? I WEAR
THE CROWN OF THOUGHTS -- ONLY I
CAN EFFECT SUCH MATHEMATICAL
FEATS!

YES, I THOUGHT
SOMEONE WAS
MISSING FROM
THAT CROWD...

GOOD EVENING,
PROFESSOR
MORIARTY.

ST-STAY BACK! YOU STAND
IN THE WAY NOT MERELY OF AN
INDIVIDUAL BUT OF A M-MIGHTY
ORGANISATION!

RETREATING TO
THE WORDS YOUR
AUTHOR GAVE YOU...
INTERESTING.

BUT YOU'RE THE LEAST OF THIS
MENAGERIE, MORIARTY -- NOT A
TRUE CHARACTER AT ALL, MERELY
A PLOT DEVICE YOUR CREATOR
USED TO ELIMINATE THAT
DETECTIVE FELLOW...

AND AS I
RECALL, YOU
COULDN'T EVEN
MANAGE TO
DO THAT.

YOU'VE DEVELOPED
IDEAS ABOVE YOUR
STATION, PROFESSOR...
YOUR SELF-BELIEF WAS SO
STRONG YOU'VE ACTUALLY
GAINED SOME MEASURE OF
CONTROL OVER THIS
ENVIRONMENT...

STOP! YOU
C-CANNOT-

DID YOU TRULY
THINK YOURSELF
TO BE REAL? DID YOU
DECIDE TO SURROUND
YOURSELF WITH YOUR
"PEERS"?

WHEN THE BEINGS
WHO BUILT THIS DIMENSION
DEPARTED, THEY LEFT THIS
DEVICE BEHIND. IT'S FAR TOO
IMPORTANT TO BE WASTED
ON THE LIKES OF YOU...



NOW, WHERE WERE
YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?
THE REICHENBACH FALLS,
WASN'T IT?

NO!

YOU'VE HAD
YOUR MOMENT
ON STAGE,
PROFESSOR...



...TIME
TO STEP
OFF.

AAAIIIEEEE!




SIR... TRULY, YOU
WOULD BE A MAGNIFICENT
ADDITION TO OUR SOCIETY.
I KNOW I SPEAK FOR ALL
PRESENT WHEN I ASK YOU
TO JOIN US...

NOT AS
A MERE
MEMBER, BUT
AS OUR NEW
CHAIRMAN.

OH, MY DEAR FRIENDS,
I AM TRULY TOUCHED --
BUT I MUST DECLINE
YOUR INVITATION...

I FEAR YOUR
BRIEF ERA OF DAGGERS,
PISTOLS AND POISONED
DARTS IS LONG OVER.

STILL, YOU HAVE
AMUSED ME, AND
SO I SHALL PRESENT
YOU WITH A PARTING
GIFT...




LET ME GIVE YOU A TASTE
OF THE DARK WONDERS THE
NEXT CENTURY HAD
TO OFFER...



TURBOOAAAAR!



HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH!



As I began my long journey home, my
back warmed by the glow of impossible
weapons, I pondered the singular concept
of destroying an unreal thing...

I knew the headband could only manipulate matter existing
inside this world. Even so, once its technology was studied, it
would provide me with all manner of interesting possibilities...

But then a careless notion danced across my
mind; if I remained in this realm, I would be
all-powerful – a god walking amongst fantasies...

I dismissed the thought at once.
My ambitions would never allow
such complacency...

I could never be satisfied with a
life of mere fiction.



COMMENTARY

by **SCOTT GRAY**

OPHIDIUS

COLOUR! COLOUR! COLOUR! COLOUR!!! We had it at last! The *Doctor Who Magazine* comic strip had been running in black-and-white for 299 issues, with only the (very) occasional colour story. While the rest of *DWM* had slowly crept into complete chromatic loveliness, the strip remained the last monochrome element. Can't say it had ever really bothered me – many of my favourite comics were in black-and-white (*Love and Rockets*, *Zot!* and *Concrete* for example). There's a stark power to black-and-white art. The only time I had gotten wistful for colour was during the previous year's story, *The Glorious Dead* – it would've been nice to have splashed some hues around in the Omniversal Spectrum scenes.

But now, thanks to some financial juggling from *DWM* editor Alan Barnes, we were finally beginning a regular run of colour stories! *Ophidius* was a big, bright carnival of weird aliens, exotic jungles, living spaceships, energy beams and force fields – a very deliberate celebration of what we could now do. Yes, it was a tad over-the-top in places but we didn't care. Cos we had **COLOUR!!!**

The working title for *Ophidius* was *Serpent in the Garden*. Gahh. Aren't you glad we changed it? I think it was Alan who suggested the word "ophidian" (meaning "snakelike") for the villains' name.

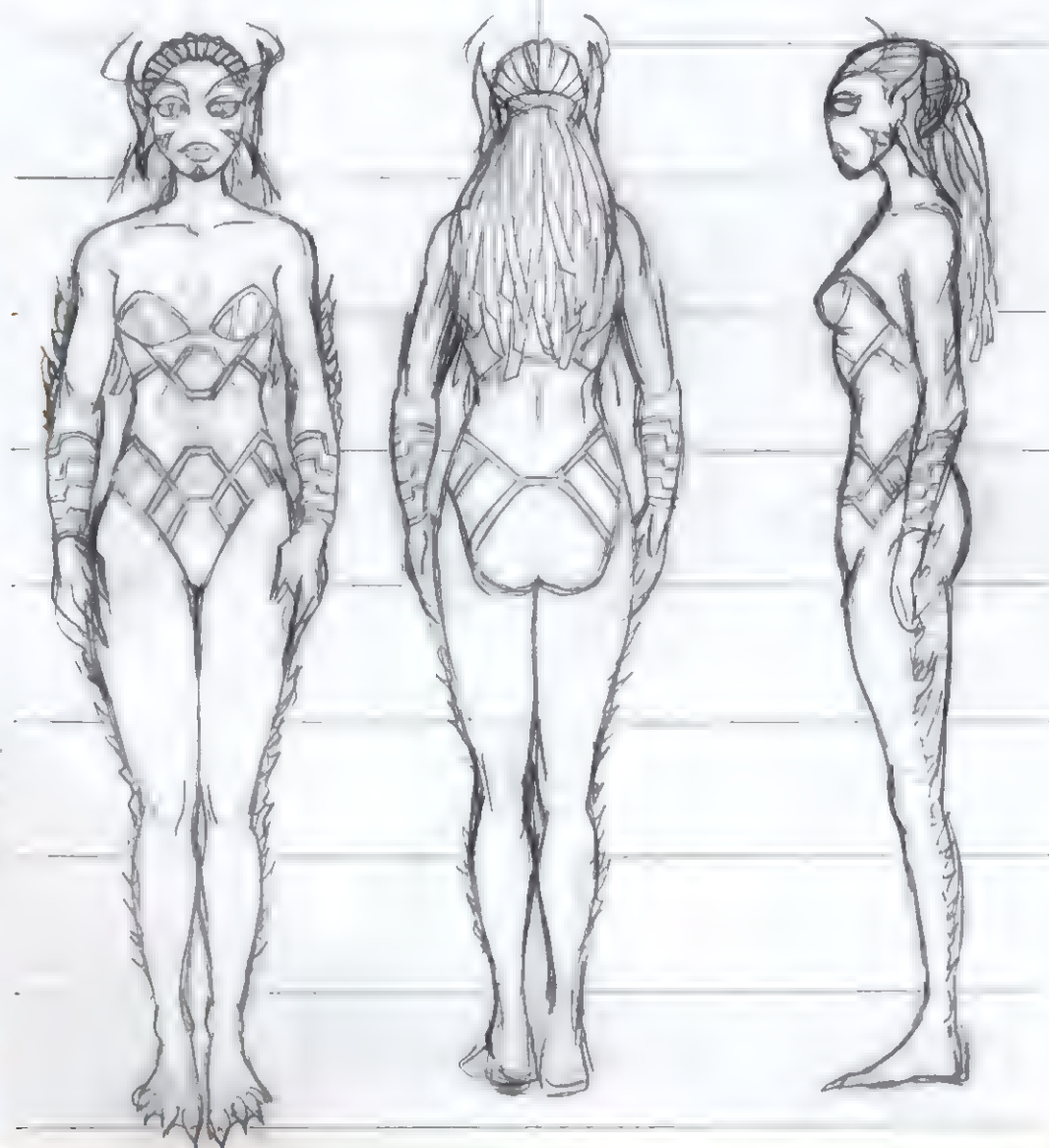
So, body swap stories. They're brilliant. Never seen one I didn't like, and most of them I've loved. *Who's Who?* in *The Avengers*. *Third Rock from the Sun* with Dick and Sally trading roles, hilarious. The classic *Fantastic Four* #10, with Doctor Doom posing as Mr Fantastic and completely

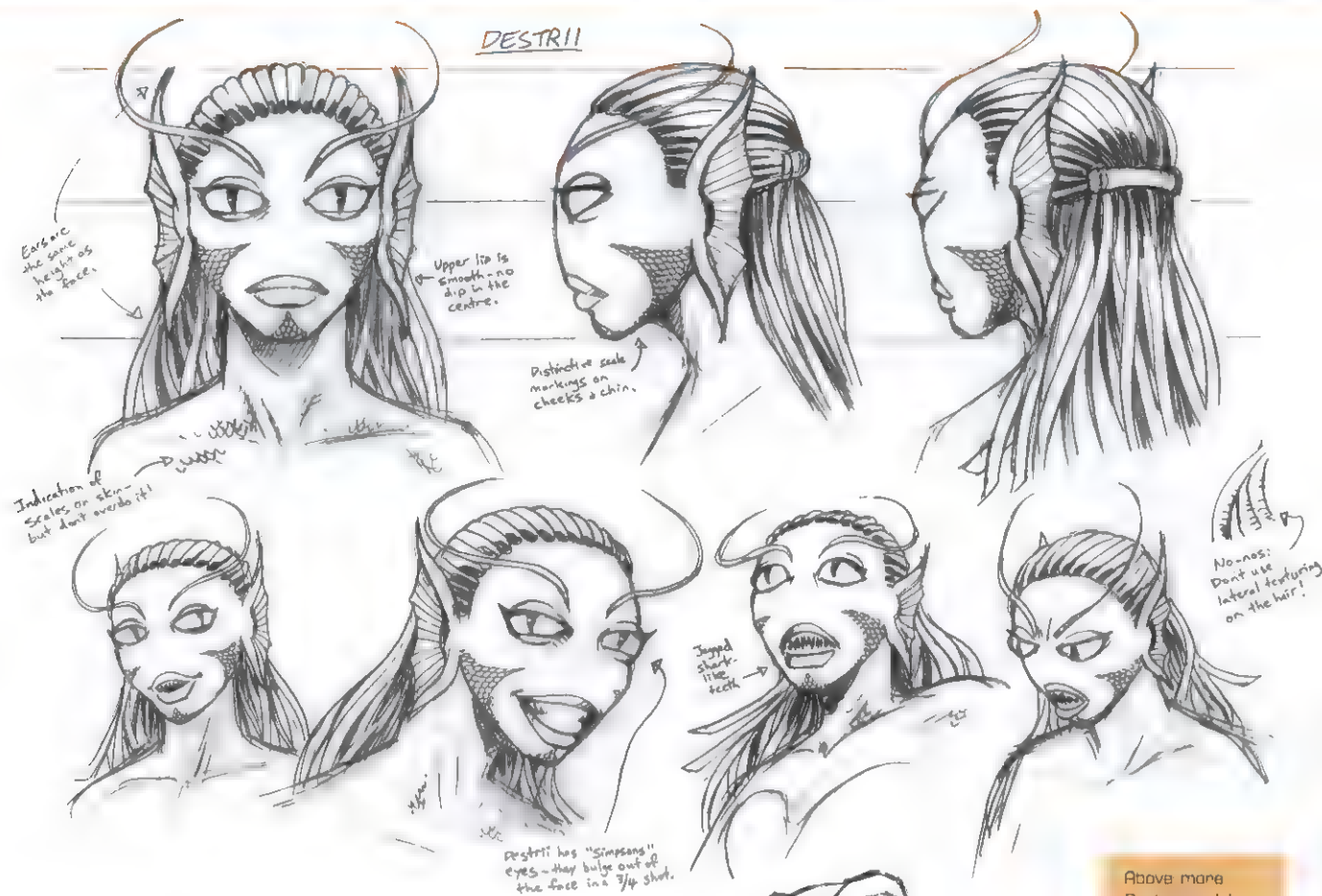


Above and below: Martin Geraghty's early studies of Destrii.



Right: Scott Gray's figure model sheet for Destrii.





Above more Destrii model guides by Scott Gray.



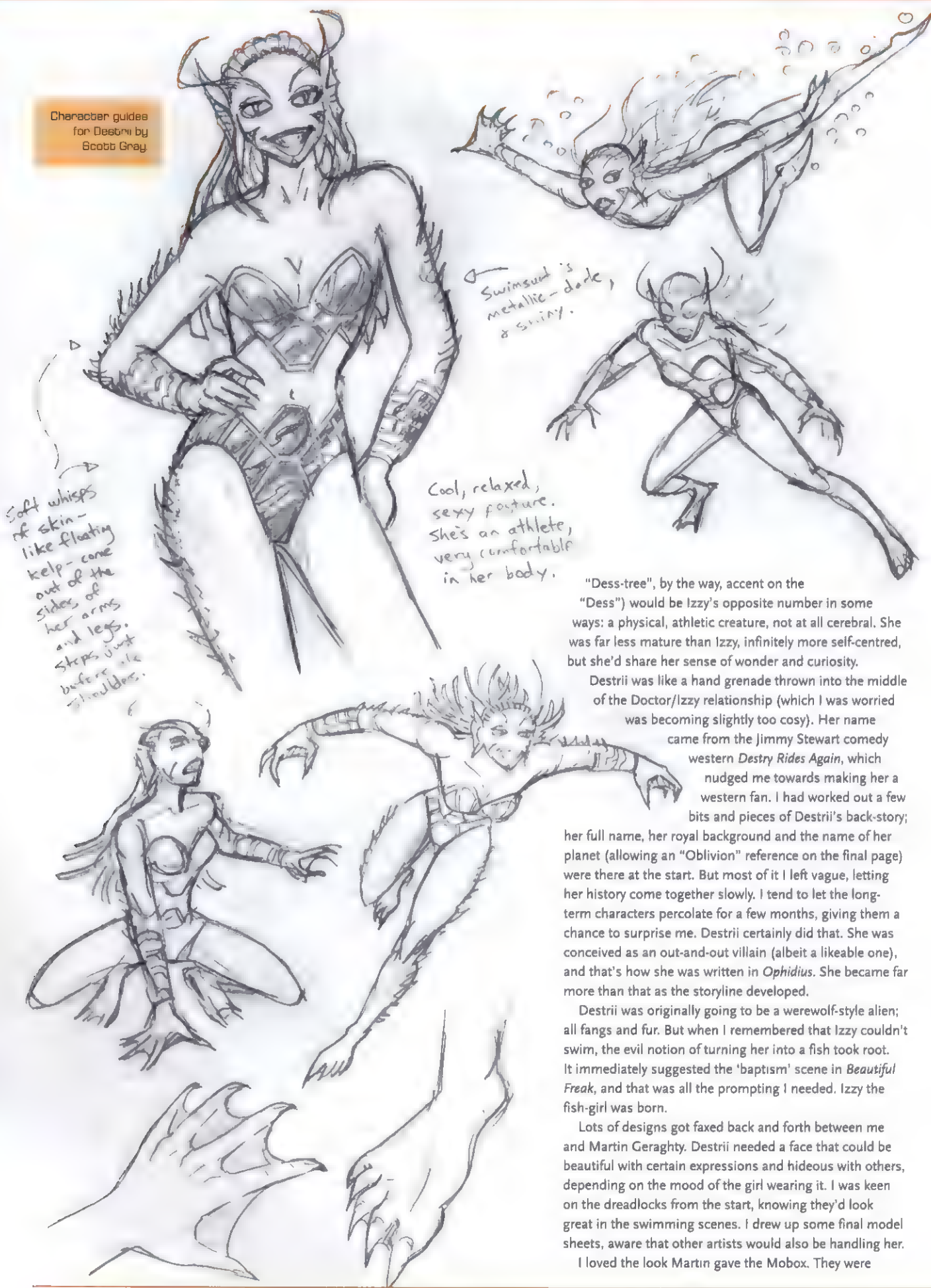
Left: Martin Genaghty's design for the Mobok.

fooling the rest of the FF. Xena and Callisto! William Shatner having a big girly meltdown in *Turnabout Intruder*! I could go on and on. Body swaps. Great!

I've always found it bizarre that TV *Doctor Who* has never done one. (Sorry, but *New Earth* doesn't count – that was a possession. We'd need to see Rose waking up as a fleshy trampoline for it to qualify.) A body swap story is such a brilliant sci-fi concept, steeped in allegory. A good one can say so much about personal identity; how our physical appearance affects our outlook on the world and, in turn, how it affects the world's attitude to us. Does the body rule the mind or does the mind rule the body?

All body swap stories follow one simple rule: the change is never permanent. I wanted to stick to that, but instead of reversing the swap at the end of one story, take a long-term approach – do it across the length of a big story arc, thereby (hopefully) fooling everyone into thinking Izzy's new look was going to be for good. So Destrii-in-Izzy's-body apparently died at the end of *Ophidius*. For once I did plan a get-out clause ahead of time. I always knew Destrii was just fine, floating around inside B'rostt's belly. But as long as the readers thought she was gone forever, their sympathies would lie totally with Izzy. The question would change from, "How will she get her old body back?" to "How will she cope with her new life?"

Dealing with the Master in *The Glorious Dead* had set me thinking about how enjoyable the "shadow" villain could be – the baddie who shares lots of traits with the hero, who has an intimate understanding of him. I decided to give Izzy her own evil counterpart; a girl her own age who would have similar interests and desires but without a scrap of conscience to go with it. Destrii (pronounced



"Dess-tree", by the way, accent on the "Dess") would be Izzy's opposite number in some ways: a physical, athletic creature, not at all cerebral. She was far less mature than Izzy, infinitely more self-centred, but she'd share her sense of wonder and curiosity.

Destrii was like a hand grenade thrown into the middle of the Doctor/Izzy relationship (which I was worried was becoming slightly too cosy). Her name came from the Jimmy Stewart comedy western *Destry Rides Again*, which nudged me towards making her a western fan. I had worked out a few bits and pieces of Destrii's back-story; her full name, her royal background and the name of her planet (allowing an "Oblivion" reference on the final page) were there at the start. But most of it I left vague, letting her history come together slowly. I tend to let the long-term characters percolate for a few months, giving them a chance to surprise me. Destrii certainly did that. She was conceived as an out-and-out villain (albeit a likeable one), and that's how she was written in *Ophidius*. She became far more than that as the storyline developed.

Destrii was originally going to be a werewolf-style alien; all fangs and fur. But when I remembered that Izzy couldn't swim, the evil notion of turning her into a fish took root. It immediately suggested the 'baptism' scene in *Beautiful Freak*, and that was all the prompting I needed. Izzy the fish-girl was born.

Lots of designs got faxed back and forth between me and Martin Geraghty. Destrii needed a face that could be beautiful with certain expressions and hideous with others, depending on the mood of the girl wearing it. I was keen on the dreadlocks from the start, knowing they'd look great in the swimming scenes. I drew up some final model sheets, aware that other artists would also be handling her.

I loved the look Martin gave the Mobox. They were



loosely based on Jack Kirby's mid-60s design for the Thing from *The Fantastic Four*. I even asked for Kirby-esque energy dots to be crackling inside their mouths. The Mobox needed to be bulky enough to look natural while walking around on all fours at the start of the story, yet also make sense when they stood upright after they got their brains back.

I had always hated the way the Doctor's jacket, so dark and sleek in the TV Movie, appeared when anyone illustrated it in colour. Bright green? Really? Who the hell wears a bright green jacket, apart from the Riddler? I resolved to get rid of it ASAP, hence the scene where he dumps it in the Ophidians' control room. We replaced it in *Beautiful Freak* with a sharp dark-blue one, which in comics terms really just reads as 'black'.

Alan and I had a disagreement at the plotting stage on how to progress the story arc. At the conclusion of *Ophidius*, Alan wanted Destrii to succeed in fooling the Doctor and join him on his travels. Not only that, he wanted Destrii to fool the readers too! He felt we should hide the body swap scene and make it a dramatic revelation somewhere down the line. I hated the notion. Destrii was a teenager, not some master villainess – there was no way she'd be capable of outwitting the Doctor. Also, the basic function of any *Doctor Who* companion is to be the audience identification figure. We need to see each story unfold through their eyes. If I was trying to hide the companion's very identity from the reader, I wouldn't be able to do that.

Most importantly, leaving Izzy behind onboard *Ophidius* would have meant taking the spotlight off her for months on end, just when we needed to see her reaction to the change. I wanted the whole arc to revolve around her; to show her physical and emotional struggle, her clashes with the Doctor, her gradual acceptance of her fate and her growth into a *bona fide* adult as a result. I just couldn't see this alternate plotline making any of that happen. I dug my heels in. And Alan, bless his cotton socks, relented.

BEAUTIFUL FREAK

The working title for this one was *Fish Out of Water*. Seriously.

And so... a complete change of pace. The colour levels came way down and the shadows were ramped up. The carnival was over. This was our *EastEnders* two-hander; a chance to focus on the Doctor and Izzy with no one else getting in the way. It was such a relief not to have to worry about the Big Plot for once – we could concentrate on the pacing of each scene, with room for lots of silent panels and big, emotional close-ups. Martin did an absolutely stunning job depicting it all. Bravo, Gez!

Beautiful Freak remains one of my favourite stories from my run on the strip. It's about something very real and personal. There isn't a teenage girl in existence who hasn't, at some point, despised her own body. Some don't survive that period of self-loathing and many never escape it, no matter what their age. Yes, boys can get hit by it too, but with only a fraction of the impact. Girls receive an obscene amount of social pressure about their appearance.

We had never cast Izzy as some great beauty but she was certainly pretty in a slightly geeky kind of way. And she knew it too – that opening scene of *Ophidius* where she enjoys trying on the various outfits was no accident. Her confidence was growing. I was lifting her up so I could bring her crashing down. Yes, I am evil.

It was nice to see a bit more of the gothic TARDIS at last. Loved the swimming pool (those fish!), and the way the old girl subtly helped the Doctor save Izzy.

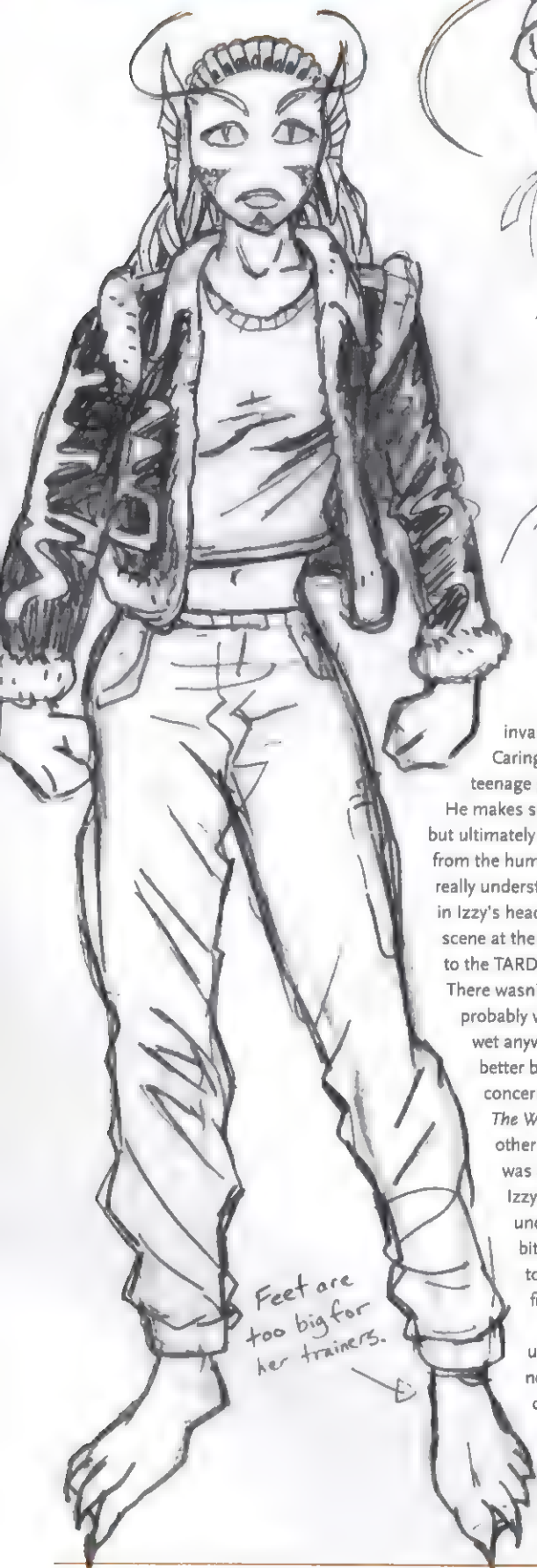
I was excited by the way the Doctor was all at sea here – this was a brand new type of challenge for him. Alien

Scott Gray's design for Izzy in Deetnii's body for *Beautiful Freak*.

No eyelids visible when eyes are wide open

IZZY AS DESTRII

Eyebrows drooping



Feet are too big for her trainers.

invasion? No problem. Caring for a traumatised teenage girl? Watch him sweat! He makes some valid points here but ultimately he's too far removed from the human condition to really understand what's going on in Izzy's head. I had planned a scene at the end where he talks to the TARDIS about his failure. There wasn't room for it and it probably would have been a bit wet anyway. It worked much better by shifting the Doctor's concerns to the final page of *The Way of All Flesh*. The only other thing that got cut out was a whispered line from Izzy: "Kroton would have understood." It seemed a bit too continuity-tangled to start referencing our friendly Cyber-God now.

But who could understand her? Izzy needed a friend, I decided. A woman, a human woman, who would know something of the pain she was feeling. But who...?

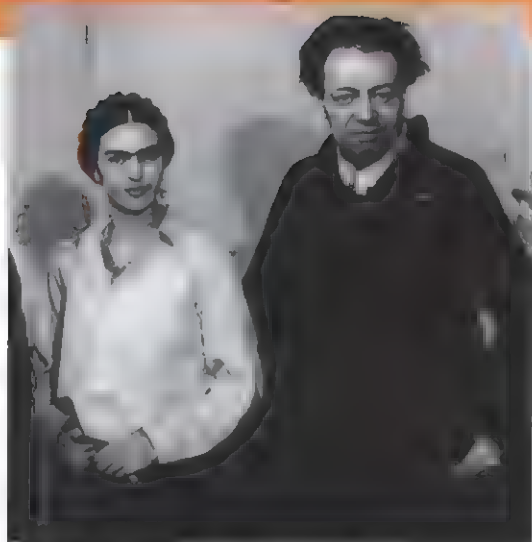
THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

Working title? Are you ready for this? *Una Cosa Monstruosa*. Hot damn, I was on fire that year!

I'd always felt twentieth century Mexico would make a great setting for a *Doctor Who* story. Hot and dry, full of angry, caring, passionate people waving pistols. Just a little bit different in atmosphere to yet another alien invasion of the Home Counties. I thought we could maybe have a go at explaining the legendary Chupacabra; a sort of Mexican goat-sucking vampire-thing that supposedly lives out in the desert. I did a bit of research but it wasn't too inspiring.

Then I remembered an exhibition I'd seen in London in 1992; a display of models and artwork from the Mexican Day of the Dead ceremony. It was amazing. Little skeletons all dressed up, decorating delicate shrines. Skull masks and costumes. All beautiful and intricate and completely

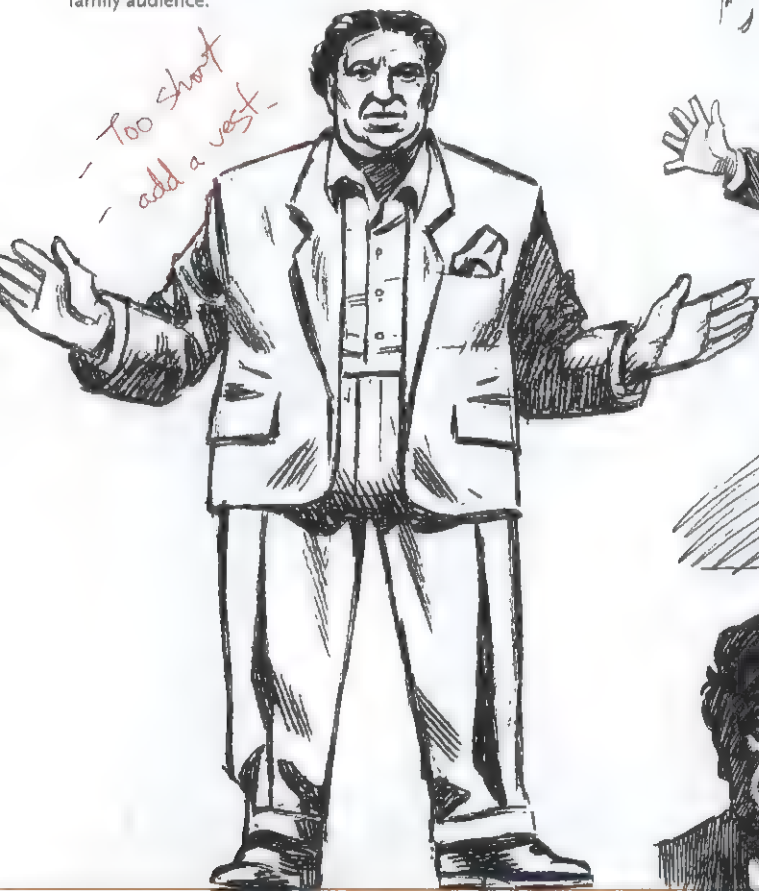




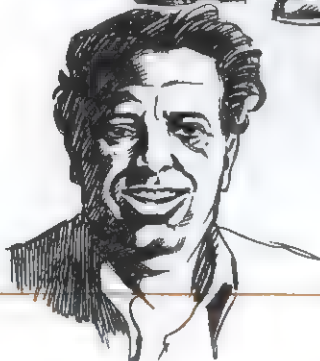
macabre to my New Zealand-born eyes. *That* was more like it!

Wandering through a Waterstones in search of reference, I came across *The Brush of Anguish* by Martha Zamora. It was a biography of Frida Kahlo. It was also a bolt of lightning. Frida Kahlo! *The* Frida Kahlo! No need to invent a friend for Izzy – history had just handed me the perfect one!

Starting the story from Frida and Diego's perspective was fun and felt a bit fresh. It quickly established them as the good guys – pseudo-companions, in fact. For anyone unaware, Frida Kahlo and Diego Rivera were very much real, living people. They were a celebrity couple in the international art world. Salma Hayek and Alfred Molina played them in the movie *Frida* (which I still haven't seen). I knew enough about Frida's turbulent, painful life to know she would immediately empathise with Izzy's plight. When Frida relates the story of her accident, I had to tone down the description of her injuries – they were too nasty for a family audience.



*Carnation
in hair??*



Far left: the real Frida Kahlo and Diego Rivera.

Left: Martin Geraghty's studies of Frida and Diego.

Various stages of
Gusin's design by
Scott Gray and
Martin Geraghty.

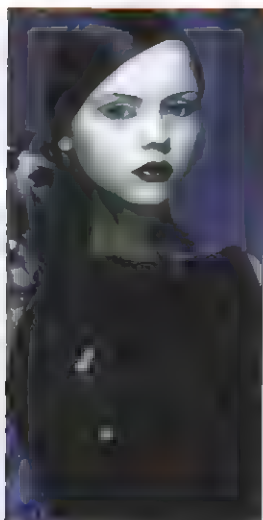
Much younger
look for Susini

Big eyes
wide, sneery nose.
Round features - not
angular!
Small chin

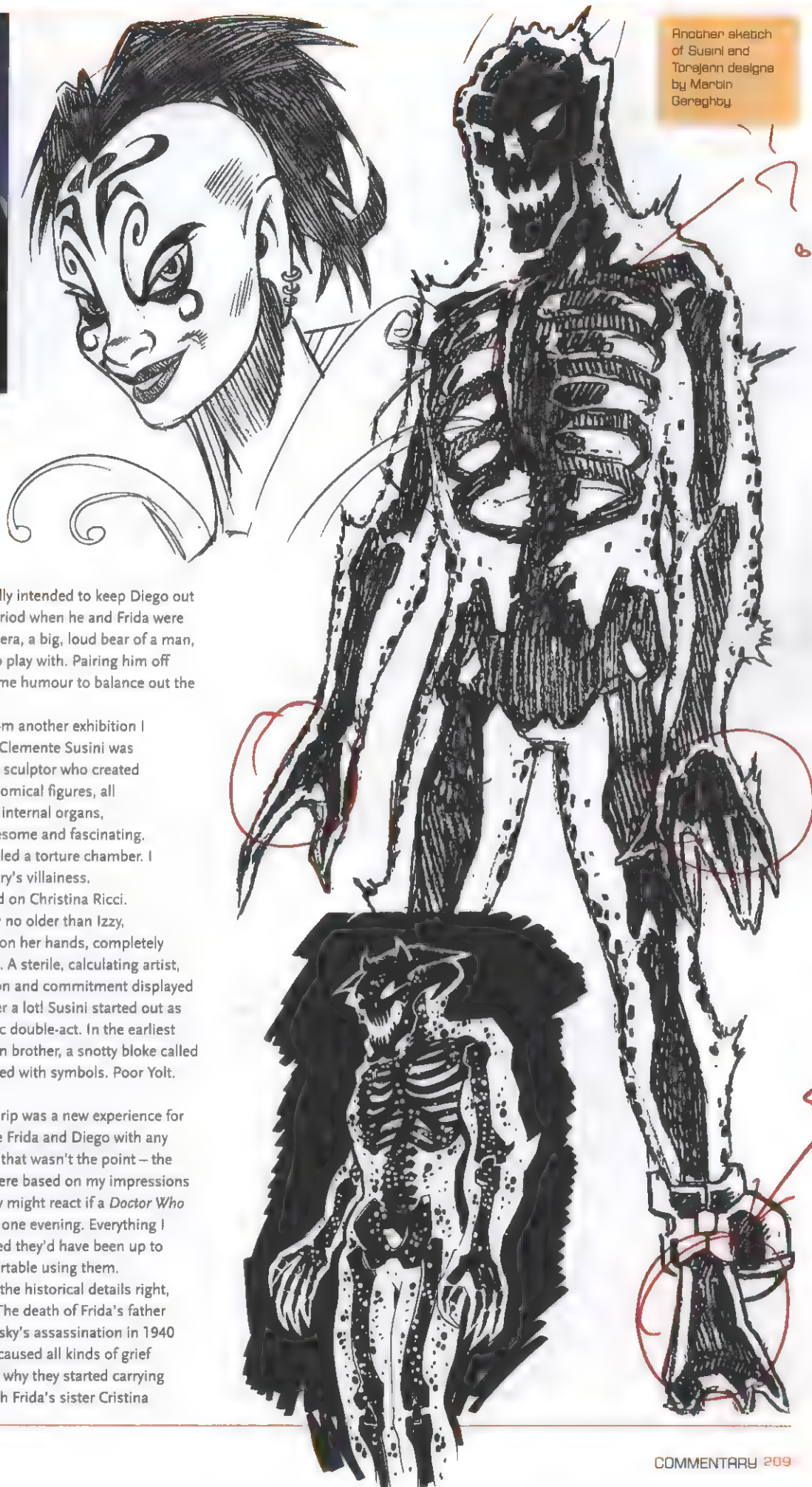
weird alien
ears.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ heads
tall.





Christina Ricci, a visual inspiration for Susini.



Another sketch of Susini and Torajenn designs by Martin Geraghty.

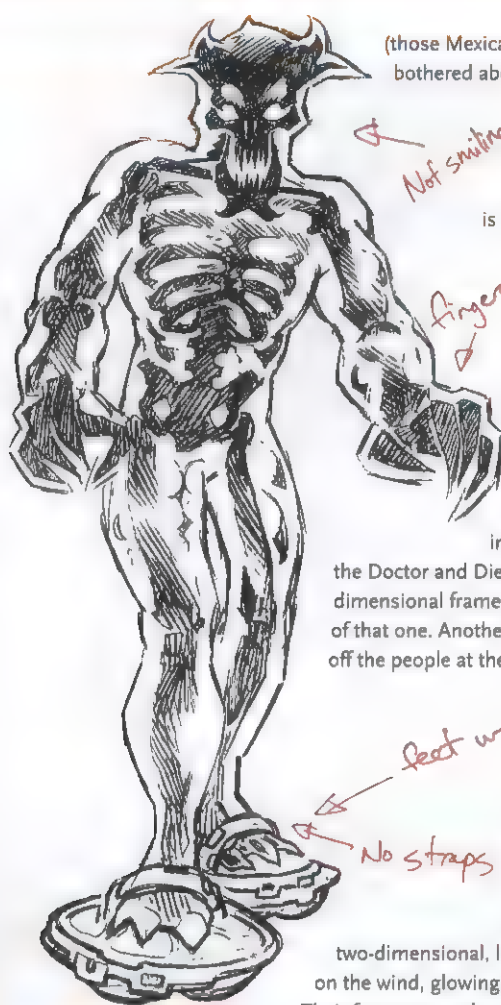
For some reason I originally intended to keep Diego out of the story and set it at a period when he and Frida were separated. Thicko. Diego Rivera, a big, loud bear of a man, was just too much fun not to play with. Pairing him off with the Doctor provided some humour to balance out the darker Izzy/Frida scenes.

More inspiration came from another exhibition I saw while plotting the story. Clemente Susini was an eighteenth century Italian sculptor who created a series of amazing wax anatomical figures, all partially 'dissected' to reveal internal organs, muscles and skeletons. Gruesome and fascinating. The whole exhibition resembled a torture chamber. I pinched his name for the story's villainess.

Susini was (visually) based on Christina Ricci. I figured Susini was probably no older than Izzy, with lots of time and money on her hands, completely convinced of her own genius. A sterile, calculating artist, without a shred of the passion and commitment displayed by Frida and Diego. I liked her a lot! Susini started out as part of a much more comedic double-act. In the earliest plotting stages she had a twin brother, a snotty bloke called "Yolt" who only communicated with symbols. Poor Yolt. Where is he now?

Using real people in the strip was a new experience for me. I knew I couldn't capture Frida and Diego with any major degree of realism, but that wasn't the point – the duo in *The Way of All Flesh* were based on my impressions of them; how I imagined they might react if a *Doctor Who* horror came calling on them one evening. Everything I knew about the pair suggested they'd have been up to the challenge, so I felt comfortable using them.

I wanted to at least get all the historical details right, so a lot of books were read. The death of Frida's father is correctly placed. Leon Trotsky's assassination in 1940 (he had an affair with Frida) caused all kinds of grief for Frida and Diego, which is why they started carrying guns. Diego had an affair with Frida's sister Cristina



Another Torajenn study by Martin Geraghty

(those Mexicans!), so that's why Frida isn't bothered about demanding the use of her car. Frida really did have a skeleton hanging above her bed. The "will you be a kite on the wind" line at the end is taken from a letter Frida wrote to her niece.

There was a ton of material chopped out for lack of space. I desperately wanted Diego to walk into the TARDIS – he loved machinery and had painted a mural in 1934 entitled *Man in the Time Machine*. But the scene had to go! Part Two's cliffhanger initially featured Susini 'flattening'

the Doctor and Diego, trapping them inside a two-dimensional frame. The Doctor talked his way out of that one. Another cut bit had Frida tearing strips off the people at the cemetery for treating Izzy like a freak. Not enough pages, never enough pages!

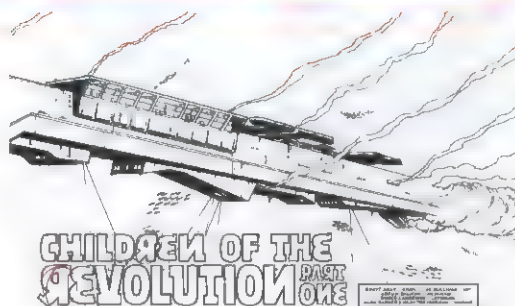
Susini's henchmen were originally ghost-like servants called "Avatars" which she'd created herself. The plot synopsis description reads: "They seem strangely

two-dimensional, like paper cutout men. They float on the wind, glowing with swirling psychedelic lights. Their faces are crude shapes, resembling Munch's *The Scream*." Hmm. Glad we went with glowing skeletons. I think we pinched the Torajenn's look from an issue of *The Avengers* drawn by Alan Davis. It featured flying green radioactive skeletons. We were excited by the prospect of introducing monsters that were proper visual effects. It was something we could never properly do back in the strip's black-and-white days.

The original climax was very different. The Doctor steals a gizmo off Susini which she's been using to create the Avatars. He lands the TARDIS in the Palacio Nacional in Mexico City, where one of Diego's murals, *Mexico Today and Tomorrow*, is displayed. It's a huge montage of Mexican history, filled with images of workers, Aztec warriors, revolutionaries, soldiers, bandits, etc. The Doctor hands Diego the gizmo and he creates a new armada of Avatars based on the images from his mural, animated by his will. They attack Susini's Avatars in a big aerial battle. The baddies don't stand a chance against the combined forces of Mexican history. Coyoacán's townsfolk cheer them on!

There were several reasons not to go with this. We'd already done the artwork-comes-to-life gimmick in *The Road to Hell*. Also, I had no desire to work Martin to death with an insanely huge cast-of-thousands finale. (Although I know he would have done it, somehow, and without a word of complaint!) There wasn't nearly enough space for such a big ending, anyway. Clayton Hickman (then the new, fresh-faced DWM Assistant Editor) suggested we just shove Susini into the energy funnel and make her part of her own sculpture. And that was ten times better! Poetic justice beats a big-budget blow-out any day. Cheers, Clay!

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION



Oh Lord. This one began life as *The Phoenix Factor*, but Clay started humming the T-Rex tune one evening on the train and we were saved!

"What about Daleks?" Alan asked me one lunchtime at the pub. I think I just hummed. I "hummm" a lot when I hear suggestions I'm not expecting and don't particularly like the sound of. Daleks? Didn't we just do the Daleks? I had this big, profound story arc to plan! The party was in full-swing, I didn't want it gatecrashed by a busload of Daleks!

It wasn't a Grand Editorial Directive, and I really appreciated that. Alan was never one to push me in a direction I didn't feel would work. Daleks? Yeah, well, maybe after I was done with the Izzy/Destrii story. Be nice to do them in colour, I guess. Truth be told, I don't think Daleks adapt terribly well into comics – they have no body language or expressions, and their strongest attribute, that grating voice, is lost.

So I went back to plotting out the next, completely Dalekless, story. I knew Izzy would have to take a dip in the water – it was time to move her on, show her starting to come to terms with her new body, regaining her confidence. That meant an underwater setting. Underwater city... Underwater monsters...



Above right: an unused title design for *Children of the Revolution*.

Right: a page layout by Lee Sullivan.



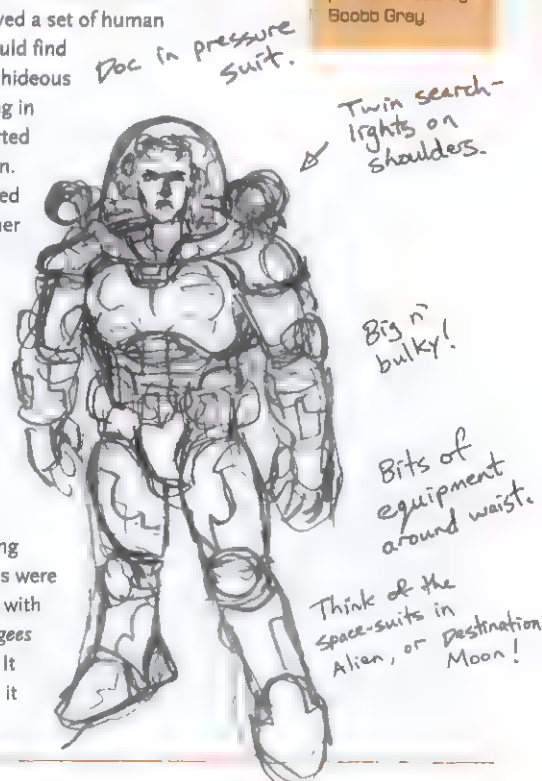
glider-things! And we could get Lee Sullivan, Dalek Artist Extraordinaire, to draw 'em!

The thought of bringing back the humanised Daleks from the Patrick Troughton story *The Evil of the Daleks* came early. I was interested in them because I thought they could work as a reflection of Izzy's emotional state. I reasoned that these Daleks, imbued with the Human Factor, might have also received a set of human aesthetic standards. They would find their appearance every bit as hideous as any human, and stay hiding in their shells. But the story started moving in a different direction. The Daleks' self-loathing ended up getting jettisoned altogether and they became a noble, optimistic race.

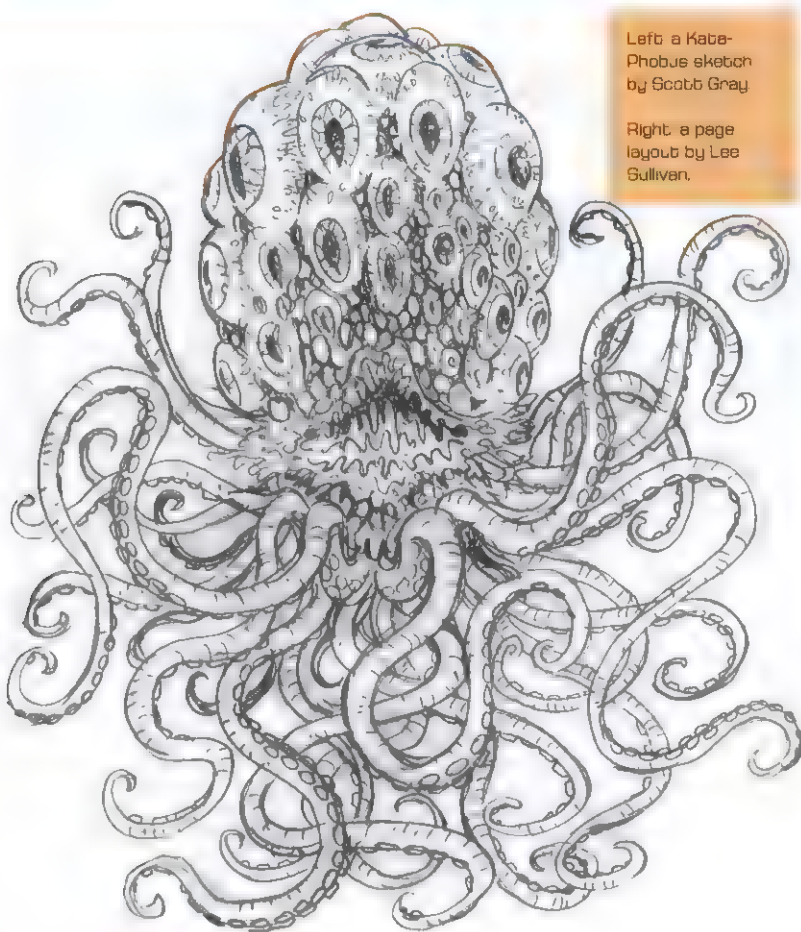
And race was what it was all about, really. Like all good Dalek stories, racism (or to be more precise, xenophobia) was at the heart of *Children of the Revolution*. There were race riots going on in Bradford while I was writing it, the BNP were getting council seats, and the tabloids were merrily goose-stepping along with stories of refugees – yes, *refugees* – “stealing our best houses”. It was shameful, sickening, and it all went into the mix.

Above and left more layouts by Lee Sullivan

Below: a sketch of the Doctor's pressure suit by Bobb Gray



Underwater Daleks?
And just like *that* I was sold. Underwater Daleks!!! How cool was that? The visual appeal was obvious. Daleks may look great gliding about on TV, but comics (a static medium) really can't depict that. Daleks underwater, however, would leave bubble trails, neatly portraying their motion. And they could zip around on groovy little



Left: a Kata-Phobus sketch by Scott Gray

Right: a page layout by Lee Sullivan.



broke down the doors, they discovered the Zealots had all committed suicide. They had chosen death over slavery. And there was the end of my story. Easy.

Lee did a cracking job, under intense pressure. He suffered a death in the family while working on the story but never stopped. We would have gladly gotten a fill-in artist to give him a break but he only told us about his situation after the story was completed. *That, ladies and gentlemen, is a pro.*

Adrian Salmon joined the comic strip team as the colourist with *Children*. Ade had been drawing for *DWM* for several years and it was great to have him involved with the strip on a regular basis. He got better and better with each chapter.

I took quite a while to arrive at the finished story. I remember an evil archeologist called Professor West was a major player at one point, exploring a sunken city built by an extinct race called the Wijoa. The Daleks had wiped out the Wijoa centuries earlier but the humanised versions – called “Neo-Daleks” – had returned to their city. They were trying to find some ancient maguffin there that could rewrite genetic codes, and turn themselves back into Kaleds. They had even built a shrine to the Wijoa. Alpha was a much slyer, more manipulative type at first. He was getting the Doctor to help him by playing on his guilt (“You abandoned us, Creator!”). Alpha was in fact the villain of the story for a while. He had genetically altered himself before we even met him, becoming a big monster. He was fooling everyone by operating his Dalek shell by remote control, the tricky devil! But it all felt a bit false to me, and not in keeping with the theme of the story. People who stir up hatred between groups usually stand outside the conflict. They might be politicians, terrorists or tabloid editors, but their main goal is always to profit from other people’s pain. Hence the arrival of Kata-Phobus.

Below: Lee Sullivan’s character designs for Alison, Julius and Theo.





The first ending went like this: Julius and Theo emerge from the Dalek saucer and announce they have contacted someone to help them escape. The Emperor Dalek appears on a TV screen and promises revenge! The Neo-Daleks decide to self-destruct. Theo later reveals that the Emperor was just a phony hologram he'd cooked up. Ah-hah!

Oh... dear. In my defence, this version never got close to reaching Alan's desk. I always liken plotting out a story to walking through a big garden maze. You know where to enter and you can see where you'll exit, it's everything

in-between that takes up your time. Paths that seem promising may turn out to be dead-ends – but you have to walk down 'em anyway, just to be sure.

Alison was originally a more important character. She was intended to be a more mature woman in her mid-forties, a sexy Jenny Agutter/Alison Janney type. She had fallen for the Doctor after he'd saved her life when she was 25. She was deeply dismayed to see him again, 20 years later, not having aged a day. But there wasn't room for any of this, and hey, what did it have to do with the Daleks anyway?

Lee made Alison look a lot younger, which raised some suspicions among the readership that Izzy was going to stay onboard the Argus and Alison would replace her in the TARDIS. It was great to hear that kind of speculation. Our heroes' fates now seemed genuinely uncertain for the readers, which is the ideal situation for any serialised story.

I wanted to avoid the usual *Star Trek* clichés aboard the Argus by giving it an informal, civilian feel. Everyone called each other by their first names – only Julius was "Captain" to the crew. Julius Otago was named after the area of New Zealand I grew up in. Lee based the design of the Argus on his electronic saxophone. No, really!

Kata-Phobus was my go at doing a proper HP Lovecraft-style critter. The big green tentacle monsters aren't usually intelligent in *Doctor Who*, so I made this one quite the *raconteur*. He was voiced by Stephen Fry. In my head,



Above: a modernist house that inspired the Dalek city design

Left: Lee Sullivan's layout for the penultimate page.

Below: the original (very brief) death of the Daleks as seen in *DWM* #317





Above: Kaba-Phobus' original (smaller!) demise in **DWM** #817

I've had second thoughts about Panel 6, Page 6 - about that sketch I sent you earlier is a tad smelly, methinks...

How about something like this? Closer to your rough, but a bit more fluid shot of Izzy.



Above: a revised panel design

Right: pencils for **Me and My Shadow**.

By this point I had the remainder of the arc worked out in detail. This gave me the chance to spring a nasty surprise on the Doctor and Izzy (and the readers) at the end. But once again, the page-count tripped me up. I needed the final page to introduce Heliath and Hassana (of whom, more later...) but that left us with little room for the big Dalek sacrifice scene. As originally printed in **DWM**, it was a real blink-and-you-missed-'em moment. Luckily, Clayton was just as annoyed about that as me, so he found some spare cash and got Lee and Adrian back to do a

special extended version of the climax for this book. Brilliant, job, guys, thanks! And we killed off old Kata-Phobus in style this time! Yay!

This was Alan's final strip as **DWM** editor. In the tradition of Gary Gillatt's send-off at the end of *The Glorious Dead*, I asked Lee to include Alan in the Argus crew line-up in their final panel. And then Al was very sadly gone, off to genteel Oxford and the take-no-prisoners world of the **Judge Dredd Magazine**. I had now worked on the

DWM comic strip with four editors in a row: John Freeman; Gary Russell; Gary Gillatt and Alan Barnes. I was starting to feel like the Ian Beale of **DWM**. Maybe it was time to be moving on myself. Nahh. I decided to give the new kid a try first...

ME AND MY SHADOW

This one didn't have a working title. Honest.

I'd been chomping at the bit to bring Fey Truscott-Sade back, and Izzy getting kidnapped was the perfect excuse. I started out imagining this as a classic James Bond pre-title teaser - a seven-page taste of what Fey could do when she was let loose. The initial idea was to set it entirely on a





train heading for Switzerland. Fey is a passenger, carrying important documents. She's posing as an elderly (male) war veteran, with a big moustache and grey wig. But she's betrayed! Nazi agents attack! The rest of the story is just one big action piece. Fey dodges bullets, rescues a beautiful damsel, knocks a big bald German called Karl through a window, etc, etc. The climax takes place on the train's roof (where else?). Fey battles with the evil spymaster before he's decapitated by an oncoming tunnel. And then, right at the end, Shayde wakes up and asks who's making all the noise? Fey sighs. Cut to opening credits, song by Shirley Bassey...

It seemed like a no-brainer, and maybe that was the problem. It was all a bit too easy. I realised that I wanted to show another side to Fey. I had loved the character Alan had invented, but so far we had only seen the Fey Truscott-Sade of the 1930s; the product of a hopeful era. Fey's life during World War II would be a tough one, full of loss, pain and anger. No Roger Moore-style quipping for her.

The struggle between Fey and Shayde was something I'd had in mind right from the point where I'd 'married' them in *Wormwood*. I knew there'd be trouble ahead, with Shayde taking the elevated Time Lord view of Earth history, and Fey seeing it as a here-and-now she wanted to change as

quickly as possible. Both viewpoints are correct, of course. It's all just a matter of perspective.

We gave Fey a slightly sleeker outfit than the one she'd inherited from Shayde. The bulky belt disappeared and the gun also became more elegant. It just seemed more in keeping with the lady's style. I tried giving Fey a jazzy collar too but Clay said it looked a bit *Star Trek*. Fair enough!

Me and My Shadow was an especially enjoyable experience for me as I finally got to collaborate with one of my favourite artists, John Ross. I'd employed John on Panini's *Marvel Collectors' Edition* line as the chief cover artist. He was also a mainstay on our *Action Man* and *Spectacular Spider-Man* titles. John Ross can illustrate anything, and I mean *anything*. Heroes, villains, animals, spaceships, ugly monsters, beautiful women, robots and cowboys and knights and doctors and clowns and... and... well, you get the idea. His figure-work is always fluid and dynamic, his storytelling crystal-clear, his understanding of perspective top-notch. And he's fast too! I begged Clay to give John a few months on the strip. When he agreed, I knew the new kid was going to be alright!

Adrian needed some time off for another project but we kept the colouring in the *DWM* strip family by getting Roger Langridge to fill in. And a lovely job he did too! John and Roger were an unlikely team but they produced a beautiful piece of work.

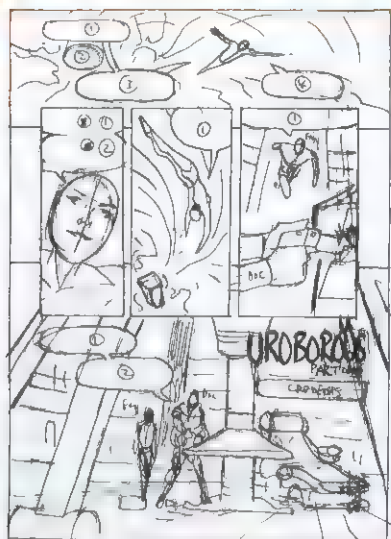
Left: more of John Ross' pencil pages.

Below: the inspiration for Thor!



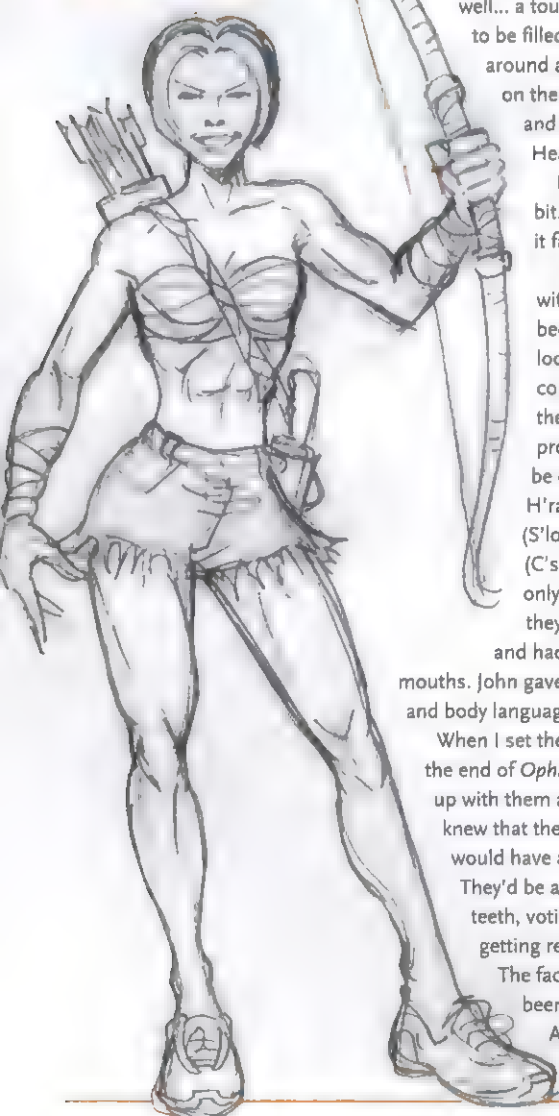
Left: Scotty Gray's designs for the new look Fey.





Above: the opening page from *ayoub* to finished inks, by John Rose

Below: a study of Deebir-as-Izzy by Scott Gray



UROBOROS

The only early title for this story was *The One Where They Go Back To Ophidius*. I don't remember really pushing for it.

Uroboros was designed to be a change of atmosphere for the arc. I was aware that the four previous stories had all been... well... a touch 'dark'. They all seemed to be filled with lots of people running around at night with pained looks on their faces, shooting each other and shouting "Nooooo!" a lot. Heavy! Meaty! Angry!

It was time to lighten up a bit. Set a story in daylight, make it fast and zippy. Funny, even!

I fell head-over-heels in love with the Mobox. They had been devised purely as a nice-looking monster to kick off the colour run, but coming back to them I started viewing them as proper individuals. They could be endearing and daft (Major H'rakk), competent and sinister (S'lokk) or just plain mysterious (C'sorr). Just like people really, only better – because, y'know, they were made of white rocks and had Kirby energy dots in their mouths. John gave them all very specific looks and body language.

When I set the Mobox up as the victors at the end of *Ophidius* I knew we'd be catching up with them a few months later. I also knew that their brief brush with disaster would have a profound effect on them.

They'd be arming themselves to the teeth, voting in a right-wing leader and getting ready for war with the enemy!

The fact that the enemy had already been defeated wouldn't matter.

Any enemy, any war, would do, just as long as it kept the

population satisfied that something – anything – was being done to keep them SAFE!

The thing is, I wrote *Ophidius* at the end of 2000, way before the whole global axis started tilting. I knew the Mobox would soon plunge into complete jingoistic lunacy. I just wasn't expecting the real world to get there first. As a result, *Uroboros* became the most satirical story I ever did for the *DWM* strip. It seemed to practically write itself, which made a very nice change.

I had fun with B'rostt's speech in Part Two (the visual of him standing in front of his own huge face was lifted from *Citizen Kane*). I downloaded a pile of transcripts from Bush and Blair off the internet, plucking out choice catch-phrases. All their spiels seemed to mention a letter they had received from a Little Girl whose Brave Daddy was being shipped off to fight the War on Terror. The Little Girl would ask why the Bad Men hated us so much, and would her Brave Daddy be okay? That Little Girl wrote a lot of letters in 2002. I hope her Brave Daddy was alright. If he wasn't, it's not like we'd be allowed to see a photo of him on his return trip.

But B'rostt wasn't a George W Bush stand-in (he won his election in a landslide, remember?). I wanted a canny opponent for the Doctor; a man who couldn't be swayed by advisors, a bloke convinced of the righteousness of his mission. He even had a decent emotional crisis (the



murder of his life-mate) to explain his ruthlessness. His name came from 'bereft'.

The way language gets twisted in times of war is fascinating. What's the status of the enemy when captured? Are they 'Prisoners of War'? 'Convicts'? 'Suspects'? 'Detainees'? It's been years now and they still can't decide. When does justice turn into revenge? I wasn't expecting to feel any sympathy for the Ophidians but that's the direction the story seemed to naturally move in.

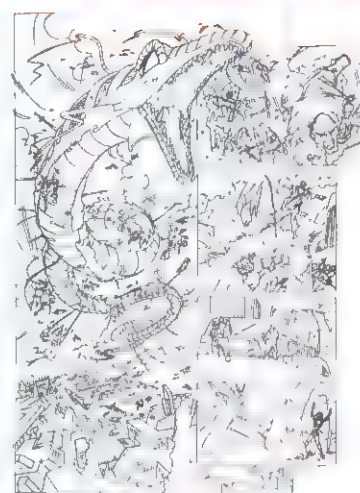
The idea of coming back to Ophidius appealed to me. The Doctor always leaves a huge mark on the places he visits but we rarely get the chance to see the long-term impact of his actions. Clay was a bit resistant to this. He felt that returning to a previous story's setting made the Doctor's universe seem smaller. But Clay had inherited the Izzy/Destrii arc and he knew I'd sulk and hold my breath if I didn't get to finish it the way I'd planned. Another tick in the margin for the new kid!

Clay also wasn't grabbed by the title. Neither was I, really, but we couldn't think of anything better. An 'uroboros' is a snake swallowing its own tail; devouring and giving birth to itself. It seemed to fit the whole cyclical nature of the events taking place.

Ophidius revealing herself to be intelligent was as much a surprise for me as it was for the characters. Definitely not planned at the start! Moments like that are a reminder that stories have a life of their own – sometimes you're the writer but often you're only the transcriber. I'd been bitterly disappointed that a lack of space in the first story had stopped us from introducing Ophidius with a double-page spread, so I made sure she got one this time around. And didn't John and Adrian do her proud? Not just her exterior, of course; the 'Brain Room' blew me away too. Yow!

The Doctor was a joy to write in this one. It was so unusual to have him angry from the get-go; snapping at Fey, berating himself, even grabbing Destrii in a moment of fury. I loved the notion that, just for once, he wasn't even interested in all the standard intrigue. The madder he got, the more entertaining he seemed to become. That final page remains one of my all-time favourites. I wanted to remind everyone that this was *really* not a man you wanted to muck about. Ever!

Uroboros gave Shayde the chance to show that he was evolving beyond being just a mechanical servant of the



Above below and previous page more roughs and pencilled pages by John Ross

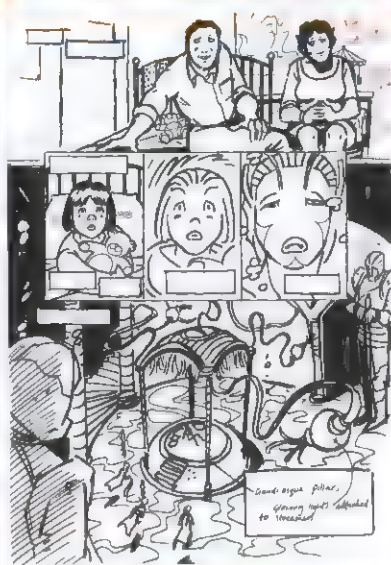
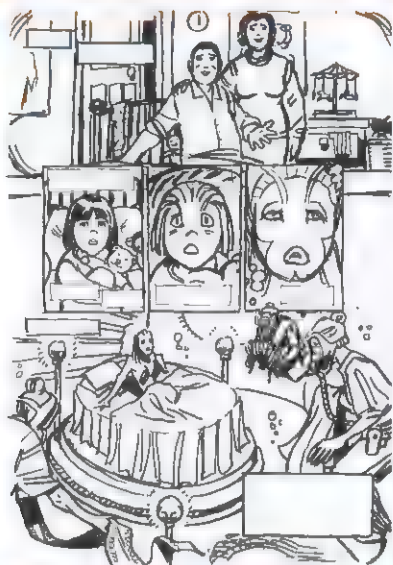
Time Lords. Fey's influence was altering his attitude, making him question his actions, consider moral quandaries. Being able to say "on the other hand..." is a strength, not a weakness. People who think otherwise should seek psychiatric help.

I knew the second we reintroduced Destrii to the storyline, the tone of the arc would change. Readers would start to relax and begin to imagine a happy ending for Izzy. Let's face it, if there was any opportunity for her to get her original body back, chances are it was going to happen. I needed to keep some tension going, and good ol' C'sorr helped me out. His blunt "You will fail" comment at the end was a gift. He's really just saying that the Doctor and Izzy's time together is already over, but it helped maintain a bit of uncertainty when we really needed it.

John's depiction of Destrii-in-Izzy's-body was everything I could have hoped for. 'Lithe' ain't the word! John's instinct for body language and facial expression allowed him to create a genuine 'performance' for the new-look Destrii. She was sexy, dangerous and funny, and I had a blast writing the scenes with her and the Doctor. The bit with Destrii snogging the Doctor seemed terribly daring at the time, but we were already planning to top it...

Left: John Ross' first studies of the Eighth Doctor





Above: Martin Geraghty's designs and finished pencils for the opening page of *Oblivion*.

OBLIVION

This one was always intended to have that title, although I also considered *The Foundling*. It was nice, but sounded more *Star Trek* than *Doctor Who*.

Oblivion had its roots in the DWM strip story *The*

Glorious Dead. In Part Four, Izzy related to Kroton how, after being told she was adopted, she had indulged in a regular fantasy of being whisked off to a magical land where she was an alien princess. I decided straight away that sooner or later, I was going to make her dream come true (in a really nasty way, of course). *The Glorious Dead* ended with Izzy forcing two men (Kroton and Sato) to take a long, hard look at themselves. I knew that Izzy's turn at the mirror would eventually arrive too.

I don't recall exactly when the decision was made to make *Oblivion* Izzy's final story, but it was very early on in the arc. The ultimate purpose of the body swap storyline was to push Izzy into a more mature frame of mind. While she had never been whiny or self-centred, she definitely had some personal issues buried deep; stuff she could easily avoid dealing with as long as she was living this huge, colourful life with the Doctor.

With very few exceptions, *Doctor Who* companions fall into one of two categories: they're either a) an adult with

no strong domestic ties or b) a young orphan. Either way, they have no one waiting for them to come home at night and can therefore travel freely with the Doctor. Izzy was a different story. She had two parents: Sandra and Les. They had been established in her opening story, *Endgame*. Izzy had referred to them as "sort of" her mum and dad. She told the Doctor she had been adopted

and would someday find her "real" parents. Sandra and Les were standing on the steps of their pub, The Redfern Inn, frozen by the Celestial Toymaker's magic. But they were waving and smiling and looked like the sweetest, kindest, most loving couple you could ever hope to meet. And Izzy just left them! She jumped into the TARDIS without even scribbling a goodbye note! I imagined the days and weeks and months passing slowly for Sandra and Les... Their hope starting to fade... Poor Max Edison, the town weirdo, getting charged with Izzy's murder... And Izzy just larking about in time and space! That was way beyond childish, I thought. That was just plain cruel.

But as we soon discovered, Izzy wasn't cruel. She was a brave, decent, caring girl. So what was going on in her head? I often pondered that one during my run on the strip.

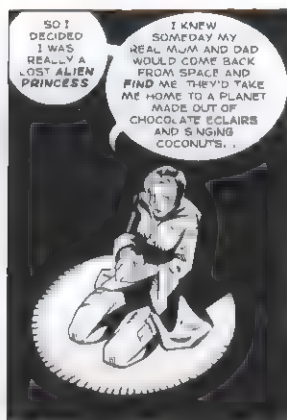
Izzy was always, always, *always* gay. Alan Barnes had decided this right at the start of *Endgame*. We all agreed it was a nice idea – it neatly side-stepped any romantic complications for her and the Doctor. (Let's face it, a 17-year-old heterosexual girl travelling with a Paul McGann lookalike? There'd have been a lot of tears before a lot of bedtimes.) It also gave us opportunities for the occasional nudge-nudge, wink-wink gag. Who spotted the Sporty Spice poster in her bedroom? But Izzy's gender preference was pretty much academic. Sex was really a complete non-subject in *Doctor Who*, certainly in the comic strip. (These were the innocent, pre-Steven Moffat days of *Who*, you understand, long before puberty finally hit.) I hadn't given Izzy's sexuality much thought because I couldn't imagine it ever becoming an issue in a story.

Except... there was this problem with her parents, wasn't there? Why had she treated them so shabbily?

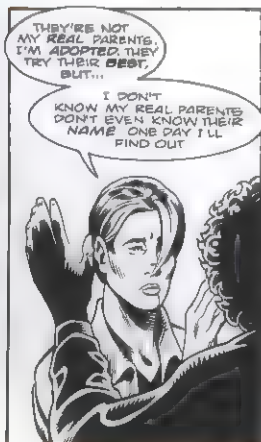
Living in a small, rural community... No friends her own age... No one to talk to... Living on a steady diet of fantasy... Oh. Okay. Suddenly it clicked. Sandra and Les weren't really the problem. They were just scapegoats; a handy way of shifting the focus away from a home truth Izzy had been denying. Izzy wasn't happy, or comfortable, with *herself*.

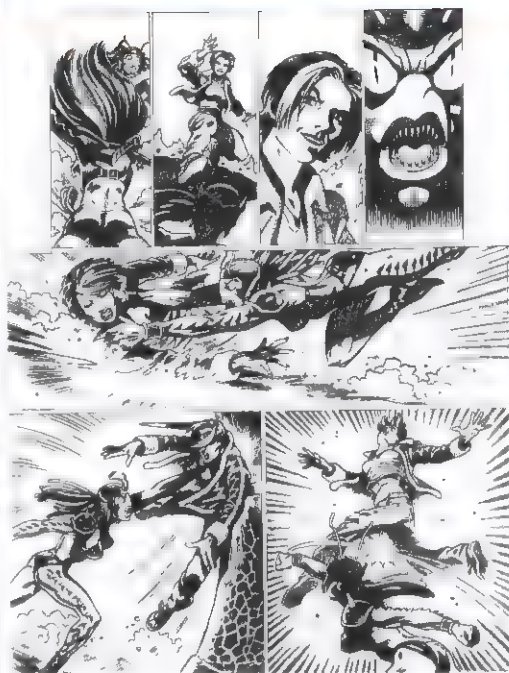
And the body swap immediately gained a whole new significance. And so did Fey's return.

I explained to Clay that I wanted to shelve the innuendo for Izzy's final story, have her come out properly, snog Fey and make peace with her parents. And he was perfectly fine with all of that. Hurrah for the new kid!



Above and below: Izzy's dreams in *The Glorious Dead* and her reality in *Endgame*.





Left: Destrii and Izzy are reunited! Layouts and pencils by Martin Geraghty

I think we only got one angry letter (from an American reader) about Izzy and Fey's kiss. He cancelled his subscription in protest. I would have been deeply disappointed if we hadn't outraged *somebody*, so thank you, Mr Republican, wherever you are! We also received a cheery e-mail from Russell T Davies, saying it was a "very marvellous thing" and calling us "clever, pioneering bastards!" We're still blushing...

Oblivion feels very 'TV *Doctor Who*' to me, for two reasons: just for once we had human-looking people depicting aliens. More crucially, the story relied on a classic *Who* premise: the class struggle! Speaking as a foreigner (albeit a colonial one), I've long been intrigued by the relationship the British royal family has with its subjects. Somewhere in the last few decades the balance of power seems to have shifted – while the Windsors still have piles of money, land and deference, there now seems to be a

tacit understanding that they are also entertainers. We expect to see them *perform*. If they don't, we get annoyed.

I remember discussing *It's a Royal Knockout* with Clay. I never saw it but it sounded like a turning-point in the public's perception – look, the royals are dressing up in silly clothes and trying to make us laugh! To go from having the power of life and death over every man, woman and child in your dominion to hosting a game show is quite a change in historical status. I was also watching *Celebrity Big Brother* and imagining what the ratings would be like if the Windsors were in the house. *The Truman Show* was another inspiration: people living under a microscope in an artificial world.

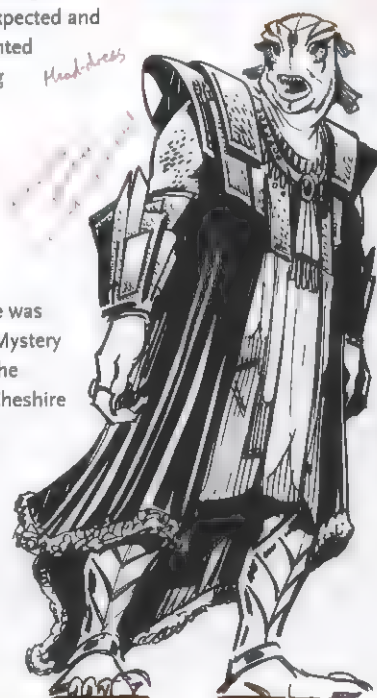
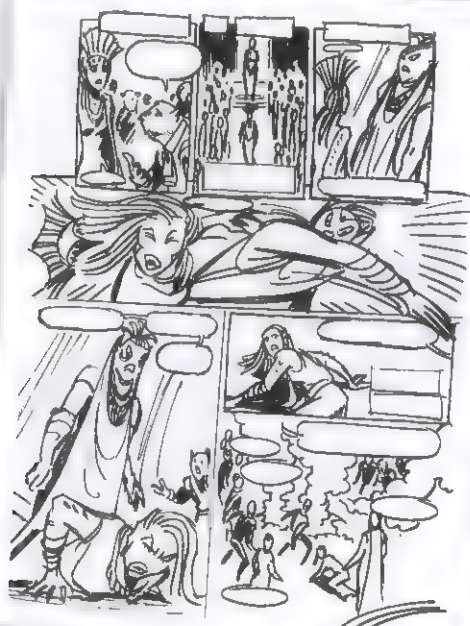
I was surprised to find *Oblivion* becoming Destrii's story as much as it was Izzy's. Once I had her background worked out, she came to life in a way I hadn't expected and I enjoyed fleshing her out. Destrii was even granted a few thought balloons in one scene, something I had only ever given official companions (or temporary ones like Diego and Frida). It took me forever to realise that Destrii would kill Scalamanthia, thereby setting the climax in motion. In hindsight it seems so obvious, but look, matricide isn't exactly a common story element of the *DWM* comic strip...

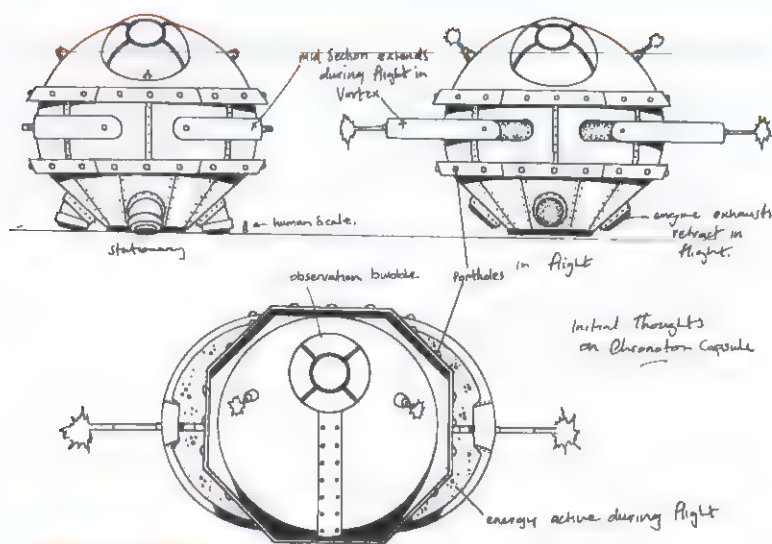
Jodafra seemed to spring up fully-formed. He was a fairy tale figure, a combination of TS Eliot's "Mystery Cat" Macavity ("He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity") and Lewis Carroll's Cheshire Cat. Hardly a hero but not quite a villain either. Martin gave Jodafra a Regency Buck look which was perfect. I was having so much fun with him that he was threatening to overshadow the far more serious (at least in this story) Doctor. Clay had to remind me that this wasn't the Jodafra Magazine comic strip!

The central characters all came quickly enough but (as usual) I went down a lot of

Left: layout page by Martin Geraghty

Below: Martin's first sketch of Scalamanthia





Above: Martin Geraghty's design for the Salvation.

Below: more of Martin's sketches of Scalamanthia.

blind alleys in the plotting. I was stuck on the idea that the Doctor, still wound up with guilt and anger, would do something very out of character in Part One: land the TARDIS in the middle of the palace court, then march out and grandly proclaim to Scalamanthia the truth about Izzy and Destrii. This would earn him a swift trip to a torture chamber. It took me a long time to understand that, while Scalamanthia was the main villain of the story, the Doctor didn't have to meet her. I also kept trying to pair off Izzy and Jodafrä, with Izzy keeping up the pretence that she was Destrii. Jodafrä would get suspicious and test her with a bit of sci-fi trivia he'd assume only Destrii would know, but Izzy would get the answer right!

Destrii was going to have a bigger family at first; a couple of evil younger sisters and a

useless dad ("a leonine Ricky Tomlinson"). They just got in the way of her relationship with Scalamanthia ("an aquatic Ann Widdecombe") and were dropped. The idea of a weird, mutated royal family was pinched, once again, from Jack Kirby: the Inhumans from *Fantastic Four* and the Deviants from *The Eternals* (with just a sprinkle of the Borgias for added taste). The animal bodies of the royals were originally their own doing – they had genetically altered themselves to avoid the Oblivion Plague.

The 'meeting-of-the-minds' scene in Part Five was at first planned as an elaborate psychic battle between Izzy and Destrii, set in a surreal landscape that mixed elements of Stockbridge with Oblivion. Sandra and Les would appear in it. But it all seemed a little too similar to the Doctor/Master scrap in *The Glorious Dead* so I gave them a physical fight instead. The psychic bit became the moment when the girls find some common ground. Much more satisfying!

The scene in Part Three when Izzy goes ballistic was another example of the characters hijacking the plot. I was planning for her to throw a couple of rubbish punches and get slapped down by Destrii. Izzy had other ideas! This pushed me into one of my favourite cliffhangers, with Izzy nearly committing a bizarre form of suicide. I loved what Martin did with this – the moment when the two girls are finally reunited had to be extra-special, and Mr Geraghty really came through.

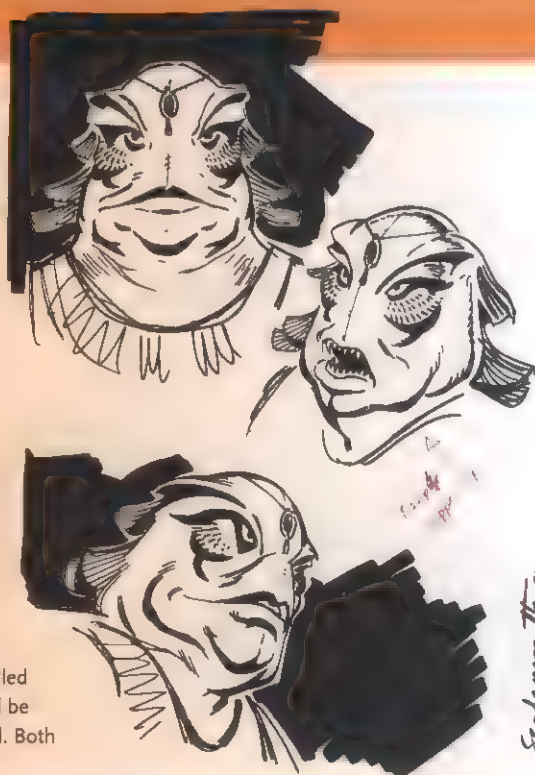
There was a different final scene planned for Destrii and Jodafrä. Originally the big explosion takes place and our heroes are left wondering if Destrii and Jodafrä have survived. The Doctor makes a solemn speech about how Izzy's humanity had influenced Destrii at the end... And then we cut to Destrii and Jodafrä lounging around inside the Salvation, watching the Doc on a TV screen. "What a sap!" laughs Destrii. She and her uncle toast their success and plan their future. I'm not sure if this got changed due

Scalamanthia

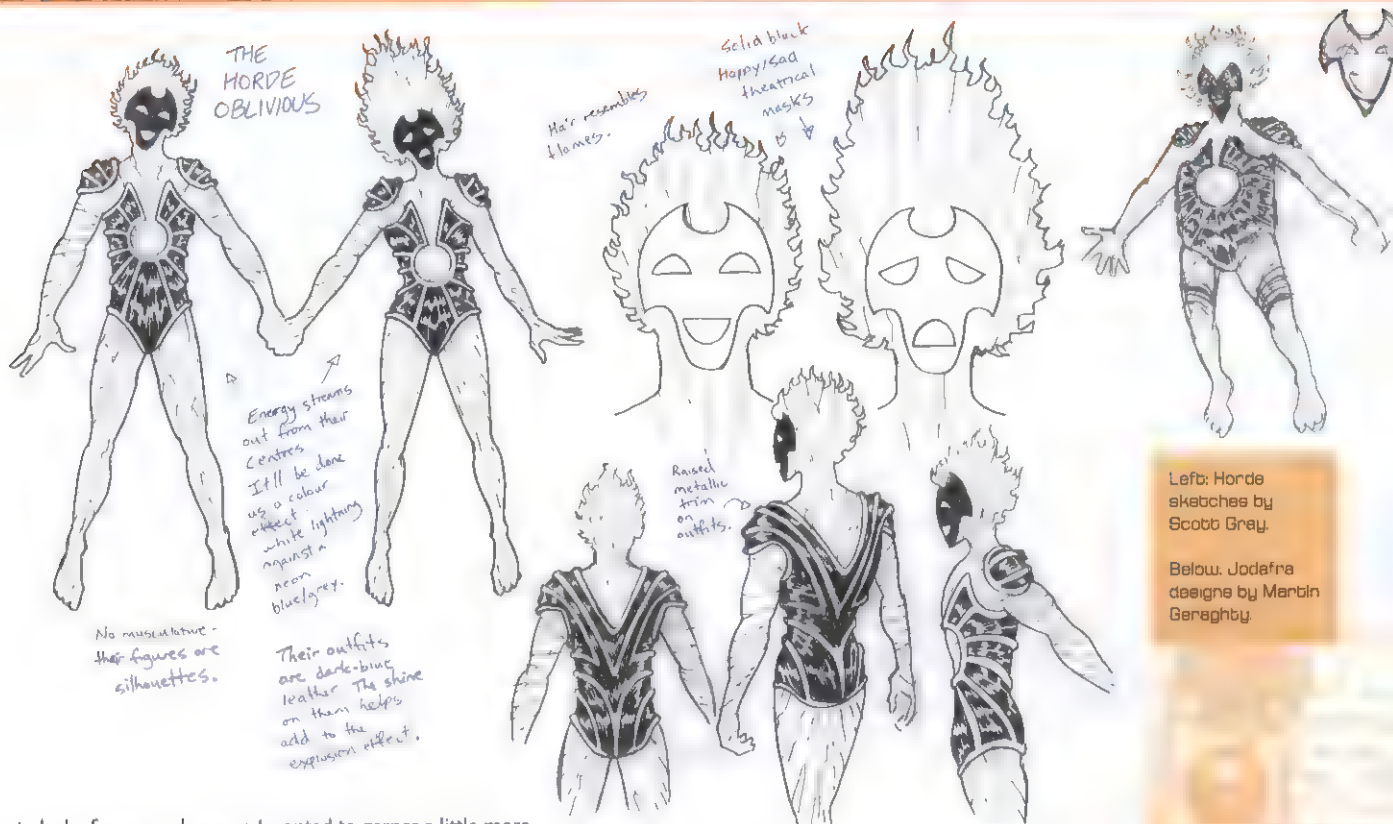
"Scala is the undisputed monarch of Oblivion, and gives off an aura of malevolent power. She's very big – maybe seven feet tall, and packed with muscle. Big hands. I've included a copy of *Excalibur* featuring a big blue lady named Gatecrasher to give you an idea of what her shape should be.

"She's aquatic like Destrii, so she'll be blue-skinned and scaly, but she needn't look like an older version of her daughter – the genetic meddling going on means that parents and children never quite seem to be part of the exact same species. Feel free to give her different facial characteristics. She should look very scary at the best of times. At the worst of times she's terrifying.

"Scala wears a couple of outfits in this story. In Part One she'll be in something fancy for the ball – long, jewelled robes and an elaborate headdress. Later she'll be in something a little simpler, but no less regal. Both costumes should be dark."



Scalamanthia



to lack of space or because I wanted to garner a little more sympathy for Destrii at the end. Maybe both!

The art got an added boost with the arrival of David Roach as the regular **DWM** inker. His style meshed beautifully with Martin's approach. Martin, David and Adrian really clicked, and *Oblivion* enjoyed a very consistent look – the atmosphere is tangible, everything looks like it's caked in six inches of dust. The main design inspiration was Spanish architect Antoni Gaudi.

Heliath and Hassana started out as a pair of children. I don't recall why we made them adults but they stayed childlike anyway. Their names came late; I kept calling them "Vic and Bob" during the plotting. Lack of space meant their scene with Fey at the start of Part Four got cut down. They predicted that Fey and Shayde would eventually "fuse" into a single mind; something neither of our heroes was exactly thrilled to hear.

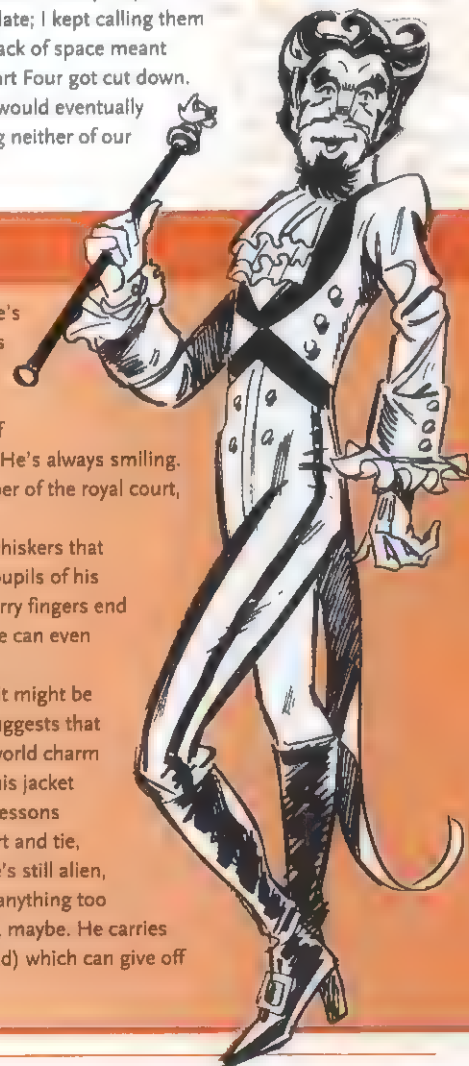


Jodafra

"Destrii's uncle is a catlike fellow. He's been inspired by Macavity (TS Eliot's "Napoleon of Crime") and the Cheshire Cat. He's tall and thin – very agile, despite his years. Think of David Collings in extreme make-up. He's always smiling. He's the only lively, charming member of the royal court, which is why everyone hates him.

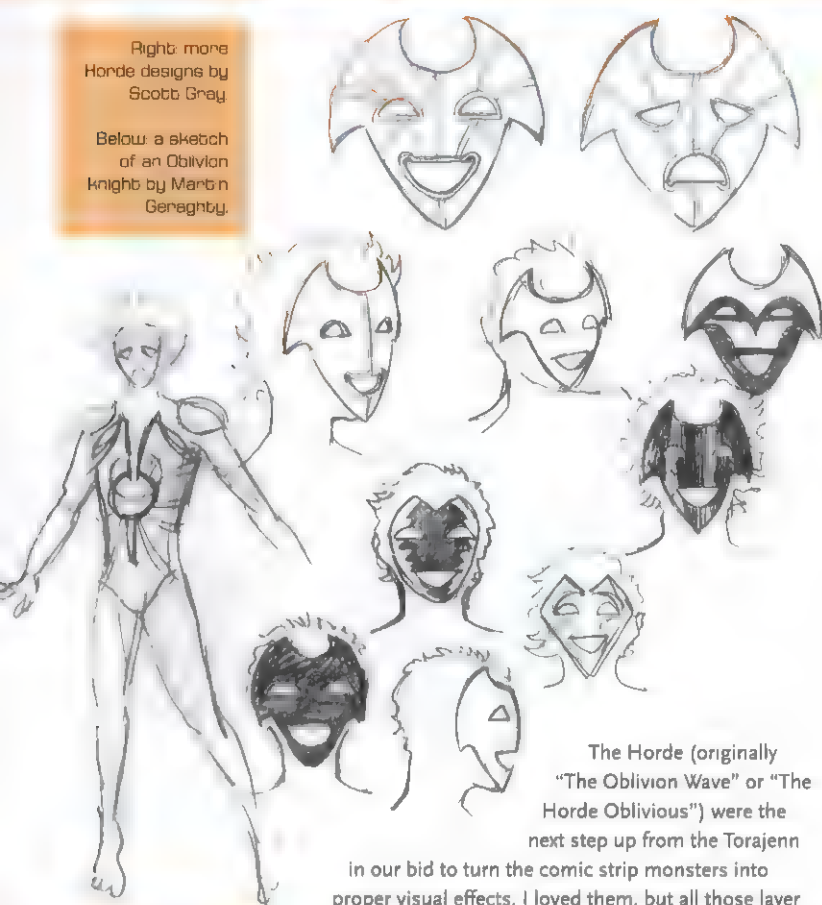
"He has long, elegant ears, and whiskers that resemble a moustache. The slitted pupils of his eyes resemble Destrii's. His long, furry fingers end in claws which look rather deadly. He can even have a tail if it doesn't look too silly.

"Jodafra's a bit of a magician, so it might be nice to put him into an outfit that suggests that – something dark and elegant; old world charm with frilly white cuffs poking out of his jacket sleeves. He could give Jon Pertwee lessons in *haute couture*. A high collared shirt and tie, very formal. A flower in his lapel. He's still alien, though, so don't have him wearing anything too specifically historical. Leather boots, maybe. He carries a wooden cane (with a silver fox head) which can give off electric shocks."



Right: more Horde designs by Scott Gray

Below: a sketch of an Oblivion knight by Martin Geraghty.



The Horde (originally "The Oblivion Wave" or "The Horde Oblivious") were the next step up from the Torajenn

In our bid to turn the comic strip monsters into proper visual effects, I loved them, but all those layer separations at the colour stage made them a long, painful, laborious job for poor Adrian. I remember having to break the bad news to him on the phone while he was working on Part Three: "Oh, listen, Ade, I've been meaning to tell you... You know Heliath and Hassana? There are some others just like them."

"Oh god. How many more?"

"Um... Around ten billion..."

I can still hear his strangled cry.

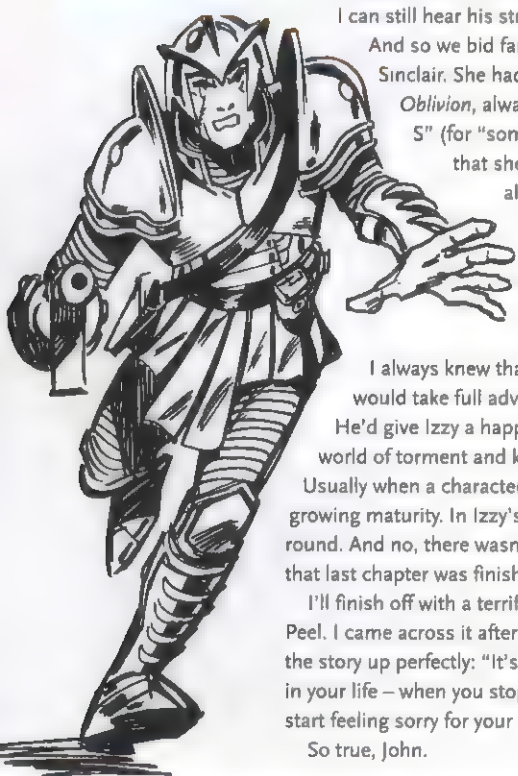
And so we bid farewell to the wonderful Isabelle Sinclair. She had never had a surname before *Oblivion*, always referring to herself as "Izzy S" (for "somebody"). With her realisation that she had known her "real" parents all along, I figured it was about time we gave her their name. Why "Sinclair"? I just liked the sound of it.

I had had the final two pages of *Oblivion* in my head for years.

I always knew that, just this once, the Doctor would take full advantage of his Time Lord status. He'd give Izzy a happy ending, save her parents a world of torment and keep good ol' Max out of prison! Usually when a character leaves home it's a sign of their growing maturity. In Izzy's case it worked the other way round. And no, there wasn't a dry eye in the office when that last chapter was finished. But then, we're all wusses.

I'll finish off with a terrific quote from the late, great John Peel. I came across it after completing *Oblivion* but it sums the story up perfectly: "It's a very, very important moment in your life – when you stop feeling sorry for yourself and start feeling sorry for your parents."

So true, John.



CHARACTER ASSASSIN

This had three working titles: *The House of Pain*, *Rogues' Gallery* and (wait for it...) *Pulped Fiction*.

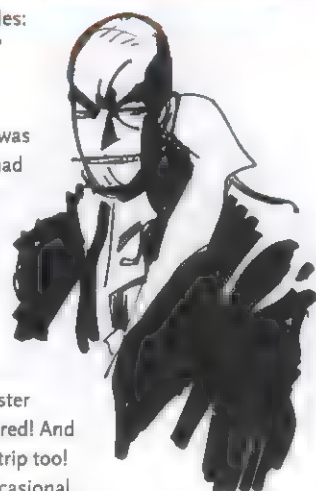
Doctor Who Magazine was having an anniversary. It had been 30 years since Roger Delgado had stepped out of a horse box in all his Satanic splendour and clicked his fingers (while wearing leather gloves!) in *Terror of the Autons*. Time for a Master special, Alan Barnes declared! And time for a Master comic strip too!

I loved the idea. The occasional Doctorless story subtly reminds the audience that the *Doctor Who* universe is a gigantic place with adventure around every corner, populated by an infinite array of colourful figures – it doesn't just begin and end with the Doctor. Kroton can bop Sontarans in *Unnatural Born Killers*, Fey can shoot Nazis in *Me and My Shadow* and the Master – well, he can have a bit of fun with a few like-minded individuals.

I've always been annoyed by the endless comparisons between the Master and Professor Moriarty. This is going to be heresy for the Sherlock Holmes contingent but I'll take my chances: Moriarty is a rubbish villain. *The Final Problem* is a rubbish story. Arthur Conan Doyle was sick to his back teeth of Holmes and obviously whipped Moriarty up in a weekend to kill him off. We're asked to believe that he's a brilliant mastermind simply because Holmes says so – with no evidence supplied! As the Master says, Moriarty was a plot device, not a character. We only think of him as a major arch-villain because he's appeared in 1001 Sherlock Holmes films. And were any of *them* any good?

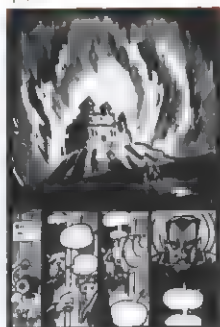
So *Character Assassin* stemmed from a simple, personal desire: I wanted to see the Master kick Moriarty's ass. And very satisfying it was too!

The 'shared literary universe' gimmick had recently been done quite brilliantly by Alan Moore and Kevin O'Neill in their comic *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*. I had



SEE THE MASTER COMING INTO THE ROOM AT TOP LEFT OTHERWISE HE WILL MEET DRAC, IN FOREGROUND FIRST AND HE DOESN'T SPEAK TO DRAC, TILL NEXT PAGE YES ?

P1



P2



THIS IS THE BEST POSITION FOR ALL THE CHARACTERS TO WORK IN THE FOLLOWING PANELS. I DID A MOCK-UP WITH CARDBOARD TO CHECK IT

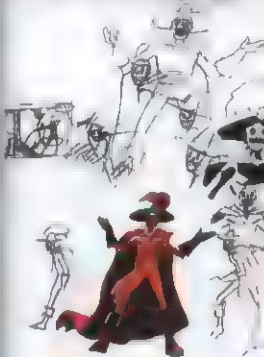
I LIKE THE IDEA OF SEEING MORE OF PHANTOM'S GLOAK HERE.



VLAD STRONGER JAWLINE



ED HYDE



Layouts and character designs by Adrian Salmon

no qualms about mining similar material, though – *Doctor Who* had staked its claim four decades earlier in the TV story *The Mind Robber*. It was set in the Land of Fiction, an ethereal world where all fictional characters are alive and can interact. If Lemuel Gulliver could spend an afternoon chatting with Rapunzel, why couldn't the Master pop over there to meet a few Victorian-era baddies?

The first plot synopsis described a simpler story. The Master travels to a sinister mansion on a small island. Upon entering he is immediately set upon, one-by-one, by Count Dracula, Mr Hyde and the Phantom of the Opera. He deals with all of them but is knocked unconscious by the Invisible Man.

The Master wakes up tied to a table. Edgar Allan Poe's deadly razor-sharp pendulum is swinging above him. He's surrounded by a small army of literary villains. The Master

simply denies the reality of the trap and is suddenly free. He grabs the headset off Moriarty and clobbers everyone else with the Martian war machines. The Master rows away, but he's aware that you can't really kill fiction – tomorrow the house will be rebuilt and all the villains will be back there, as good (or bad) as new. The End!

At this point I was following the rule established in *The Mind Robber* – the villains only spoke dialogue from their original books, so I had to do a lot of reading. Alan liked the general flow of the story but thought it could be funnier. (And the "with one bound he was free" bit was pretty rank, I had to admit.) Alan came up with the idea of the villains living in a gentlemen's club, with the Master arriving to (apparently) petition for membership. The "white-balled" bit was Alan's too. This meant that the villains would have to clearly converse with the Master, so the 'original dialogue' rule had to go, but it was worth it. The end result was miles better.

I could give you a list of all the villains shown in the story but I think you'll have far more fun guessing their identities for yourselves, so I'm not going to. Oh, and a couple of them are still in copyright so we might get sued.

"The Sisyphian Society" came from a character in Greek mythology. Sisyphus was a bloke condemned to push a rock up a hill for all eternity in the Underworld. It seemed to fit the endless, repetitive fate of the villains. Although I see I didn't mention that in the final draft!

The story was specifically written with Adrian Salmon in mind – when it comes to drawing iconic characters, no one else can touch him. Ade often suffers for his art but he had a lot of fun with this one, and it shows. The Master started out as the Delgado version but morphed into a more iconic (see?) incarnation. It was a great, great job, full of Adrian's usual flair, and it showed off his colouring skills beautifully. Loved that tiger!

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PAGE 6

JOHN'S SILHOUETTE HERE



PAGE 7



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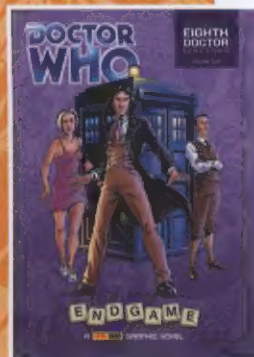
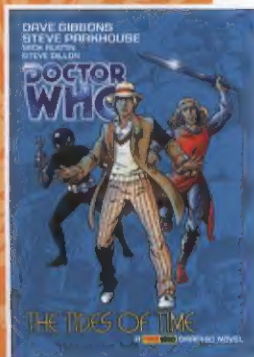
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ABOUT THE AUTHORS

SCOTT GRAY wrote and illustrated comic stories for **RAZOR MAGAZINE** in his native New Zealand. In 1991 he sold a comic script to **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** editor John Freeman. He promptly packed his bags and arrived in the UK just as the British comics industry imploded like a wet balloon. He became **DWM**'s assistant editor and was the comic strip's regular writer between 1998 and 2004. Gray is now the editor of Panini Comics' **MARVEL COLLECTORS' EDITION** line. He and artist Roger Langridge recently collaborated on a Marvel comic, **THE FIN FANG FOUR**, and are currently working on a follow-up.

MARTIN GERAGHTY was four when he first started drawing *Doctor Who* monsters in crayon on scraps of paper, and nothing much has changed in the intervening 32 years. His first comic strip was commissioned by John Freeman in 1992 for Marvel UK's short-lived **OVERKILL** comic – so short-lived, in fact, that it folded before Martin's first finished strip could be printed in it! His **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** debut came in 1993 with *Bringer of Darkness* for the Dalek-themed Summer Special, and he's been proud to have been the regular artist for most of the Eighth Doctor's comic strip tenure. Away from comics, Martin works in the advertising industry and, yes, he is ashamed of himself.



JOHN ROSS started working for Panini in 1996, drawing **MASKED RIDER** and **ACTION MAN** along with covers, posters and, latterly, strips for **SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN**. Numerous other comics for Panini came and went but **ACTION MAN** paid the bills for nine long years. He also managed to squeeze in quite a few covers for Panini's Marvel US reprint titles and the odd story arc in **DWM**. Whilst working on Action Man, John worked for lots of other companies, contributing to the **GOOSEBUMPS** strip in the BBC's **FBX** comic and also strips in the BBC's **ROBOT WARS**. More recently, he worked on **JACKIE CHAN ADVENTURES** for Eaglewood for all its 80 issues and drew the **DOCTOR WHO** strip in the first six issues of Fabbi's **DOCTOR WHO – BATTLES IN TIME**. John is currently the artist for the BBC's **DOCTOR WHO ADVENTURES** strip, and has just finished work at 5am, having started at 8am yesterday. John Ross is going to bed. Goodnight!

LEE SULLIVAN stumbled into the comics world in 1988 and has since worked on: **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** (semi-regularly since 1989), **TRANSFORMERS**, **THUNDERCATS**, **DEATHSHEAD**, **ROBOCOP**, **WILLIAM SHATNER'S TEK WORLD**, **2000AD**, the **RADIO TIMES** Eighth Doctor strip, **THUNDERBIRDS** and most recently **DOCTOR WHO – BATTLES IN TIME**. Alongside educational and magazine publications he's also provided art for BBC Cult's *Doctor Who* webcasts: *Death Comes to Time*, *Real Time* and *Shada*; website art for BBC's *Sherlock Holmes* and the new *Doctor Who* TV series. In what he laughingly refers to as his 'spare time', Lee continues to frighten with his noisy saxophone feebie and can regularly be found in UK venues as part of a Rocky Music tribute band (see: www.rockymagic.co.uk). Lee's website address is www.leesullivan.co.uk.

ADRIAN SALMON recalls breaking down the doors to comicdom with **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE**'s **THE CYBERMEN**, whilst simultaneously tackling **JUDGE KARYN** for the **JUDGE DREDD MAGAZINE**. He then spent numerous years drawing *Rugrats*, superheroes and Action Man's garage for various Panini Comics titles. **DWM**'s editor Gary Gillatt recalled his cyber debut and put him to work illustrating *The Time Team* – a lifelong project. Finally the computer age caught up with Salmon and he forged a career as a comics colourist – primarily on the **DOCTOR WHO** comic strip and various superhero titles for Panini. He then retired for a while and drew a graphic novel – **THE FACELESS: A TERRY SHARP STORY**. He continues to draw *Bernice Summerfield* CD covers for Big Finish and provides colours for the ongoing **DOCTOR WHO ADVENTURES** comic strip for BBC Magazines.

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